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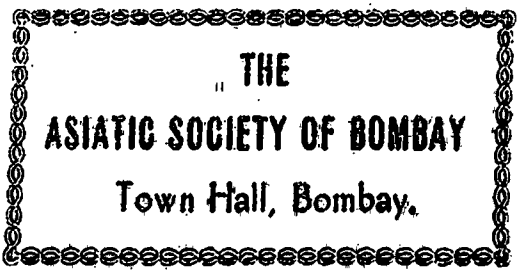

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THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

VOL. V.

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THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

52975

OF

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER;

Collated with all the Former Editions,

AND CORRECTED;

With Notes, Critical and Explanatory,

BY VARIOUS COMMENTATORS;

And Adorned with Fifty-four Original Engravings.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

626

VOLUME THE FIFTH;

CONTAINING,

CHANCES;
TRAGEDY OF ROLLO, DUKE OF NORMANDY;
WILD-GOOSE CHASE;
A WIFE FOR A MONTH;
LOVERS' PROGRESS;
PILGRIM.

LIBRARY
ROYAL

LONDON,

Printed by T. Sherlock, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

For T. EVANS, and P. ELMSLEY, in the Strand; J. RIDLEY, St. James's Street; J. WILLIAMS, No. 39, Fleet-Street; and W. FOX, Holborn.

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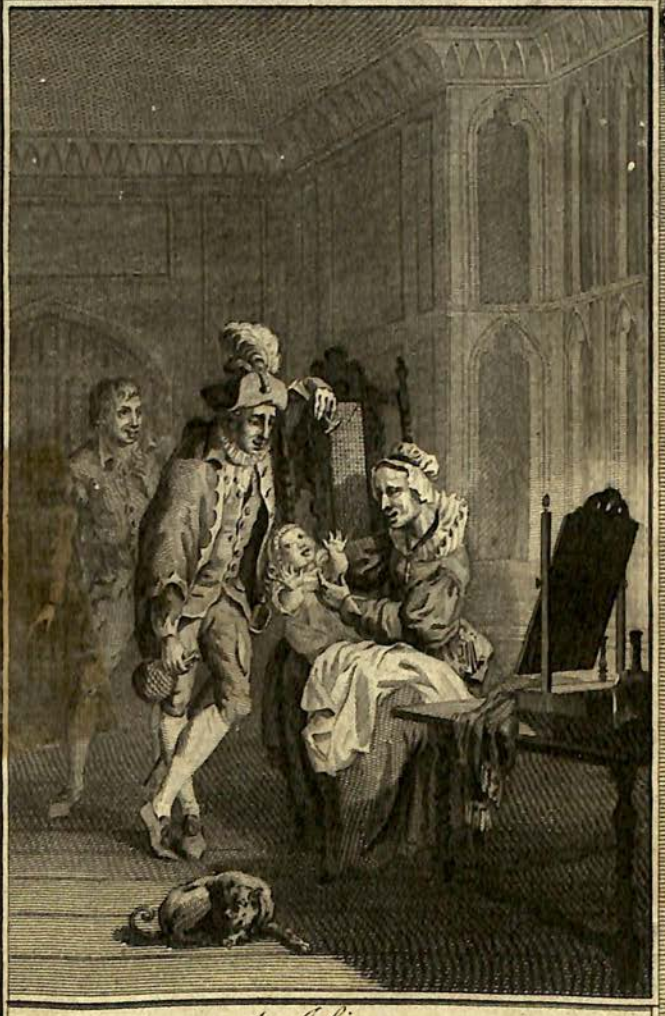
THE CHANCES.



——— As I live,
Your own eyes, Signor; and the nether lip
As like you, as y'had spit it! Act I.

M. A. Rooker delin. J. Collyer Sculp.

THE CHANCES.

A COMEDY.

This Play was originally printed in the folio edition of 1647, *and the Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner, as well as the Prologue, aſcribe it to Fletcher alone. The celebrated George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, made ſome conſiderable alterations to it, and in that ſtate it uſed to be frequently acted; but the licentiouſneſs of that nobleman's pen rendering the Play improper for repreſentation at this refined period, further alterations became neceſſary; and theſe have been made, with much judgment, by the great ornament of the Engliſh Theatre, Mr. Garrick.*

PROLOGUE.

APTNESS for mirth to all! This inſtant night
Thalia hath prepar'd, for your delight,
Her choice and curious viands, in each part
Seaſon'd with rarities of wit and art:
Nor fear I to be tax'd for a vain boaſt;
My promiſe will find credit with the moſt,
When they know ingenious Fletcher made it, he
Being in himſelf a perfect Comedy.
And ſome ſit here, I doubt not, dare aver
Living he made that houſe a theatre
Which he pleas'd to frequent; and thus much we
Could not but pay to his loud memory.
For ourſelves, we do entreat that you would not
Expect ſtrange turns and windings in the plot,
Objects of ſtate, and now and then a rhime,
To gall particular perſons with the time;
Or that his tow'ring muſe hath made her flight
Nearer your apprehenſion than your ſight;
But if that ſweet expreſſions, quick conceit,
Familiar language, faſhion'd to the weight
Of ſuch as ſpeak it, have the power to raiſe
Your grace to us, with trophies to his praiſe;
We may profeſs, preſuming on his ſkill,
If his *Chances* pleaſe not you, our fortune's ill.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Duke *of Ferrara.*
Petruchio, *governor of Bologna.*
Don John, } *Spaniſh gentlemen, and comrades.*
Don Frederick, }
Antonio, *an old ſtout gentleman, kinſman to Petruchio.*
Three Gentlemen, *friends to the duke.*
Two Gentlemen, *friends to Petruchio.*
Franciſco, *a muſician, Antonio's boy.*
Peter Vecchio, *a teacher of Latin and muſick, a reputed wizard.*
Peter, } *ſervants to Don John and Don Frederick.*
Anthony, }
Surgeon.

WOMEN.

Conſtantia, *ſiſter to Petruchio, and miſtreſs to the Duke.*
Woman, *ſervant to Conſtantia.*
Landlady *to Don John and Don Frederick.*
Conſtantia, *a whore to old Antonio.*
Bawd.

SCENE, BOLOGNA.

THE

THE CHANCES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Peter and Anthony.

Peter. I WOULD we were remov'd from this town, Anthony,
That we might taſte ſome quiet: For mine own part,
I'm almoſt melted with continual trotting
After enquiries, dreams, and revelations,
Of who knows whom, or where. Serve wenching ſoldiers,
That know no other Paradiſe but plackets?
I'll ſerve a prieſt in Lent firſt, and eat bell-ropes.

Anth. Thou art the froward'ſt fool——

Peter. Why, good tame Anthony,
Tell me but this; to what end came we hither?

Anth. To wait upon our maſters.

Peter. But how, Anthony?
Anſwer me that; reſolve me there, good Anthony.

Anth. To ſerve their uſes.

Peter. Shew your uſes, Anthony.

Anth. To be employ'd in any thing.

Peter. No, Anthony,
Not any thing, I take it; nor that thing
We travel to diſcover, like new iſlands;
A ſalt itch ſerve ſuch uſes! In things of moment,

Concerning things, I grant you; not things errant,
Sweet ladies' things, and things to thank the ſurgeon;
In no ſuch things, ſweet Anthony. Put caſe——

Anth. Come, come, all will be mended; this inviſible woman,
Of infinite report for ſhape and virtue,
That bred us all this trouble to no purpoſe,
They are determin'd now no more to think on,
But fall cloſe to their ſtudies.

Peter. Was there ever
Men known to run mad with report before?
Or wander after that they know not where
To find? or, if found, how to enjoy? Are mens' brains
Made now-a-days of malt, that their affections
Are never ſober, but, like drunken people,
Founder at every new fame? I do believe too,
That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men
Are ever loving.

Anth. Prithee be thou ſober,
And know, that they are none of thoſe; not guilty
Of the leaſt vanity of love; only a doubt
Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
The graces of this woman, made them curious
To find the truth, which ſince they find ſo block'd
And lock'd up from their ſearches, they're now ſettled
To give the wonder over.

Peter. 'Would they were ſettled
To give me ſome new ſhoes too! for I'll be ſworn
Theſe are e'en worn out to th' *reaſonable ſoles*
In their good worſhips' buſineſs: And ſome ſleep
Would not do much amiſs, unleſs they mean
To make a bell-man of me. And what now
Mean they to ſtudy, Anthony? *moral* philoſophy,
After their *mar-all* women?

Anth. Mar a fool's head!

Peter. It will mar two fools' heads, an they take not heed,
Beſides the giblets to 'em.

Anth. Will you walk, Sir,

And

And talk more out of hearing? your fool's head
May chance to find a wooden night-cap elſe.
Peter. I never lay in any.

Enter Don John and Frederick.

Anth. Then leave your lying,
And your blind propheſying. Here they come;
You'd beſt tell them as much.
Peter. I am no tell-tale. [*Exeunt Servants.*
John. I would we could have ſeen her tho'; for ſure
She muſt be ſome rare creature, or report lies,
All mens' reports too.
Fred. I could well wiſh I'd ſeen her;
But ſince ſhe's ſo conceal'd, ſo beyond venture
Kept and preſerv'd from view, ſo like a Paradiſe,
Plac'd where no knowledge can come near her, ſo guarded
As 'twere impoſſible, tho' known, to reach her,
I've made up my belief.
John. Hang me, from this hour,
If I more think upon her, or believe her;
But, as ſhe came, a ſtrong report unto me,
So the next fame ſhall loſe her.
Fred. 'Tis the next way.
But whither are you walking?
John. My old round
After my meat, and then to bed.
Fred. 'Tis healthful.
John. Will not you ſtir?
Fred. I have a little buſineſs.
John. Upon my life, this lady ſtill—
Fred. Then you will loſe it.
John. 'Pray let us walk together.
Fred. Now I cannot.
John. I have ſomething to impart.
Fred. An hour hence
I will not miſs to meet you.
John. Where?
Fred. I'th' High Street;

For, not to lie, I have a few devotions
To do firſt, then I'm yours.
John. Remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two Gentlemen.

Ant. Cut his wind-pipe, I ſay!
1 *Gent.* Fy, Antonio!
Ant. Or knock his brains out firſt, and then for him!
If you do thruſt, be ſure it be to th'.hilts,
A ſurgeon may ſee thro' him.
1 *Gent.* You are too violent.
2 *Gent.* Too open undiſcreet.
Petr. Am I not ruin'd?
The honour of my houſe crack'd? my blood poiſon'd?
My credit, and my name?
2 *Gent.* Be ſure it be ſo,
Before you uſe this violence: Let not doubt,
And a ſuſpecting anger, ſo much ſway you
Your wiſdom may be queſtion'd.
Ant. I ſay, kill him,
And then diſpute the cauſe! Cut off what may be,
And what is ſhall be ſafe.
2 *Gent.* Hang up a true man,
Becauſe 'tis poſſible he may be thievish?
Alas, is this good juſtice?
Petr. I know, as certain
As day muſt come again, as clear as truth,
And open as belief can lay it to me,
That I am baſely wrong'd, wrong'd above recompenſe,
Maliciouſly abus'd, blaſted for ever
In name and honour, loſt to all remembrance,
But what is ſmear'd and ſhameful! I muſt kill him;
Neceſſity compels me.
1 *Gent.* But think better.
Petr. There is no other cure left: Yet, witneſs with me,

All

All that is fair in man, all that is noble,
I am not greedy of this life I ſeek for,
Nor thirſt to ſhed man's blood; and 'would 'twere poſſible
(I wiſh it with my ſoul, ſo much I tremble
To offend the ſacred image of my Maker!)
My ſword could only kill his crimes! No, 'tis Honour,
Honour, my noble friends, that idol Honour,
That all the world now worſhips, not Petruchio,
Must do this juſtice.

Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter whether you, or Honour,
Or both, be acceſſary.

2 *Gent.* Do you weigh, Petruchio,
The value of the perſon, power and greatneſs,
And what this ſpark may kindle?

Petr. To perform it,
(So much I'm tied to reputation,
And credit of my houſe) let it raiſe wild-fires
That all this dukedom ſmoke, and ſtorms that toſs me
Into the waves of everlaſting ruin,
Yet I muſt thro'. If ye dare ſide me——

Ant. Dare?

Petr. Ye're friends indeed; if not——

2 *Gent.* Here's none flies from you;
Do it in what deſign you pleaſe, we'll back you.

Ant. But then, be ſure ye kill him[1]!

2 *Gent.* Is the cauſe
So mortal, nothing but his life——

Petr. Believe me,
A leſs offence has been the deſolation
Of a whole name.

2 *Gent.* No other way to purge it?

Petr. There is, but never to be hop'd for.

2 *Gent.* Think an hour more:

[1] 1 Gent. *But then be ſure ye kill him.*] Mr. Seward, obſerving that theſe words did not ſuit the moderate character of the *Gentlemen*, gives them to *Petruchio*. They are much more ſuitable to *Antonio*, we think, who is crying out for blood, through the whole ſcene.

And

And if then you find no safer road to guide you,
We'll set up our rests too.
Ant. Mine's up already;
And hang him, for my part, goes less than life!
2 *Gent.* If we see noble cause, 'tis like our swords
May be as free and forward as your words. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Don John.

John. The civil order of this town Bologna
Makes it belov'd and honour'd of all travellers,
As a most safe retirement in all troubles;
Besides the wholesome seat, and noble temper
Of those minds that inhabit it, safely wise,
And to all strangers virtuous. But I see
My admiration has drawn night upon me,
And longer to expect my friend may pull me
Into suspicion of too late a stirrer,
Which all good governments are jealous of:
I'll home, and think at liberty. Yet, certain,
'Tis not so far night as I thought; for, see,
A fair house yet stands open; yet all about it
Are close, and no light stirring: There may be foul play.
I'll venture to look in; if there be knaves,
I may do a good office.
Woman [*within*]. Signor?
John. What? How's this?
Woman [*within*]. Signor Fabritio?
John. I'll go nearer.
Woman [*within*]. Fabritio?
John. This is a woman's tongue; here may be good done.
Woman [*within*]. Who's there? Fabritio?
John. Ay.
Woman [*within*]. Where are you?
John. Here.

Woman

Woman [*within*]. Oh, come, for Heaven's ſake!
John. I muſt ſee what this means.

Enter Woman, with a child.

Woman. I have ſtaid this long hour for you. Make no noiſe,
For things are in ſtrange trouble. Here; be ſecret;
'Tis worth your care. Be gone now: More eyes watch us
Than may be for our ſafeties.
John. Hark you!
Woman. Peace! Good night. [*Exit.*
John. She's gone, and I am loaden; Fortune for me!
It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
To be ſome pack of worth: By th' maſs, 'tis heavy!
If it be coin or jewels, 'tis worth welcome;
I'll ne'er refuſe a fortune: I am confident
'Tis of no common price. Now to my lodging!
If it hit right, I'll bleſs this night. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis ſtrange,
I cannot meet him; ſure he has encounter'd
Some light-o'-love or other, and there means
To play at in and in for this night. Well, Don John,
If you do ſpring a leak, or get an itch,
Till ye claw off your curl'd pate, thank your night-walks;
You muſt be ſtill a boot-halling[2]. One round more,
Tho' it be late, I'll venture, to diſcover you.
I do not like your out-leaps. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Duke and three Gentlemen.

Duke. Welcome to town. Are ye all fit?

[2] *Boot-halling.*] Moſt probably, an indecent alluſion. In Monſieur Thomas, one of Hylas's objections to matrimony is, becauſe he would not *cobble other mens' old* BOOTS.

1 *Gent.* To point[3], Sir.
Duke. Where are the horſes?
2 *Gent.* Where they were appointed.
Duke. Be private all; and whatſoever fortune,
Offer itſelf, let's ſtand ſure.
3 *Gent.* Fear not us:
Ere you ſhall be endanger'd, or deluded,
We'll make a black night on't.
Duke. No more; I know it.
You know your quarters?
1 *Gent.* Will you go alone, Sir?
Duke. Ye ſhall not be far from me; the leaſt noiſe
Shall bring ye to my reſcue.
2 *Gent.* We are counſell'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Don John.

John. Was ever man ſo paid for being curious,
Ever ſo bobb'd for ſearching out adventures,
As I am? Did the devil lead me? Muſt I needs be peeping
Into mens' houſes, where I had no buſineſs,
And make myſelf a miſchief? 'Tis well carried!
I muſt take other mens' occaſions on me,
And be I know not whom! Moſt finely handled!
What have I got by this now? what's the purchaſe?
A piece of evening arras-work, a child,
Indeed an infidel: This comes of peeping!
A lump got out of lazineſs. Good White-bread,
Let's have no bawling with you! 'Sdeath, have I
Known wenches thus long, all the ways of wenches,
Their ſnares and ſubtilties; have I read over
All their ſchool-learnings, div'd into their quiddits,
And am I now bum-fiddled with a baſtard?
Fetch'd over with a card of five, and in mine old days,
After the dire maſſacre of a million

[3] *To* point] Signifies *completely*, as we now ſay *to a hair*.

Of

Of maidenheads? caught the common way? i'th' night too,
Under another's name, to make the matter
Carry more weight about it? Well, Don John,
You will be wiſer one day, when you've purchas'd
A heavy of theſe butter-prints together,
With ſearching out conceal'd iniquities;
Without commiſſion. Why, it would ne'er grieve me,
If I had got this gingerbread; ne'er ſtirr'd me,
So I had had a ſtroke for't; it had been juſtice
Then to have kept it: But to raiſe a dairy
For other mens' adulteries, conſume myſelf in candles[4],
And ſcow'ring-works, in nurſes, bells, and babies,
Only for charity, for mere 'I thank you,'
A little troubles me: The leaſt touch for it,
Had but my breeches got it, had contented me.
Whoſe-e'er it is, ſure 't had a wealthy mother;
For 'tis well cloath'd, and, if I be not cozen'd,
Well lin'd within. To leave it here were barbarous,
And ten to one would kill it; a more ſin
Than his that got it: Well, I will diſpoſe on't,
And keep it, as they keep deaths' heads in rings,
To cry *Memento* to me; no more peeping!
Now all the danger is to qualify
The good old gentlewoman, at whoſe houſe we live,
For ſhe will fall upon me with a catechiſm
Of four hours long: I muſt endure all;
For I will know this mother. Come, good wonder,
Let you and I be jogging; your ſtarv'd treble
Will waken the rude watch elſe. All that be
Curious night-walkers, may they find my fee! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Sure he's gone home: I've beaten all the purlieus,

[4] *Conſume myſelf in* candles.] Mr. Seward, on recommendation of Mr. Sympſon, reads, *Conſume myſelf in* CAUDLES. See Lovers' Progreſs, act iv.

But

But cannot bolt him. If he be a-bobbing,
'Tis not my care can cure him: Tomorrow-morning
I ſhall have further knowledge from a ſurgeon's
Where he lies moor'd, to mend his leaks.

Enter Conſtantia.

Con. I'm ready,
And thro' a world of dangers am flown to you;
Be full of haſte and care, we are undone elſe.
Where are your people? which way muſt we travel?
For Heav'n ſake, ſtay not here, Sir.
Fred. What may this prove?
Con. Alas, I am miſtaken, loſt, undone,
For ever periſh'd! Sir, for Heav'n ſake, tell me,
Are you a gentleman?
Fred. I am.
Con. Of this place?
Fred. No, born in Spain.
Con. As ever you lov'd honour,
As ever your deſires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched woman but this benefit,
For I am forc'd to truſt you!
Fred. You have charm'd me;
Humanity and Honour bid me help you,
And if I fail your truſt——
Con. The time's too dangerous
To ſtay your proteſtations: I believe you—
Alas, I muſt believe you. From this place,
Good noble Sir, remove me inſtantly,
And for a time, where nothing but yourſelf,
And honeſt converſation, may come near me,
In ſome ſecure place, ſettle me: What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
Into a ſtranger's hand, the fears and dangers
That force me to this wild courſe, at more leiſure
I ſhall reveal unto you.
Fred. Come, be hearty;
He muſt ſtrike thro' my life that takes you from me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two Gentlemen.

Petr. He will ſure come. Are ye well arm'd?

Ant. Ne'er fear us:
Here's that will make 'em dance without a fiddle.

Petr. We are to look for no weak foes, my friends,
Nor unadvis'd ones.

Ant. Beſt gameſters make the beſt game;
We ſhall fight cloſe and handſome then.

1 *Gent.* Antonio,
You are a thought too bloody.

Ant. Why? All phyſicians
And penny almanacks allow the opening
Of veins this month. Why do you talk of bloody?
What come we for? to fall to cuffs for apples?
What, would you make the cauſe a cudgel-quarrel?
On what terms ſtands this man? Is not his honour
Open'd to his hand, and pick'd out like an oyſter?
His credit like a quart pot knock'd together,
Able to hold no liquor? Clear but this point.

Petr. Speak ſoftly, gentle couſin.

Ant. I'll ſpeak truly;
What ſhould men do allied to theſe diſgraces?
Lick o'er his enemy, ſit down, and dance him——

2 *Gent.* You are as far o'th' bow-hand now[5].

Ant. And cry,
'That's my fine boy; thou wilt do ſo no more, child?'

Petr. Here are no ſuch cold pities.

Ant. By Saint Jaques,
They ſhall not find me one! Here's old tough Andrew,
A ſpecial friend of mine; an he but hold,
I'll ſtrike 'em ſuch a hornpipe! Knocks I come for,
And the beſt blood I light on; I profeſs it;
Not to ſcare coſter-mongers: If I loſe mine own,

[5] *Bow-hand.*] A ſea-term, derived from the *bow* of a ſhip; which, ſays Dr. Johnſon, begins at the loof, and compaſſing ends of the ſtern, and ends at the ſternmoſt parts of the forecaſtle.

Mine

Mine audit's caſt, and farewell five and fifty!

Petr. Let's talk no longer; place yourſelves with ſilence,
As I directed ye, and when time calls us,
As ye are friends, ſo ſhew yourſelves.

Ant. So be it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Don John and Landlady.

Land. Nay, ſon, if this be your regard——

John. Good mother!

Land. Good me no goods! Your couſin and yourſelf
Are welcome to me, whilſt you bear yourſelves
Like honeſt and true gentlemen. Bring hither
To my houſe, that have ever been reputed
A gentlewoman of a decent and fair carriage,
And ſo behav'd myſelf——

John. I know you have.

Land. Bring hither, as I ſay, (to make my name
Stink in my neighbour's noſtrils) your devices,
Your brats, got out of Alicant[6], and broken oaths!
Your linſey-woolſy work, your haſty puddings!
I foſter up your filch'd iniquities?
You are deceiv'd in me, Sir; I am none
Of thoſe receivers.

John. Have I not ſworn unto you
'Tis none of mine, and ſhew'd you how I found it?

Land. You found an eaſy fool that let you get it;
Sh'had better have worn paſterns.

John. Will you hear me?

Land. Oaths? what do you care for oaths, to gain your ends,
When ye are high and pamper'd? What ſaint know ye?

[6] *Your brats, got out of* Alligant.] In Rowley's Match at Midnight, Randal and Ancient Young quarrelling, Sim, another of the characters, interpoſes, 'Gentlemen, there's *Alegant* in the houſe; pray ſet no more 'abroach.' The Landlady here means, 'Your brats produced by 'intoxication and faithleſs promiſes.'

Or

Or what religion, but your purpos'd lewdneſs,
Is to be look'd for of ye? Nay, I will tell ye,
You will then ſwear like accus'd cut-purſes,
As far off truth too; and lie beyond all falconers!
I'm ſick to ſee this dealing.

John. Heav'n forbid, mother!

Land. Nay, I am very ſick.

John. Who waits there?

Anth. [*within.*] Sir.

John. Bring down the bottle of Canary wine.

Land. Exceeding ſick; Heav'n help me!

John. Haſte ye, ſirrah.—
I muſt ev'n make her drunk.—Nay, gentle mother!

Land. Now, fy upon ye! Was it for this purpoſe
You fetch'd your evening-walks for your digeſtions?
For this, pretended holineſs? No weather,
Not before day, could hold you from the matins.
Were theſe your bo-peep prayers? You've pray'd well,
And with a learned zeal; watch'd well too. Your Saint,
It ſeems, was pleas'd as well. Still ſicker, ſicker!

Enter Anthony, with a bottle of wine.

John. There is no talking to her 'till I've drench'd her.
Give me. Here, mother, take a good round draught;
'Twill purge ſpleen from your ſpirits: Deeper, mother.

Land. Ay, ay, ſon, you imagine this will mend all.

John. All, i'faith, mother.

Land. I confeſs the wine
Will do his part.

John. I'll pledge you.

Land. But, ſon John!

John. I know your meaning, mother; touch it once more;
Alas, you look not well; take a round draught,
(It warms the blood well, and reſtores the colour)
And then we'll talk at large.

Land. A civil gentleman?
A ſtranger? one the town holds a good regard of?

John. Nay, I will ſilence thee.

Land. One that ſhould weigh his fair name? Oh, a ſtitch!

John. There's nothing better for a ſtitch, good mother;
Make no ſpare of it; as you love your health,
Mince not the matter.

Land. As I ſaid, a gentleman?
Lodge in my houſe? Now Heav'n's my comfort, Signor——

John. I look'd for this.

Land. I did not think you would have us'd me thus;
A woman of my credit; one, Heav'n knows,
That lov'd you but too tenderly.

John. Dear mother,
I ever found your kindneſs, and acknowledge it.

Land. No, no, I am a fool to counſel you.
Where is the infant? Come, let's ſee your workmanſhip.

John. None of mine, mother; but there 'tis, and a luſty one.

Land. Heav'n bleſs thee,
Thou hadſt a haſty making; but the beſt is,
Tis many a good man's fortune. As I live,
Your own eyes, Signor; and the nether lip
As like you, as y' had ſpit it.

John. I am glad on't.

Land. Bleſs me, what things are theſe?

John. I thought my labour
Was not all loſt. 'Tis gold, and theſe are jewels,
Both rich, and right, I hope.

Land. Well, well, ſon John,
I ſee you are a woodman, and can chuſe
Your deer, tho' it be i'th' dark; all your diſcretion
Is not yet loſt; this was well clapt aboard:
Here I am with you now; when, as they ſay,
Your pleaſure comes with profit; when ye muſt needs do,
Do where ye may be done to, 'tis a wiſdom
Becomes a young man well: Be ſure of one thing,
Loſe not your labour and your time together,
It ſeaſons of a fool, ſon; time is precious,
Work wary whilſt you have it; ſince you muſt traffick
Sometimes this ſlippery way, take ſure hold, Signor;
Trade with no broken merchants, make your lading

As

As you would make your reſt[7], adventurouſly,
But with advantage ever.
John. All this time, mother,
The child wants looking-to, wants meat and nurſes.
Land. Now bleſſing o' thy care! It ſhall have all,
And inſtantly; I'll ſeek a nurſe myſelf, ſon.
'Tis a ſweet child! Ah, my young Spaniard!
Take you no further care, Sir.
John. Yes, of theſe jewels,
I muſt, by your leave, mother. Theſe are yours,
To make your care the ſtronger; for the reſt
I'll find a maſter. The gold, for bringing up on't,
I freely render to your charge.
Land. No more words,
Nor no more children, good ſon, as you love me:
This may do well.
John. I ſhall obſerve your morals.
But where's don Frederick, mother?
Land. Ten to one
About the like adventure; he told me,
He was to find you out. [*Exit.*
John. Why ſhould he ſtay thus?
There may be ſome ill chance in't: Sleep I will not,
Before I've found him. Now this woman's pleas'd,
I'll ſeek my friend out, and my care is eas'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Enter Duke and Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Believe, Sir, 'tis as poſſible to do it,
As to remove the city: The main faction
Swarm thro' the ſtreets like hornets, arm'd with angers
Able to ruin ſtates; no ſafety left us,
Nor means to die like men, if inſtantly

[7] *As you would make your* reſt.] This is an alluſion to *fencing*. So, Mercutio ſays of the duelliſt Tibalt, 'reſts his minum; one, two,' &c. in which words he at once alludes to the different ſciences of muſick and defence.

You draw not back again.

Duke. May he be drawn
And quarter'd too, that turns now! Were I ſurer
Of death than thou art of thy fears, and with death
More than thoſe fears are too——

1 *Gent.* Sir, I fear not.

Duke. I would not crack my vow, ſtart from my honour,
Becauſe I may find danger; wound my ſoul,
To keep my body ſafe!

1 *Gent.* I ſpeak not, Sir,
Out of a baſeneſs to you.

Duke. No, nor do not
Out of a baſeneſs leave me. What is danger,
More than the weakneſs of our apprehenſions?
A poor cold part o'th' blood? Who takes it hold of?
Cowards, and wicked livers: Valiant minds
Were made the maſters of it; and as hearty ſeamen
In deſperate ſtorms ſtem with a little rudder
The tumbling ruins of the ocean;
So with their cauſe and ſwords do they do dangers.
Say we were ſure to die all in this venture,
(As I am confident againſt it) is there any
Amongſt us of ſo fat a ſenſe, ſo pamper'd,
Would chuſe luxurioufly to lie a-bed,
And purge away his ſpirit, ſend his ſoul out
In ſugar-ſops and ſyrups? Give me dying,
As dying ought to be, upon mine enemy,
Parting with mankind by a man that's manly.
Let 'em be all the world, and bring along
Cain's envy with 'em, I will on!

2 *Gent.* You may, Sir;
But with what ſafety?

1 *Gent.* Since 'tis come to dying,
You ſhall perceive, Sir, here be thoſe amongſt us
Can die as decently as other men,
And with as little ceremony. On, brave Sir.

Duke. That's ſpoken heartily.

1 *Gent.* And he that flinches,

May

May he die louſy in a ditch!
Duke. No more dying;
There's no ſuch danger in it. What's o'clock?
3 Gent. Somewhat above your hour.
Duke. Away then quickly;
Make no noiſe, and no trouble will attend us. [*Exe.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Frederick, and Peter with a candle.

Fred. Give me the candle. So; go you out that way.
Peter. What have we now to do?
Fred. And o'. your life, ſirrah,
Let none come near the door without my knowledge;
No, not my Landlady, nor my friend.
Peter. 'Tis done, Sir.
Fred. Nor any ſerious buſineſs that concerns me.
Peter. Is the wind there again?
Fred. Be gone.
Peter. I am, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Conſtantia.

Fred. Now enter without fear. And, noble lady,
That ſafety and civility you wiſh'd for
Shall truly here attend you: No rude tongue
Nor rough behaviour knows this place, no wiſhes
Beyond the moderation of a man,
Dare enter here; your own deſires and innocence,
Join'd to my vow'd obedience, ſhall protect you,
Were dangers more than doubts.
Con. Ye're truly noble,
And worth a woman's truſt: Let it become me,
(I do beſeech you, Sir) for all your kindneſs,
To render with my thanks, this worthleſs trifle;
I may be longer troubleſome.
Fred. Fair offices
Are ſtill their own rewards: Heav'n bleſs me, lady,
From ſelling civil courteſies! May it pleaſe you,
If you will force a favour to oblige me,

Draw but that cloud aſide, to ſatisfy me
For what good angel I'm engag'd.
Con. It ſhall be,
For I am truly confident you're honeſt:
The piece is ſcarce worth looking on.
Fred. Truſt me
The abſtract of all beauty, ſoul of ſweetneſs!
Defend me, honeſt thoughts, I ſhall grow wild elſe!
What eyes are there, rather what little Heav'ns,
To ſtir mens' contemplations! what a Paradiſe
Runs through each part ſhe has! Good blood, be temperate:
I muſt look off; too excellent an object
Confounds the ſenſe that ſees it.—Noble lady,
If there be any further ſervice to caſt on me,
Let it be worth my life, ſo much I honour ye,
Or the engagement of whole families——
Con. Your ſervice is too liberal, worthy Sir;
Thus far I ſhall entreat——
Fred. Command me, lady;
You make your power too poor.
Con. That preſently
With all convenient haſte, you would retire
Unto the ſtreet you found me in.
Fred. 'Tis done.
Con. There, if you find a gentleman oppreſs'd
With force and violence, do a man's office,
And draw your ſword to reſcue him.
Fred. He's ſafe,
Be what he will; and let his foes be devils,
Arm'd with your pity, I ſhall conjure 'em.
Retire; this key will guide you: All things neceſſary
Are there before you.
Con. All my prayers go with you. [*Exit.*
Fred. You clap on proof upon me: Men ſay gold
Does all, engages all, works thro' all dangers:
Now I ſay Beauty can do more: The king's exchequer,
Nor all his wealthy Indies, could not draw me
Thro' half thoſe miſeries this piece of pleaſure

Might

Might make me leap into: We're all like ſea-cards,
All our endeavours and our motions,
(As they do to the North) ſtill point at beauty,
Still at the faireſt: For a handſome woman
(Setting my ſoul aſide) it ſhould go hard,
But I would ſtrain my body: Yet to her,
Unleſs it be her own free gratitude,
Hopes, ye ſhall die, and thou, tongue rot within me,
Ere I infringe my faith: Now to my reſcue! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, purſued by Petruchio, Antonio, and that faction.

Duke. YOU will not all oppreſs me?
Ant. Kill him i'th' wanton eye!
Let me come to him!
Duke. Then ye ſhall buy me dearly!
Petr. Say you ſo, Sir?
Ant. I ſay cut his wezand, ſpoil his piping:
Have at your love-ſick heart, Sir!

Enter Don John.

John. Sure 'tis fighting:
My friend may be engag'd.—Fy, gentlemen!
This is unmanly odds.
Ant. I'll ſtop your mouth, Sir.
[*Duke falls down, Don John beſtrides him.*
John. Nay then, have at thee freely.
There's a plumb, Sir, to ſatisfy your longing.
Petr. Away! I hope I've ſped him. Here comes reſcue;
We ſhall be endanger'd. Where's Antonio?
Ant. I muſt have one thruſt more, Sir.
John. Come up to me.
Ant. A miſchief confound your fingers!

Petr. How is't?
Ant. Well:
H'has given me my *quietus eſt.* I felt him
In my ſmall guts; I'm ſure h'has feez'd me!
This comes of ſiding with you.
2 *Gent.* Can you go, Sir?
Ant. I ſhould go, man, an my head were off;
Ne'er talk of going.
Petr. Come, all ſhall be well then.
I hear more reſcue coming.

Enter the Duke's faction.

Ant. Let's turn back then;
My ſkull's uncloven yet; let me but kill.
Petr. Away for Heav'n ſake with him!

[*Exit Petruchio, with his faction.*

John. How is't?
Duke. Well, Sir;
Only a little ſtagger'd.
Duke's Faction. Let's purſue 'em.
Duke. No, not a man, I charge ye! Thanks, good coat;
Thou'ſt ſav'd me a ſhrewd welcome: 'Twas put home too,
With a good mind, I'm ſure on't.
John. Are you ſafe then?
Duke. My thanks to you, brave Sir, whoſe timely valour,
And manly courteſy, came to my reſcue.
John. Y'ad foul play offer'd ye, and ſhame befall him
That can paſs by oppreſſion.
Duke. May I crave, Sir,
But thus much honour more, to know your name,
And him I am ſo bound to?
John. For the bond, Sir,
'Tis every good man's tie; to know me further
Will little profit you: I am a ſtranger,
My country Spain; my name Don John, a gentleman
That lies here for my ſtudy.
Duke. I have heard, Sir,

Much

Much worthy mention of you; yet I find
Fame ſhort of what you are.
John. You're pleas'd, Sir,
To expreſs your courteſy: May I demand
As freely what you are, and what miſchance
Caſt you into this danger?
Duke. For this preſent,
I muſt deſire your pardon: You ſhall know me
Ere it be long, Sir, and a nobler thanks
Than now my will can render.
John. Your will's your own, Sir.
Duke. What is't you look for, Sir? have you loſt any thing?
John. Only my hat i' th' ſcuffle: Sure theſe fellows
Were night-ſnaps.
Duke. No, believe, Sir. Pray you uſe mine,
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.
John. No, Sir.
Duke. Indeed you ſhall; I can command another:
I do beſeech you honour me.
John. I will, Sir:
And ſo I'll take my leave.
Duke. Within theſe few days
I hope I ſhall be happy in your knowledge;
'Till when, I love your memory. [*Exit Duke, &c.*
John. I yours.
This is ſome noble fellow.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis his tongue ſure.
Don John?
John. Don Frederick?
Fred. You're fairly met, Sir:
I thought you'd been a bat-fowling. Prithee tell me,
What revelations haſt thou had to-night,
That home was never thought of?
John. Revelations?
I'll tell thee, Frederick; but, before I tell thee,
Settle thy underſtanding.

Fred.

Fred. 'Tis prepar'd, Sir.

John. Why then, mark what ſhall follow. This night, Frederick,
This bawdy night——

Fred. I thought no leſs.

John. This blind night,
What doſt think I've got?

Fred. The pox, it may be.

John. 'Would 'twere no worſe! Ye talk of revelations;
I have got a revelation will reveal me
An arrant coxcomb while I live.

Fred. What is't?
Thou haſt loſt nothing?

John. No, I have got, I tell thee.

Fred. What haſt thou got?

John. One of the infantry, a child.

Fred. How!

John. A chopping child, man.

Fred. 'Give you joy, Sir.

John. A lump of lewdneſs, Frederick; that's the truth on't.
This town's abominable.

Fred. I ſtill told you, John,
Your whoring muſt come home; I counſell'd you:
But where no grace is——

John. 'Tis none o' mine, man.

Fred. Anſwer the pariſh ſo.

John. Cheated, in troth,
Peeping into a houſe; by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the place again. No, Frederick,
Had I but kiſs'd the ring for't—'Tis no poor one,
That's my beſt comfort, for't has brought about it
Enough to make it man.

Fred. Where is't?

John. At home.

Fred. A ſaving voyage: But what will you ſay, Signor,
To him that, ſearching out your ſerious worſhip,
Has met a ſtranger fortune?

John.

John. How, good Frederick?
A militant girl now to this boy would hit it.
Fred. No; mine's a nobler venture. What do you think, Sir,
Of a diſtreſſed lady, one whoſe beauty
Would over-ſell all Italy?
John. Where is ſhe?
Fred. A woman of that rare behaviour,
So qualified, as admiration
Dwells round about her; of that perfect ſpirit——
John. Ay marry, Sir!
Fred. That admirable carriage,
That ſweetneſs in diſcourſe; young as the Morning,
Her bluſhes ſtaining his.
John. But where's this creature?
Shew me but that.
Fred. That's all one; ſhe's forth-coming;
I have her ſure, boy.
John. Hark you, Frederick;
What truck betwixt my infant——
Fred. 'Tis too light, Sir;
Stick to your charge[8], good Don John; I am well.
John. But is there ſuch a wench?
Fred. Firſt tell me this,
Did you not lately as you walk'd along,
Diſcover people that were arm'd, and likely
To do offence?
John. Yes, marry, and they urg'd it
As far as they had ſpirit.
Fred. Pray go forward.
John. A gentleman I found engag'd amongſt 'em;
It ſeems of noble breeding; I am ſure brave mettle:
As I return'd to look you, I ſet in to him,
And without hurt (I thank Heav'n) reſcued him,
And came myſelf off ſafe too.
Fred. My work's done then:
And now, to ſatisfy you, there is a woman,
Oh, John, there is a woman——

[8] *Stick to your* charges.] Varied in 1750.

John.

John. Oh, where is ſhe?
Fred. And one of no leſs worth than I aſſure you;
And, which is more, fall'n under my protection.
John. I am glad of that. Forward, ſweet Frederick!
Fred. And, which is more than that, by this night's wandring;
And, which is moſt of all, ſhe is at home too, Sir.
John. Come, let's be gone then.
Fred. Yes; but 'tis moſt certain,
You cannot ſee her, John.
John. Why?
Fred. She has ſworn me
That none elſe ſhall come near her, not my mother,
'Till ſome few doubts are clear'd.
John. Not look upon her?
What chamber is ſhe in?
Fred. In ours.
John. Let's go, I ſay:
A woman's oaths are wafers, break with making;
They muſt for modeſty a little: We all know it.
Fred. No, I'll aſſure you, Sir.
John. Not ſee her?
I ſmell an old dog-trick of yours. Well, Frederick,
You talk'd to me of whoring: Let's have fair play,
Square dealing, I would wiſh you.
Fred. When 'tis come
(Which I know never will be) to that iſſue,
Your ſpoon ſhall be as deep as mine, Sir.
John. Tell me,
And tell me true, is the cauſe honourable,
Or for your eaſe?
Fred. By all our friendſhip, John,
'Tis honeſt, and of great end.
John. I am anſwer'd:
But let me ſee her tho'; leave the door open
As you go in.
Fred. I dare not.
John. Not wide open,
But juſt ſo, as a jealous huſband would

Level

Level at his wanton wife thro'.
Fred. That courteſy,
If you deſire no more, and keep it ſtrictly,
I dare afford you. Come; 'tis now near morning.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Peter and Anthony.

Peter. Nay, the old woman's gone too.
Anth. She's a-catterwauling
Among the gutters: But, conceive me, Peter,
Where our good maſters ſhould be?
Peter. Where they ſhould be
I do conceive; but where they are, good Anthony—
Anth. Ay, there it goes: My maſter's bo-peeps with me,
With his fly popping in and out again,
Argued a cauſe, a frippery cauſe.
Peter. Believe me,
They bear up with ſome carvel[9].
Anth. I do believe thee,
For thou haſt ſuch a maſter for that chaſe,
That 'till he ſpends his main-maſt——
Peter. Pray remember
Your courteſy, good Anthony, and withal,
How long 'tis ſince your maſter ſprung a leak;
He had a ſound one ſince he came.
Anth. Hark! [*Lute ſounds within.*
Peter. What?
Anth. Doſt not hear a lute? Again!
Peter. Where is't?
Anth. Above, in my maſter's chamber.
Peter. There's no creature;
He hath the key himſelf, man. [*Sing within.*
Anth. This is his lute[10];

9 *Carvel.*] See note 13 on Wit without Money.

10 Ant. *This is his lute: Let him have it.*] The ſong was inſerted before this line in the two former editions. The reaſon of the change of its place is very plain. *Seward.*

Let

Let him have it.

Peter. I grant you; but who ſtrikes it?

Anth. An admirable voice too; hark ye!

SONG [within].

Mercileſs love, whom Nature hath denied
The uſe of eyes, leſt thou ſhouldſt take a pride
And glory in thy murders, why am I,
That never yet tranſgreſs'd thy deity,
Never broke vow [11], from whoſe eyes never flew
Diſdainful dart, whoſe hard heart none e'er ſlew,
Thus ill rewarded? Thou art young and fair,
Thy mother ſoft and gentle as the air,
Thy holy fire ſtill burning, blown with prayer:
Then, everlaſting Love, reſtrain thy will;
'Tis god-like to have pow'r, but not to kill.

Peter. Anthony,
Art ſure we are at home?

Anth. Without all doubt, Peter.

Peter. Then this muſt be the devil.

Anth. Let it be. [*Sing again.*
Good devil, ſing again! Oh, dainty devil!
Peter, believe it, a moſt delicate devil!
The ſweeteſt devil——

Enter Frederick and Don John.

Fred. If you could leave peeping!

---

[11] *Never broke vow, from whoſe eyes never*
Flew diſdainful dart,
Whoſe hard heart never
Slew thoſe *rewarders?*
Thou art young and fair.] The meaſure of all, except the laſt line quoted above, only wants to be replaced; but that laſt is deficient in ſenſe as well as meaſure. I ſuppoſe the word *ill* to have been the monoſyllable loſt, and *rewarders* to have been put for *rewarded*, and then it would run, ——*Thus rewarders:* This being too glaringly abſurd might be thought to be amended by making it, ——*Thoſe rewarders.* *Seward.*

The above ſong is not in the firſt copy; however, it bears ſuch ſtrong internal marks of authenticity, that we cannot doubt its being genuine.

John.

John. I cannot; by no means.
Fred. Then come in ſoftly;
And, as you love your faith, preſume no further
Than you have promiſed.
John. Baſta!
Fred. What make you up ſo early, Sir?
John. You, Sir, in your contemplations!
Peter. Oh, pray you peace, Sir.
Fred. Why peace, Sir?
Peter. Do you hear?
John. 'Tis your lute.
Fred. Pray ye ſpeak ſoftly;
She's playing on't.
Anth. The houſe is haunted, Sir,
For this we have heard this half-year.
Fred. Ye ſaw nothing?
Anth. Not I.
Peter. Nor I, Sir.
Fred. Get us our breakfaſt then;
And make no words on't. We'll undertake this ſpirit,
If it be one.
Anth. This is no devil, Peter.
Mum! there be bats abroad. [*Exeunt Servants.*
Fred. Stay; now ſhe ſings. [*Sing.*
John. An angel's voice, I'll ſwear!
Fred. Why didſt thou ſhrug ſo?
Either allay this heat; or, as I live,
I will not truſt you.
John. Paſs! I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Conſtantia.

Con. To curſe thoſe ſtars that men ſay govern us,
To rail at Fortune, fall out with my fate,
And taſk the general world, will help me nothing:
Alas, I am the ſame ſtill, neither are they
Subject to helps, or hurts: Our own deſires
Are our own fates, our own ſtars all our fortunes,
Which, as we ſway 'em, ſo abuſe or bleſs us.

Enter

Enter Frederick, and Don John peeping.

Fred. Peace to your meditations!

John. Pox upon ye,
Stand out o'th' light.

Con. I crave your mercy, Sir;
My mind, o'er-charg'd with care, made me unmannerly.

Fred. Pray you ſet that mind at reſt; all ſhall be perfect.

John. I like the body rare; a handſome body,
A wondrous handſome body. 'Would ſhe would turn!
See, an that ſpiteful puppy be not got
Between me and my light again.

Fred. 'Tis done,
As all that you command ſhall be: The gentleman
Is ſafely off all danger.

John. Oh, de Dios!

Con. How ſhall I thank you, Sir? how ſatisfy?

Fred. Speak ſoftly, gentle lady, all's rewarded.
Now does he melt, like marmalade. [*Aſide.*

John. Nay, 'tis certain,
Thou art the ſweeteſt woman I e'er look'd on:
I hope thou art not honeſt.

Fred. None diſturb'd you?

Con. Not any, Sir, nor any ſound came near me;
I thank your care.

Fred. 'Tis well.

John. I would fain pray now,
But th' devil, and that fleſh there o' the world—
What are we made to ſuffer[12]?

---

[12] *But th' devil and that fleſh there,* o' the world,
What are we made to ſuffer?] There are two ways of correcting this, either by making it, *(Oh, the world!)* an exclamatory parentheſis, or by reading, *and the world*—the ſenſe would then be, *That he would pray,* if that fleſh there, the world and the devil did not prevent him. I prefer the former, as nearer the trace of the letters.
Seward.

Mr. Seward prints,
But th' devil and that fleſh there, (O the world!)
What are we made to ſuffer?
The interjection rather deſtroys the alluſion to the world, the fleſh, and the devil: A break makes ſenſe of the old reading.

Fred.

Fred. He will enter:
Pull in your head, and be hang'd!
John. Hark you, Frederick!
I have brought you home your pack-ſaddle.
Fred. Pox upon you!
Con. Nay, let him enter. Fy, my lord the duke,
Stand peeping at your friends?
Fred. You're cozen'd, lady;
Here is no duke.
Con. I know him full well, Signor.
John. Hold thee there, wench!
Fred. This mad-brain'd fool will ſpoil all.
Con. I do beſeech your Grace come in.
John. My grace?
There was a word of comfort!
Fred. Shall he enter,
Whoe'er he be?
John. Well follow'd, Frederick!
Con. With all my heart.
Fred. Come in then.

Enter Don John.

John. 'Bleſs you, lady!
Fred. Nay, ſtart not; tho' he be a ſtranger to you,
He's of a noble ſtrain: My kinſman, lady,
My countryman, and fellow-traveller:
One bed contains us ever, one purſe feeds us,
And one faith free between us. Do not fear him;
He's truly honeſt.
John. That's a lie. [*Aſide.*
Fred. And truſty,
Beyond your wiſhes; valiant to defend;
And modeſt to converſe with, as your bluſhes.
John. Now may I hang myſelf; this commendation
Has broke the neck of all my hopes; for now
Muſt I cry, 'No forſooth,' and 'Ay forſooth,' and 'ſurely,'
'And truly as I live, and as I am honeſt.'
H' has done theſe things for 'nonce too; for he knows,

Like a moſt envious raſcal as he is,
I am not honeſt, nor deſire to be,
Eſpecially this way. H'has watch'd his time;
But I ſhall quit him.

Con. Sir, I credit you.

Fred. Go kiſs her, John.

John. Plague o' your commendations!

Con. Sir, I ſhall now deſire to be a trouble.

John. Never to me, ſweet lady: Thus I ſeal
My faith, and all my ſervice.

Con. One word, Signor.

John. Now 'tis impoſſible I ſhould be honeſt;
She kiſſes with a conjuration
Would make the devil dance! What points ſhe at?
My leg, I warrant, or my well-knit body:
Sit faſt, don Frederick!

Fred. 'Twas given him by that gentleman
You took ſuch care of; his own being loſt i'th' ſcuffle.

Con. With much joy may he wear it! 'Tis a right one,
I can aſſure you, gentleman; and right happy
May you be in all fights for that fair ſervice!

Fred. Why do you bluſh?

Con. 'T had almoſt cozen'd me;
For, not to lie, when I ſaw that, I look'd for
Another maſter of it; but 'tis well. [*Knock within.*

Fred. Who's there?

Enter Anthony.

Stand you a little cloſe. Come in, Sir! [*Exit Con.*
Now, what's the news with you?

Anth. There is a gentleman without
Would ſpeak with Don John.

John. Who, Sir?

Anth. I do not know, Sir; but he ſhews a man
Of no mean reckoning.

Fred. Let him ſhew his name,
And then return a little wiſer.

Anth. Well, Sir. [*Exit Anthony.*

Fred. How do you like her, John?

John.

John. As well as you, Frederick,
For all I'm honeſt; you ſhall find it ſo too.
Fred. Art thou not honeſt?
John. Art not thou an aſs *?
'And modeſt as her bluſhes!' What a blockhead
Would e'er have popp'd out ſuch a dry apology,
For his dear friend? and to a gentlewoman?
A woman of her youth and delicacy?
They're arguments to draw them to abhor us:
An honeſt moral man? 'tis for a conſtable!
A handſome man, a wholeſome man, a tough man,
A liberal man, a likely man, a man
Made up like Hercules, unſlak'd with ſervice,
The ſame to-night, tomorrow-night, the next night,
And ſo to perpetuity of pleaſures;
Theſe had been things to hearken to, things catching;
But you have ſuch a ſpic'd conſideration,
Such qualms upon your worſhip's conſcience,
Such chilblains in your blood, that all things pinch you,
Which nature, and the liberal world, makes cuſtom;
And nothing but fair Honour, oh, ſweet Honour!
Hang up your eunuch Honour! That I was truſty,
And valiant, were things well put in; but modeſt!
A modeſt gentleman! Oh, wit, where waſt thou?
Fred. I'm ſorry, John.
John. My lady's gentlewoman
Would laugh me to a ſchool-boy, make me bluſh
With playing with my codpiece-point! Fy on thee!
A man of thy diſcretion?
Fred. It ſhall be mended;
And henceforth you ſhall have your due.

Enter Anthony.

John. I look for't.
How now? who is't?
Anth. A gentleman of this town,
And calls himſelf Petruchio.
John. I'll attend him. [*Exit Anthony.*

* *Art thou an aſs?*] Both ſenſe and meaſure warrant our inſerting the word NOT.

Enter Conſtantia.

Con. How did he call himſelf?
Fred. Petruchio:
Does it concern you aught?
Con. Oh, gentlemen,
The hour of my deſtruction is come on me;
I am diſcover'd, loſt, left to my ruin!
As ever ye had pity——
John. Do not fear;
Let the great devil come, he ſhall come thro' me[13]:
Loſt here, and we about ye?
Fred. Fall before us?
Con. Oh, my unfortunate eſtate! all angers
Compar'd to his, to his——
Fred. Let his, and all mens',
Whilſt we have power and life—Stand up, for Heav'n ſake!
Con. I have offended Heav'n too; yet Heav'n knows——
John. We are all evil:
Yet Heav'n forbid we ſhould have our deſerts!
What is he?
Con. Too, too near to my offence, Sir:
Oh, he will cut me piece-meal!
Fred. 'Tis no treaſon?
John. Let it be what it will, if he cut here,
I'll find him cut-work.
Fred. He muſt buy you dear;
With more than common lives.
John. Fear not, nor weep not:
By Heav'n, I'll fire the town before you periſh!
And then, the more the merrier, we'll jog with you.
Fred. Come in, and dry your eyes.
John. Pray no more weeping:
Spoil a ſweet face for nothing? My return
Shall end all this, I warrant you.
Con. Heav'n grant it! [*Exeunt.*

[13] *Let the great devil come, he ſhall* go *thro' me.*] Thus read Mr. Seward and octavo 1711.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Petruchio, with a letter.

Petr. This man ſhould be of ſpecial rank; for theſe commends
Carry no common way, no ſlight worth, with 'em:
He ſhall be he.

Enter Don John.

John. 'Save you, Sir! I am ſorry
My buſineſs was ſo unmannerly, to make you
Wait thus long here.

Petr. Occaſions muſt be ſerv'd, Sir.
But is your name Don John?

John. It is, Sir.

Petr. Then,
Firſt, for your own brave ſake, I muſt embrace you:
Next, from the credit of your noble friend
Hernando de Alvara, make you mine;
Who lays his charge upon me in this letter
To look you out, and, for the goodneſs in you,
Whilſt your occaſions make you reſident
In this place, to ſupply you, love and honour you;
Which, had I known ſooner——

John. Noble Sir,
You'll make my thanks too poor: I wear a ſword, Sir,
And have a ſervice to be ſtill diſpos'd of,
As you ſhall pleaſe command it.

Petr. Gentle Sir,
That manly courteſy is half my buſineſs:
And, to be ſhort, to make you know I honour you,
And in all points believe your worth like oracle,
And how above my friends (which are not few,
And thoſe not ſlack) I eſtimate your virtues,
Make yourſelf underſtand, this day Petruchio
(A man that may command the ſtrength of this place,
Hazard the boldeſt ſpirits) hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble office.

John. Forward; I'm free to entertain it.

Petr. Thus then:—
I do beſeech you mark me.

John. I ſhall do it.

Petr. Ferrara's duke, ('would I might call him worthy!
But that h' has raz'd out from his family,
As he has mine with infamy) this man,
Rather this powerful monſter, we being left
But two of all our houſe, to ſtock our memories,
My ſiſter and myſelf, with arts and witchcrafts,
Vows, and ſuch oaths Heav'n has no mercy for,
Drew to diſhonour this weak maid, by ſtealths,
And ſecret paſſages I knew not of;
Oft he obtain'd his wiſhes, oft abus'd her:
I am aſham'd to ſay the reſt! This purchas'd,
And his hot blood allay'd, as friends forſake us
At a mile's end upon our way, he left her,
And all our name to ruin.

John. This was foul play,
And ought to be rewarded ſo.

Petr. I hope ſo.
He 'ſcap'd me yeſter-night; which, if he dare
Again adventure for, Heav'n pardon him!
I ſhall, with all my heart.

John. For me, brave Signor,
What do you intend?

Petr. Only, fair Sir, this truſt,
(Which, from the commendations of this letter,
I dare preſume well plac'd) nobly to bear him
By word of mouth a ſingle challenge from me,
That, man to man, if he have honour in him,
We may decide all difference.

John. Fair, and noble,
And I will do it home. When ſhall I viſit you?

Petr. Pleaſe you, this afternoon. I will ride with you;
For at a caſtle, ſix miles hence, we're ſure to find him.

John. I'll be ready.

Petr. To attend you, my man ſhall wait;
With all my love *. [*Exit.*

John. My ſervice ſhall not fail you.

* *With all my love.*] We much doubt whether theſe words are not part of Don John's ſpeech:

With all my love, my ſervice ſhall not fail you.

Enter

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now?
John. All's well. Who doſt thou think this wench is?
Gueſs, an thou canſt.
Fred. I cannot.
John. Be it known then,
To all men by theſe preſents, this is ſhe,
She, ſhe, and only ſhe, our curious coxcombs
Were errant two months after.
Fred. Who? Conſtantia?
Thou talk'ſt of cocks and bulls.
John. I talk of wenches,
Of cocks and hens, don Frederick; this is the pullet
We two went proud after.
Fred. It can't be.
John. It ſhall be;
Siſter to don Petruchio: I know all, man.
Fred. Now I believe.
John. Go to; there has been ſtirring,
Fumbling with linen, Frederick.
Fred. 'Tis impoſſible;
You know her fame was pure as fire.
John. That pure fire
Has melted out her maidenhead; ſhe's crack'd:
We've all that hope of our ſide, boy.
Fred. Thou tell'ſt me,
To my imagination, things incredible:
I ſee no looſe thought in her.
John. That's all one,
She's looſe i' th' hilts, by Heaven! But the world
Muſt know a fair way; upon vow of marriage!
Fred. There may be ſuch a ſlip.
John. And will be, Frederick,
Whilſt the old game's a-foot. I fear the boy
Will prove hers too I took up.
Fred. Good circumſtance
May cure all this yet.
John. There thou hit'ſt it, Frederick.

Come, let's walk in and comfort her: Her being here
Is nothing yet ſuſpected. Anon I'll tell thee
Wherefore her brother came, (who, by this light,
Is a brave noble fellow) and what honour
H'has done to me, a ſtranger. There be irons
Heating for ſome, will hiſs into their heart-bloods,
Ere all be ended. So much for this time.
Fred. Well, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Landlady and Peter.

Land. COME, you do know!
Peter. I do not, by this hand, miſtreſs:
But I ſuſpect——
Land. What?
Peter. That if eggs continue
At this price, women will ne'er be ſav'd
By their good works.
Land. I will know.
Peter. You ſhall, any thing
Lies in my power. The duke of Lorain now
Is ſeven thouſand ſtrong: I heard it of a fiſh-wife,
A woman of fine knowledge.
Land. Sirrah, ſirrah!
Peter. The pope's bulls are broke looſe too, and 'tis ſuſpected
They ſhall be baited in England.
Land. Very well, Sir!
Peter. No, 'tis not ſo well neither.
Land. But I ſay to you,
Who is it keeps your maſter company?
Peter. I ſay to you, Don John.
Land. I ſay, what woman?
Peter. I ſay ſo too.

Land.

Land. I ſay again, I will know.
Peter. I ſay, 'tis fit you ſhould.
Land. And I tell thee,
He has a woman here.
Peter. And I tell thee,
'Tis then the better for him.
Land. You are no bawd now?
Peter. 'Would I were able to be call'd unto it:
A worſhipful vocation for my elders;
For, as I underſtand, it is a place
Fitting my betters far.
Land. Was ever gentlewoman
So frump'd off with a fool! Well, ſaucy ſirrah,
I will know who it is, and for what purpoſe;
I pay the rent, and I'll know how my houſe
Comes by theſe inflammations: If this geer hold,
Beſt hang a ſign-poſt up, to tell the Signors,
Here ye may have lewdneſs at livery.

Enter Frederick.

Peter. 'Twould be a great eaſe to your age.
Fred. How now?
Why, what's the matter, Landlady?
Land. What's the matter?
Ye uſe me decently among ye, gentlemen.
Fred. Who has abus'd her? you, Sir?
Land. 'Ods my witneſs,
I will not be thus treated, that I will not!
Peter. I gave her no ill language.
Land. Thou lieſt lewdly;
Thou took'ſt me up at every word I ſpoke,
As I had been a Maukin, a flirt Gillian[14];
And thou think'ſt, becauſe thou canſt write and read,
Our noſes muſt be under thee.
Fred. Dare you, ſirrah——

[14] *As I had been a* Maukin, *a* flurt-Gillian.] *Flurt-Gillian* ſeems to be the origin of the modern expreſſion, a *gill-flirt*. *Maukin* and *Gillian* are, we believe, both corruptions of Chriſtian names of women, commonly applied in a bad or ridiculous ſenſe.

Peter.

Peter. Let but the truth be known, Sir, I beſeech ye;
She raves of wenches, and I know not what, Sir.
Land. Go to; thou know'ſt too well, thou wicked varlet,
Thou inſtrument of evil!
Peter. As I live, Sir,
She is ever thus till dinner.
Fred. Get you in;
I'll anſwer you anon, Sir.
Peter. By this hand,
I'll break your poſſet-pan! [*Exit.*
Land. Then, by this hood,
I'll lock the meat up!
Fred. Now, your grief; what is't?
For I can gueſs——
Land. You may, with ſhame enough,
If there were ſhame amongſt you! Nothing thought on,
But how you may abuſe my houſe? not ſatisfied
With bringing home your baſtards to undo me,
But you muſt drill your whores here too? My patience
(Becauſe I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And, as they ſay, am willing to groan under)
Muſt be your make-ſport now!
Fred. No more of theſe words,
Nor no more murmurings, lady! for you know
That I know ſomething. I did ſuſpect your anger;
But turn it preſently and handſomely,
And bear yourſelf diſcreetly to this woman,
(For ſuch an one there is indeed)——
Land. 'Tis well, ſon.
Fred. Leaving your devils' matins, and your melancholies,
Or we ſhall leave our lodgings.
Land. You've much need
To uſe theſe vagrant ways, and to much profit:
You had that might content
(At home, within yourſelves too) right good gentlemen,
Wholeſome, and you ſaid handſome: But you gallants—
Beaſt that I was to believe ye——

Fred.

Fred. Leave your ſuſpicion;
For, as I live, there's no ſuch thing.
Land. Mine honour!
An 'twere not for mine honour——
Fred. Come, your honour,
Your houſe, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough. Sleek up yourſelf, leave crying,
For I muſt have you entertain this lady
With all civility, (ſhe well deſerves it)
Together with all ſecreſy: I dare truſt you,
For I have found you faithful. When you know her,
You'll find your own fault: No more words, but do it.
Land. You know you may command me.

Enter Don John.

John. Worſhipful lady,
How does thy velvet ſcabbard? By this hand,
Thou look'ſt moſt amiably! Now could I willingly,
(An 'twere not for abuſing thy Geneva print there)
Venture my body with thee.
Land. You'll leave this roguery
When you come to my years.
John. By this light,
Thou art not above fifteen yet! a mere girl;
Thou haſt not half thy teeth: Come——
Fred. Prithee, John,
Let her alone; ſhe has been vex'd already;
She'll grow ſtark mad, man.
John. I would ſee her mad;
An old mad woman——
Fred. Prithee be patient.
John. Is like a miller's mare, troubled with tooth-ach;
She'll make the rareſt faces!
Fred. Go, and do it,
And do not mind this fellow.
Land. Well, Don John,
There will be times again, when, 'Oh, good mother,
'What's good for a carnoſity in the bladder?
'Oh, the green water, mother!'——

John.

John. Doting take you!
Do you remember that?
Fred. Sh' has paid you now, Sir.
Land. 'Clary, ſweet mother! clary!'——
Fred. Are you ſatisfied?
Land. 'I'll never whore again; never give petticoats
'And waiſtcoats at five pound a-piece! Good mother!
'Quickly, mother!' Now mock on, ſon.
John. A devil grind your old chaps! [*Exit Land.*
Fred. By this hand, wench,
I'll give thee a new hood for this.
Has ſhe met with your lordſhip?
John. Touchwood take her!

Enter Anthony.

She's a rare ghoſtly mother.
Anth. Below attends you
The gentleman's man, Sir, that was with you.
John. Well, Sir. [*Exit Anth.*
My time is come then; yet, if my project hold,
You ſhall not ſtay behind: I'll rather truſt

Enter Conſtantia.

A cat with ſweet milk, Frederick. By her face,
I feel her fears are working.
Con. Is there no way,
(I do beſeech you think yet) to divert
This certain danger?
Fred. 'Tis impoſſible;
Their honours are engag'd.
Con. Then there muſt be murder,
Which, gentlemen, I ſhall no ſooner hear of,
Than make one in't. You may, if you pleaſe, Sir,
Make all go leſs yet.
John. Lady, were't mine own cauſe,
I could diſpenſe; but, loaden with my friend's truſt,
I muſt go on; tho' general maſſacres
As much I fear——
Con. Do you hear, Sir? For Heav'n's pity,

Let

Let me requeſt one love of you!

Fred. Yes; any thing.

Con. This gentleman I find too reſolute,
Too hot and fiery for the cauſe: As ever
You did a virtuous deed, for honour's ſake,
Go with him, and allay him: Your fair temper,
And noble diſpoſition, like wiſh'd ſhow'rs,
May quench thoſe eating fires, that would ſpoil all elſe.
I ſee in him deſtruction.

Fred. I will do it;
And 'tis a wiſe conſideration,
To me a bounteous favour. Hark ye, John;
I will go with you.

John. No.

Fred. Indeed I will;
You go upon a hazard: No denial;
For, as I live, I'll go.

John. Then make you ready,
For I am ſtraight o' horſe-back.

Fred. My ſword on,
I am as ready as you. What my beſt labour,
With all the art I have, can work upon 'em,
Be ſure of, and expect fair end. The old gentlewoman
Shall wait upon you; ſhe's both grave and private,
And you may truſt her in all points——

Con. You're noble.

Fred. And ſo I kiſs your hand [15].

John. That ſeal for me too;
And I hope happy iſſue, lady.

Con. All Heaven's care upon ye, and my prayers!

John. So, now my mind's at reſt.

Fred. Away; 'tis late, John. [*Exeunt.*

[15] Con. *You are noble;*
And ſo I kiſs your hand.] The latter part of this certainly belongs to *Frederick*. 'Tis the uſual compliment from a gentleman to a lady, but not from a lady to a gentleman; and *John* confirms it by deſiring the ſame favour. *Seward.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio, Surgeon, and two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Come, Sir, be hearty; all the worſt is paſt.
Ant. Give me ſome wine.
Sur. 'Tis death, Sir.
Ant. 'Tis a horſe, Sir!
'Sblood, to be dreſs'd to the tune of ale only!
Nothing but ſauces to my ſores!
2 *Gent.* Fy, Antonio;
You muſt be govern'd.
Ant. H' has giv'n me a damn'd clyſter,
Only of ſand and ſnow-water, gentlemen,
Has almoſt ſcower'd my guts out.
Sur. I have giv'n you that, Sir,
Is fitteſt for your ſtate.
Ant. And here he feeds me
With rotten ends of rooks, and drowned chickens,
Stew'd pericraniums, and pia-maters;
And when I go to bed (by Heav'n, 'tis true, gentlemen)
He rolls me up in lints, with labels at 'em,
That I am juſt the man i'th' almanack,
My head and face is Aries' place*!
Sur. Will't pleaſe you
To let your friends ſee you open'd?
Ant. Will't pleaſe you, Sir,
To let me have a wench? I feel my body
Open enough for that yet.
Sur. How! a wench?
Ant. Why, look ye, gentlemen! thus I am us'd ſtill;
I can get nothing that I want.
1 *Gent.* Leave theſe things,
And let him open you.
Ant. Do you hear, Surgeon?
Send for the muſick; let me have ſome pleaſure
To entertain my friends, (beſides your ballads,

* In *head and face.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

Your

Your green ſalves, and your ſearches [16],) and ſome wine too,
That I may only ſmell to it; or, by this light,
I'll die upon thy hand, and ſpoil thy cuſtom!

1 *Gent.* Let him have muſick.

Enter Rowland with wine.

Sur. 'Tis in the houſe, and ready,
If he will aſk no more [17]. But wine——

2 *Gent.* He ſhall not drink it.

Sur. Will theſe things pleaſe you?

Ant. Yes; and let 'em ſing
John Dorrie.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis too long.

Ant. I'll have John Dorrie!
For to that warlike tune I will be open'd.
Give me ſome drink. Have you ſtopt the leaks well, Surgeon?
All will run out elſe.

Sur. Fear not.

Ant. Sit down, gentlemen:
And now, advance your plaiſters. [*Song of John Dorrie.*
Give 'em ten ſhillings, friends. How do you find me?
What ſymptoms do you ſee now?

Sur. None, Sir, dangerous,
But, if you will be rul'd——

Ant. What time?

Sur. I can cure you
In forty days, ſo you will not tranſgreſs me.

Ant. I have a dog ſhall lick me whole in twenty.
In how long canſt thou kill me?

Sur. Preſently.

---

[16] *Your green ſalves, and your* ſearches.] Neither Mr. Sympſon or I reject *ſearches* as nonſenſe, but both think that *ſearcloths* is probably the true word. *Seward.*

This conjecture is ingenious and plauſible; and was there not ſuch ſtrong reaſon to ſuppoſe that the word *ſearches* is here particularly applied to their intention to *open him*, we ſhould not heſitate to adopt *ſearcloths*, as a better reading.

[17] *If he will aſk no more but wine*—] Former editions. *Seward.*

Ant.

Ant. Do it; there's more delight in't.
1 *Gent.* You muſt have patience.
Ant. Man, I muſt have buſineſs! this fooliſh fellow
Hinders himſelf; I have a dozen raſcals
To hurt within theſe five days. Good man-mender,
Stop me up with ſome parſley, like ſtuff'd beef,
And let me walk abroad——
Sur. You ſhall walk ſhortly.
Ant. For I muſt find Petruchio.
2 *Gent.* Time enough.
1 *Gent.* Come, lead him in, and let him ſleep.
Within theſe three days
We'll beg you leave to play.
2 *Gent.* And then how things fall,
We'll certainly inform you.
Ant. But, Surgeon, promiſe me
I ſhall drink wine then too.
Sur. A little temper'd.
Ant. Nay, I'll no tempering, Surgeon.
Sur. Well, as't pleaſe you,
So you exceed not.
Ant. Farewell! And if ye find
The mad ſlave that thus ſlaſh'd me, commend me to him,
And bid him keep his ſkin cloſe.
1 *Gent.* Take your reſt, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Conſtantia and Landlady.

Con. I've told you all I can, and more than yet
Thoſe gentlemen know of me; ever truſting
Your counſel and concealment: For to me
You ſeem a worthy woman; one of thoſe
Are ſeldom found in our ſex, wiſe and virtuous.
Direct me, I beſeech you.
Land. You ſay well, lady;
And hold you to that point; for, in theſe buſineſſes,
A woman's

A woman's counſel, that conceives the matter,
(Do you mark me? that conceives the matter, lady)
Is worth ten mens' engagements: She knows ſomething,
And out of that can work like wax; when men
Are giddy-headed, either out of wine,
Or a more drunkenneſs, vain oſtentation,
Diſcovering all; there is no more keep in 'em
Than hold upon an eel's tail; nay, 'tis held faſhion
To defame now all they can.

Con. Ay, but theſe gentlemen——

Land. Do not you truſt to that; theſe gentlemen
Are as all gentlemen of the ſame barrel;
Ay, and the ſelf-ſame pickle too. Be't granted,
They've us'd you with reſpect and fair behaviour,
E'er ſince you came; do you know what muſt follow?
They're Spaniards, lady, jennets of high mettle,
Things that will threſh the devil or his dam,
Let 'em appear but cloven.

Con. Now Heav'n bleſs me!

Land. Mad colts, will court the wind; I know 'em, lady,
To the leaſt hair they have; and I tell you,
Old as I am, let but the pint pot bleſs 'em,
They'll offer to my years——

Con. How!

Land. Such rude gambols——

Con. To you?

Land. Ay, and ſo handle me, that oft I'm forc'd
To fight of all four for my ſafety. There's the younger,
Don John, the arrant'ſt Jack in all this city:
The other time has blaſted, yet he'll ſtoop,
If not o'erflown, and freely on the quarry;
H' has been a dragon in his days. But Tarmont[18],
Don Jenkin, is the devil himſelf, the Dog-days,
The moſt incomprehenſible whoremaſter,
Twenty a-night is nothing; beggars, broom-women,
And thoſe ſo miſerable they look like famine,

[18] *But* Tarmont.] i. e. *Termagant.* *Seward.*

Are all ſweet ladies in his drink.

Con. He's a handſome gentleman;
Pity he ſhould be maſter of ſuch follies.

Land. He's ne'er without a noiſe of ſyringes
In's pocket, (thoſe proclaim him) birding-pills [19],
Waters to cool his conſcience, in ſmall viols,
With thouſand ſuch ſufficient emblems: The truth is,
Whoſe chaſtity he chops upon he cares not;
He flies at all. Baſtards, upon my conſcience,
H' has now in making multitudes; the laſt night
He brought home one; I pity her that bore it!
(But we are all weak veſſels) ſome rich woman
(For wife I dare not call her) was the mother,
For it was hung with jewels; the bearing-cloth
No leſs than crimſon velvet.

Con. How!

Land. 'Tis true, lady.

Con. Was it a boy too?

Land. A brave boy; deliberation
And judgment ſhew'd in's getting; as, I'll ſay for him,
He's as well pac'd for that ſport——

Con. May I ſee it?
For there's a neighbour of mine, a gentlewoman,
Has had a late miſchance, which willingly
I would know further of; now, if you pleaſe
To be ſo courteous to me——

Land. You ſhall ſee it.
But what do you think of theſe men now you know 'em,
And of the cauſe I told you of? Be wiſe,
You may repent too late elſe; I but tell you
For your own good, and as you'll find it, lady.

Con. I am adviſ'd.

Land. No more words then; do that,
And inſtantly, I told you of; be ready.—

[19] Birding-*pills.*] Mr. Seward, not finding *birding pills* in 'any 'dictionary or gloſſary,' treats the reading as corrupt, and ſubſtitutes *purging-pills.* We have no doubt that *birding*-pills is genuine: *Wenches* are to this day ſpoken of as *game*; and to go *a-birding* is uſed in other parts of our old writers for *wenching*, alluding to *fowling.*

Don

Don John, I'll fit you for your frumps!
Con. I ſhall be:
But ſhall I ſee this child?
Land. Within this half-hour.
Let's in, and there think better; ſhe that's wiſe[20],
Leaps at occaſion firſt; the reſt pay for it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Petruchio, Don John, and Frederick.

John. Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a gentleman
(If I that ſo much love him may commend him)
Of free and virtuous parts; and one, if foul play
Should fall upon us (for which fear I brought him)
Will not fly back for fillips.
Petr. Ye much honour me,
And once more I pronounce ye both mine.
Fred. Stay;
What troop is that below i' th' valley there?
John. Hawking, I take it.
Petr. They are ſo: 'Tis the duke; 'tis ev'n he, gentlemen.
Sirrah, draw back the horſes 'till we call you.
I know him by his company.
Fred. I think too
He bends up this way.
Petr. So he does.
John. Stand you ſtill
Within that covert 'till I call. You, Frederick,
By no means be not ſeen, unleſs they offer
To bring on odds upon us. He comes forward;
Here will I wait him fairly. To your cabins!
Petr. I need no more inſtruct you?
John. Fear me not;
I'll give it him, and boldly. [*Exe. Petr. and Fred.*

[20] ——*ſhe that's wiſe,*
Leaps at occaſion firſt; the reſt pay *for it.*] Mr. Seward thus explains this paſſage: '*The wife ſeize the firſt occaſion; the reſt,*

Enter Duke and his faction.

Duke. Feed the hawks up;
We'll fly no more to-day.—Oh, my bleſt fortune!
Have I ſo fairly met the man——
John. You have, Sir;
And him you know by this.
Duke. Sir, all the honour
And love——
John. I do beſeech your Grace ſtay there;
(For I know you too now) that love and honour
I come not to receive; nor can you give it,
'Till you appear fair to the world. I muſt beſeech you,
Diſmiſs your train a little.
Duke. Walk aſide,
And out of hearing, I command ye.—Now, Sir!
John. Laſt time we met, I was a friend.
Duke. And nobly
You did a friend's office: Let your buſineſs
Be what it may, you muſt be ſtill——
John. Your pardon;
Never a friend to him, cannot be friend
To his own honour.
Duke. In what have I tranſgreſs'd it?
You make a bold breach at the firſt, Sir.
John. Bolder——
You made that breach that let in infamy,
And ruin, to ſurprize a noble ſtock.
Duke. Be plain, Sir.
John. I will, and ſhort: You've wrong'd a gentleman
Little behind yourſelf, beyond all juſtice,
Beyond the mediation of all friends.
Duke. The man, and manner of wrong?
John. Petruchio;
The wrong, you've whor'd his ſiſter.
Duke. What's his will in't?
John. His will is to oppoſe you like a gentleman,

'*who do not do ſo*, pay *or* ſuffer *for it*;' but we think it may mean more literally, *purchaſe it at great expence*, which at firſt came cheap.

And,

And, ſingle, to decide all.

Duke. Now ſtay you, Sir,
And hear me with the like belief: This gentleman,
His ſiſter that you nam'd, 'tis true I have long lov'd;
(Nor was that love laſcivious, as he makes it)
As true, I have enjoy'd her; no leſs truth,
I have a child by her: But that ſhe, or he,
Or any of that family are tainted,
Suffer diſgrace, or ruin, by my pleaſures,
I wear a ſword to ſatisfy the world *no*,
And him in this cauſe when he pleaſe; for know, Sir,
She is my wife, contracted before Heav'n;
(Witneſs I owe more tie to, than her brother)
Nor will I fly from that name, which long ſince
Had had the church's approbation,
But for his jealous anger [21].

John. Sir, your pardon;
And all that was my anger, now my ſervice.

Duke. Fair Sir, I knew I ſhould convert you. Had we
But that rough man here now too——

John. And you ſhall, Sir.
Whoa, hoa, hoo!

Duke. I hope you've laid no ambuſh?

Enter Petruchio.

John. Only friends.

Duke. My noble brother? Welcome!
Come, put your anger off; we'll have no fighting,
Unleſs you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that name.

Petr. Do you ſpeak this heartily?

Duke. Upon my ſoul, and truly: The firſt prieſt
Shall put you out of theſe doubts.

Petr. Now I love ye;
And I beſeech you pardon my ſuſpicions.

[21] *But for his jealous* danger.] *i. e.* For the danger ariſing from his jealouſy: But from what the Duke ſays to Petruchio below, *anger* ſeems, both to Mr. Sympſon and me, to be moſt probably the true word. *Seward.*

You are now more than a brother, a brave friend too.

John. The good man's over-joy'd.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now? how goes it?

John. Why, the man has his mare again, and all's well, Frederick;
The duke profeſſes freely he's her huſband.

Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.

John. Yes, for modeſt gentlemen.
I muſt preſent you. May it pleaſe your Grace,
To number this brave gentleman, my friend,
And noble kinſman, amongſt thoſe your ſervants.

Duke. Oh, my brave friend! you ſhow'r your bounties on me!
Amongſt my beſt thoughts, Signor; in which number
You being worthily diſpos'd already,
May place your friend to honour me.

Fred My love, Sir,
And where your Grace dares truſt me, all my ſervice.

Petr. Why, this is wondrous happy. But now, brother,
Now comes the bitter to our ſweet: Conſtantia——

Duke. Why, what of her?

Petr. Nor what, nor where, do I know.—
Wing'd with her fears, laſt night, beyond my knowledge,
She quit my houſe; but whither——

Fred. Let not that——

Duke. No more, good Sir; I've heard too much.

Petr. Nay, ſink not;
She cannot be ſo loſt.

John Nor ſhall not, gentlemen:
Be free again; the lady's found!—That ſmile, Sir,
Shews you diſtruſt your ſervant.

Duke. I do beſeech you——

John. You ſhall believe me: By my ſoul, ſhe's ſafe—

Duke. Heav'n knows, I would believe, Sir.

Fred. You may ſafely.

John. And under noble uſage: This fair gentleman

Met

Met her in all her doubts laſt night, and to his guard
(Her fears being ſtrong upon her) ſhe gave her perſon,
Who waited on her to our lodging; where all reſpect,
Civil and honeſt ſervice, now attend her.

Petr. You may believe now.

Duke. Yes, I do, and ſtrongly.
Well, my good friends, or rather my good angels,
(For ye have both preſerv'd me) when theſe virtues
Die in your friend's remembrance——

John. Good your Grace,
Loſe no more time in compliment; 'tis too precious:
I know it by myſelf, there can be no hell
To his that hangs upon his hopes; eſpecially
In way of luſtly pleaſures.

Petr. He has hit it.

Fred. To horſe again then; for this night I'll crown
With all the joys ye wiſh for.

Petr. Happy gentlemen! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Franciſco.

Fran. This is the maddeſt miſchief! Never fool
Was ſo fobb'd off, as I am; made ridiculous,
And to myſelf mine own aſs! Truſt a woman?
I'll truſt the devil firſt; for he dare be
Better than's word ſometime. What faith have I broke?
In what obſervance fail'd? Let me conſider;

Enter Don John and Frederick.

For this is monſtrous uſage.

Fred. Let them talk;
We'll ride on fair and ſoftly.

Fran. Well, Conſtantia——

Fred. Conſtantia!—What's this fellow? Stay, by all means.

Fran. You've ſpun yourſelf a fair thread now.

Fred. Stand ſtill, John.

Fran. What cauſe had you to fly? What fear poſſeſs'd you?
Were you not ſafely lodg'd from all ſuſpicion?

Us'd with all gentle means? Did any know
How you came thither, or what your ſin was?
Fred. John,
I ſmell ſome juggling, John!
John. Yes, Frederick;
I fear it will be found ſo.
Fran. So ſtrangely,
Without the counſel of your friends, ſo deſperately,
To put all dangers on you!
Fred. 'Tis ſhe.
Fran. So deceitfully,
After a ſtranger's lure!
John. Did you mark that, Frederick?
Fran. To make ye appear more monſter, and the law
More cruel to reward ye, to leave all,
All that ſhould be your ſafeguard, to ſeek evils!
Was this your wiſdom? this your promiſe? Well,
He that incited you——
Fred. Mark that too!
John. Yes, Sir!
Fran. Had better have plough'd further off. Now, lady,
What will your laſt friend, he that ſhould preſerve you,
And hold your credit up, the brave Antonio,
Think of this ſlip? He'll to Petruchio,
And call for open juſtice.
John. 'Tis ſhe, Frederick.
Fred. But what that he is, John?
Fran. I do not doubt yet
To bolt you out; for I know certainly
You are about the town ſtill. Ha! no more words.
[*Exit.*
Fred. Well!
John. Very well!
Fred. Diſcreetly!
John. Finely carried!
Fred. You have no more of theſe tricks?
John. Ten to one, Sir,
I ſhall meet with 'em, if you have.

Fred.

Fred. Is this honeſt?
John. Was it in you a friend's part to deal double?
I am no aſs, don Frederick!
Fred. And, don John,
It ſhall appear I am no fool! Diſgrace me,
To make yourſelf a letcher? 'Tis boyiſh, 'tis baſe.
John. 'Tis falſe, and moſt unmanly to upbraid me;
Nor will I be your bolſter, Sir.
Fred. Thou wanton boy, th'hadſt better have been eunuch,
Thou common-woman's courteſy, than thus
Laſcivious, baſely to have bent mine honour!
friend? I'll make a horſe my friend firſt.
John. Holla, holla!
kick too faſt, Sir! What ſtrange brains have you got,
hat dare crow out thus bravely! I better been an eunuch?
rivy to this dog-trick? Clear yourſelf!
or I know where the wind ſits) and moſt nobly,
r, as I have a life——
Fred. No more: Their horſes.
[*A noiſe within like horſes.*
Nor ſhew no diſcontent. Tomorrow comes;
Let's quietly away: If ſhe be at home,
Our jealouſies are put off.
John. The fellow!

Enter Duke and Petruchio.

We've loſt him in our ſpleens, like fools.
Duke. Come, gentlemen,
Now ſet on roundly. Suppoſe ye have all miſtreſſes,
And mend your pace according.
Petr. Then have at ye. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, Frederick, and John.

Petr. NOW to Bologna, my moſt-honour'd brother,
I dare pronounce y' a hearty and ſafe welcome!
Our loves ſhall now way-lay ye. Welcome, gentlemen
John. The ſame to you, brave Sir.—Don Frederick,
Will you ſtep in, and give the lady notice
Who comes to honour her?
Petr. Bid her be ſudden;
(We come to ſee no curious wench) a night-gown
Will ſerve the turn: Here's one that knows her near
Fred. I'll tell her what you ſay, Sir. [*Exit.*
Duke. My dear brother,
You are a merry gentleman.
Petr. Now will the ſport be,
To obſerve her alterations; how like wildfire
She'll leap into your boſom; then ſeeing me,
Her conſcience, and her fears creeping upon her,
Dead as a fowl at ſouſe, ſhe'll ſink.
Duke. Fair brother,
I muſt entreat you——
Petr. I conceive your mind, Sir;
I will not chide her: Yet, ten ducats, Duke,
She falls upon her knees; ten more, ſhe dare not—
Duke. I muſt not have her frighted.
Petr. Well, you ſhall not:

Enter Frederick and Peter.

But, like a ſummer's evening againſt heat,
Mark how I'll gild her cheeks.
John. How now?

Fred.

Fred. You may, Sir[22].——
Not to abuſe your patience, noble friends,
Nor hold ye off with tedious circumſtance——
For ye muſt know——
Petr. What?
Duke. Where is ſhe?
Fred. Gone, Sir.
Duke. How!
Petr. What did you ſay, Sir?
Fred. Gone, by Heav'n; remov'd!
e woman of the houſe too——
John. Well, don Frederick!
Fred. Don John, it is not well! but——
Petr. Gone?
Fred. This fellow
ſtify I lie not.
Petr. Some four hours after
uſter was departed with this gentleman,
llow and myſelf being ſent of buſineſs,
muſt think, of purpoſe)——
Fred. Hang theſe circumſtances;
they appear like owls, to ill ends.
John. Now could I eat
The devil in his own broth, I'm ſo tortur'd!
Gone?
Petr. Gone?
Fred. Directly gone, fled, ſhifted:
What would you have me ſay?
Duke. Well, gentlemen,
Wrong not my good opinion.
Fred. For your dukedom,

[22] Fred. *You may, Sir:*

Not to abuſe your patience, &c.] I have ventured to give the three firſt words of *Frederick's* ſpeech to the *Duke:* they are a proper anſwer to *Petruchio*, but are not intelligible in *Frederick's* mouth, without conſidering them as a broken ſentence relating to the mutual ſuſpicion between *John* and him, and then perhaps too much would be left wanting. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward has, we think, interpreted the words right in the place they ſtood at firſt, though he has changed that place.

I will

I will not be a knave, Sir.

John. He that is,
A rot run in his blood!

Petr. But hark ye, gentlemen;
Are ye ſure ye had her here? did ye not dream this?

John. Have you your noſe, Sir?

Petr. Yes, Sir.

John. Then we had her.

Petr. Since you're ſo ſhort, believe your having
Shall ſuffer more conſtruction.

John. Let it ſuffer:
But if I be not clear of all diſhonour,
Or practice that may taint my reputation,
And ignorant of where this woman is,
Make me your city's monſter!

Duke. I believe you.

John. I could lie with a witch now, to be re
Upon that raſcal did this!

Fred. Only thus much
I would deſire your Grace; (for my mind give
Before night yet ſhe's yours) ſtop all opinion,
And let no anger out, 'till full cauſe call it;
Then every man's own works to juſtify him!
And this day let us give to ſearch. My man here
Tells me, by chance he ſaw out of a window
(Which place he has taken note of) ſuch a face
As our old landlady's, he believes the ſame too,
And by her hood aſſures it: Let's firſt thither;
For ſhe being found, all's ended.

Duke. Come, for Heav'n's ſake!
And, Fortune, an thou be'ſt not ever turning,
If there be one firm ſtep in all thy reelings,
Now ſettle it, and ſave my hopes. Away, friends.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio and his Servant.

Ant. With all my jewels?

Serv. All, Sir.

Ant.

Ant. And that money
I left i'th' trunk?
Serv. The trunk broke, and that gone too.
Ant. Franciſco of the plot?
Serv. Gone with the wench too.
Ant. The mighty pox go with 'em! Belike they thought
I was no man of this world, and thoſe trifles
Would but diſturb my conſcience.
Serv. Sure they thought, Sir,
You would not live to perſecute 'em.
Ant. Whore and fidler?
Why, what a conſort have they made! Hen and bacon?
Well, my ſweet miſtreſs! well, good madam Mar-tail!
You that have hung about my neck, and lick'd me,
I'll try how handſomely your ladyſhip
Can hang upon a gallows; there's your maſter-piece.
But, hark ye, ſirrah; no imagination
Of where they ſhould be?
Serv. None, Sir; yet we've ſearch'd
All places we ſuſpected. I believe, Sir,
They've taken tow'rds the ports.
Ant. Get me a conjurer,
One that can raiſe a water-devil: I'll port 'em!
Play at duck and drake with my money? Take heed, fidler!
I'll dance ye, by this hand; your fiddle-ſtick
I'll greaſe of a new faſhion, for preſuming
To meddle with my de-gambos[23]! Get me a conjurer;
Enquire me out a man that lets out devils.
None but my *C* cliffe[24] ſerve your turn?
Serv. I know not——
Ant. In every ſtreet, Tom Fool! Any blear-ey'd people,
With red heads, and flat noſes, can perform it:

[23] *To meddle with my* degamboys.] *Viol de gambo* is often mentioned in the old writers as a muſical inſtrument, played on at the time. *R.*

[24] *C. Cliffe.*] A muſical term. *Cliffe* is *a key*, from *clef*, French. *R.*

Thou

Thou ſhalt know 'em by their half-gowns and no breeches.
Mount my mare, fidler? Ha, boy! up at firſt daſh?
Sir ſure; I'll clap a nettle, and a ſmart one,
Shall make your filly firk, I will, fine fidler;
I'll put you to your plunge, boy! Sirrah, meet me
Some two hours hence at home; in the mean time,
Find out a conjurer, and know his price,
How he will let his devils by the day out.
I'll have 'em, an they be above ground! [*Exit.*

Serv. Now bleſs me,
What a mad man is this! I muſt do ſomething
To pleaſe his humour: Such a man I'll aſk for,
And tell him where he is; but to come near him,
Or have any thing to do with his don devils,
I thank my fear, I dare not, nor I will not. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, Frederick, John, Peter; and Servant with bottles.

Fred. Whither wilt thou lead us?
Peter. 'Tis hard by, Sir.
And ten to one this wine goes thither.
Duke. Forward.
Petr. Are they grown ſo merry?
Duke. 'Tis moſt likely,
Sh'has heard of this good fortune, and determines
To waſh her ſorrows off.
Peter. 'Tis ſo; that houſe, Sir,
Is it: Out of that window certainly
I ſaw my old miſtreſs' face.
Petr. They're merry, indeed. [*Muſick.*
Hark; I hear muſick too.
Duke. Excellent muſick.
John. 'Would I were ev'n amongſt 'em, and alone now!
A pallet for the purpoſe in a corner,

And

And good rich wine within me; what gay ſport
Could I make in an hour now!
Fred. Hark; a voice too!
Let's not ſtir yet by any means[25].

SONG.

Welcome, ſweet Liberty, and Care farewell:
I am mine own!
She is twice damn'd, that lives in Hell,
When Heav'n is ſhewn.
Budding beauty, blooming years,
Were made for pleaſure. Farewell, fears;
For now I am myſelf, mine own command,
My fortune always in my hand.

John. Was this her own voice?
Duke. Yes, ſure.
Fred. 'Tis a rare one.

Enter Bawd, above.

Duke. The ſong confirms her here too; for, if ye mark it,
It ſpake of liberty, and free enjoying
The happy end of pleaſure.
Peter. Look you there, Sir:
Do you know that head?
Fred. 'Tis my good Landlady.
I find fear has done all this.
John. She, I ſwear;
And now do I know, by the hanging of her hood,
She's parcel drunk. Shall we go in?
Duke. Not yet, Sir.
Petr. No; let 'em take their pleaſure.
Duke. When 'tis higheſt, [*Muſick.*
We'll ſtep in, and amaze 'em. Peace; more muſick.
John. This muſick murders me: What blood have I now!
Fred. I ſhould know that face. [*Fran. paſſes by.*

[25] *Hark, a voice too!*
Let's not ſtir, &c.] Till this edition, the Song was inſerted before this ſpeech.

John.

John. By this light, 'tis he, Frederick,
That bred our firſt ſuſpicions; the ſame fellow.
Fred. He that we overtook, and overheard too,
Diſcourſing of Conſtantia.
John. Still the ſame.
Now he ſlips in.
Duke. What's that?
Fred. She muſt be here, Sir:
This is the very fellow, I told your Grace

Enter Franciſco.

We found upon the way; and what his talk was.
Petr. Why, ſure I know this fellow: Yes, 'tis he;
Franciſco, Antonio's boy, a rare muſician;
He taught my ſiſter on the lute, and is ever
(She loves his voice ſo well) about her. Certain,
Without all doubt, ſhe's here: It muſt be ſo.
John. Here? that's no queſtion: What ſhould our
hen o' th' game elſe
Do here without her? If ſhe be not here,
(I am ſo confident) let your Grace believe
We two are arrant raſcals, and have abus'd you.
Fred. I ſay ſo too.
John. Why, there's the hood again now;
The card that guides us[26]; I know the fabrick of it,
And know the old tree of that ſaddle yet;
'Twas made of a hunting-hood; obſerve it.
Duke. Who ſhall enter?
Petr. I'll make one.
John. I another.
Duke. But ſo carry it,
That all her joys flow not together.

[26] *The* guard *that guides us.*] In either ſenſe of the word *guard* as a *watch* or *ſentinel*, or as a *fringe*, or hem of a garment, the word is intelligible in this place; but ſure 'tis not a very natural expreſſion, and I have therefore ventured to diſcard it, to make room for what I think a very happy conjecture of Mr. Sympſon's *card*, i. e. the chart or mariners compaſs. *Seward.*

In p. 23, Frederick ſays, *We're all like* ſea-CARDS; which ſerves to confirm Mr. Sympſon's conjecture.

John.

John. If we told her,
Your Grace would none of her?
Duke. By no means, Signor;
'Twould turn her wild, ſtark frantick.
John. Or aſſur'd her——
Duke. Nothing of that ſtern nature. This ye may, Sir,
That the conditions of our fear yet ſtand
Oh nice and dangerous knittings; or that a little
I ſeem to doubt the child.
John. 'Would I could draw her
To hate your Grace with theſe things!
Petr. Come, let's enter.—
And now he ſees me not, I'll ſearch her ſoundly.
Duke. Now luck of all ſides! [*Exe. Petr. and John.*
Fred. Doubt it not.—More muſick? [*Muſick.*
Sure ſhe has heard ſome comfort.
Duke. Yes; ſtand ſtill, Sir[27].
Fred. This is the maddeſt ſong!
Duke. Applied for certain
To ſome ſtrange melancholy ſhe is loaden with.
[*Clapping of a door.*
Fred. Now all the ſport begins. Hark!
Duke. They are amongſt 'em.
The fears now, and the ſhakings! [*Trampling above.*
Fred. Our old lady
(Hark how they run) is even now at this inſtant
Ready to loſe her head-piece by Don John,
Or creeping thro' a cat-hole.
Petr. [*within.*] Bring 'em down;
And you, Sir, follow me.
Duke. He's angry with 'em.
I muſt not ſuffer this.
John [*within*]. Bowl down the Bawd there;
Old *Erra-mater.* You, lady Lechery,
For the good-will I bear to th' game, moſt tenderly
Shall be led out, and laſh'd.

[27] *Yes, ſtand ſtill, Sir.*] There ſhould be another ſong here, which we ſuppoſe is now loſt.

Enter Petruchio, John, Whore, and Bawd, with Franciſco.

Duke. Is this Conſtantia?
Why, gentlemen, what do you mean? Is this ſhe?
Whore. I am Conſtantia, Sir.
Duke. A whore you are, Sir!
Whore. 'Tis very true; I am a whore indeed, Sir.
Petr. She will not lie yet, tho' ſhe ſteal.
Whore. A plain whore,
If you pleaſe to employ me.
Duke. And an impudent!
Whore. Plain-dealing now is impudence.
One, if you will, Sir, can ſhew you as much ſport
In one half-hour, and with as much variety,
As a far wiſer woman can in half-a-year:
For there my way lies.
Duke. Is ſhe not drunk too?
Whore. A little gilded o'er[28], Sir.
Old ſack, old ſack, boys!
Petr. This is *ſaliant.*
John. A brave bold quean!
Duke. Is this your certainty?
Do ye know the man ye wrong thus, gentlemen?
Is this the woman meant?
Fred. No.
Duke. That your Landlady?
John. I know not what to ſay.
Duke. Am I a perſon
To be your ſport, gentlemen?
John. I do believe now certain
I am a knave! But how, or when——
Duke. What are you?
Petr. Bawd to this piece of pye-meat.
Bawd. A poor gentlewoman,

[28] *A little* gilded *o'er.*] The phraſe of being *gilded* is frequently uſed to ſignify being *drunk.* In the Tempeſt, Alonzo ſays,
'And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where ſhould they
'Find this grand liquor, that hath *gilded* them?' *R.*

That

That lies in town about law-buſineſs,
An't like your worſhips.
Petr. You ſhall have law, believe it.
Bawd. I'll ſhew your maſterſhip my caſe.
Petr. By no means;
I'd rather ſee a cuſtard.
Bawd. My dead huſband
Left it e'en thus, Sir.
John. Bleſs mine eyes from blaſting;
I was never ſo frighted with a caſe.
Bawd. And ſo, Sir——
Petr. Enough; put up, good velvet-head!
Duke. What are you two now,
By your own free confeſſions?
Fred. What you ſhall think us;
Tho' to myſelf I am certain, and my life
Shall make that good and perfect, or fall with it——
John. We are ſure of nothing, Frederick, that's the truth on't:
I do not think my name's Don John, nor dare not
Believe any thing that concerns me, but my debts,
Nor thoſe in way of payment. Things are ſo carried,
What to entreat your Grace, or how to tell you
We are, or we are not, is paſt my cunning;
But I would fain imagine we are honeſt,
And, o' my conſcience, I ſhould fight in't.
Duke. Thus then;
For we may be all abus'd——
Petr. 'Tis poſſible;
For how ſhould this concern them?
Duke. Here let's part,
Until tomorrow this time; we to our way,
To make this doubt out, and you to your way;
Pawning our honours then to meet again:
When, if ſhe be not found——
Fred. We ſtand engag'd
To anſwer, any worthy way we're call'd to.
Duke. We aſk no more.
Whore. Ye've done with us then?
Petr. No, dame.

Duke. But is her name Conſtantia?
Petr. Yes; a moveable
Belonging to a friend of mine. Come out, fidler;
What ſay you to this lady? Be not fearful.
Fran. Saving the rev'rence of my maſter's pleaſure
I ſay, ſhe is a whore, and that ſh'has robb'd him,
Hoping his hurts would kill him.
Whore. Who provok'd me?
Nay, ſirrah, ſqueak; I'll ſee your treble ſtrings
Tied up too: If I hang, I'll ſpoil your piping;
Your ſweet face ſhall not ſave you.
Petr. Thou damn'd impudence,
And thou dried devil! Where's the officer?
Peter. He's here, Sir.

Enter Officer.

Petr. Lodge theſe ſafe, 'till I ſend for 'em:
Let none come to 'em, nor no noiſe be heard
Of where they are, or why. Away.
John. By this hand,
A handſome whore! Now will I be arreſted,
And brought home to this officer's. A ſtout whore;
I love ſuch ſtirring ware!—Pox o' this buſineſs!
A man muſt hunt out morſels for another,
And ſtarve himſelf! A quick-ey'd whore; that's wildfire,
And makes the blood dance thro' the veins like billows.
I will reprieve this whore.
Duke. Well, good luck with ye!
Fred. As much attend your Grace.
Petr. Tomorrow, certain——
John. If we out-live this night, Sir.
Fred. Come, Don John,
We've ſomething now to do.
John. I'm ſure I would have.
Fred. If ſhe be not found, we muſt fight.
John. I'm glad on't;
I have not fought a great while.
Fred. If we die——
John. There's ſo much money ſav'd in lechery. [*Exe.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, below; and Vecchio above.

Duke. IT ſhould be hereabouts.

Petr. Your Grace is right;
This is the houſe, I know it.

Vec. Grace?

Duke. 'Tis further,
By the deſcription we receiv'd.

Petr. Good my lord the Duke,
Believe me, for I know it certainly,
This is the very houſe.

Vec. My lord the Duke?

Duke. Pray Heav'n this man prove right now!

Petr. Believe it, he's a moſt ſufficient ſcholar,
And can do rare tricks this way; for a figure,
Or raiſing an appearance, whole Chriſtendom
Has not a better: I've heard ſtrange wonders of him.

Duke. But can he ſhew us where ſhe is?

Petr. Moſt certain;
And for what cauſe too ſhe departed.

Duke. Knock then;
For I am great with expectation,
'Till this man ſatisfy me. I fear the Spaniards;
Yet they appear brave fellows: Can he tell us?

Petr. With a wet finger, whether they be falſe.

Duke. Away then.

Petr. Who's within here?

Enter Vecchio.

Vec. Your Grace may enter——

Duke. How can he know me?

Petr. He knows all.

Vec. And you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Don John and Frederick.

John. What do you call his name?
Fred. Why, Peter Vecchio.
John. They ſay he can raiſe devils; can he make 'em
Tell truth too, when h' has rais'd 'em? for, believe it,
Theſe devils are the lying'ſt raſcals——
Fred. He can compel 'em.
John. With what?
Can he tie ſquibs i'their tails, and fire the truth out?
Or make 'em eat a bawling Puritan
Whoſe ſanctified zeal ſhall rumble like an earthquake?
Fred. With ſpells, man.
John. Ay, with ſpoons as ſoon. Doſt thou think
The devil ſuch an aſs as people make him?
Such a poor coxcomb? ſuch a penny foot-poſt?
Compell'd with croſs and pile to run of errands?
With Aſteroth, and Behemoth, and Belfagor?
Why ſhould he ſhake at ſounds, that lives in a ſmith's forge?
Or, if he do——
Fred. Without all doubt he does, John.
John. Why ſhould not bilbo raiſe him, or a pair of bullions[29]?
They go as big as any; or an unſhod car,
When he goes tumble, tumble, o'er the ſtones,
Like Anacreon's drunken verſes;—Make us tremble?
Theſe make as fell a noiſe. Methinks the cholick,
Well handled, and fed with ſmall-beer——
Fred. 'Tis the virtue——
John. The virtue? nay, an goodneſs fetch him up once,
H' has loſt a friend of me; the wiſe old gentleman
Knows when, and how. I'll lay this hand to two-pence,
Let all the conjurers in Chriſtendom,
With all their ſpells and virtues, call upon him,

[29] *Bullions.*] This word occurs in Beggars' Buſh, and there appears to mean *buttons*. It ſeems here to ſignify *round balls* or *bullets*.

And

And I but think upon a wench, and follow it,
He ſhall be ſooner mine than theirs: Where's Virtue?
Fred. Thou art the moſt ſufficient, (I'll ſay for thee)
Not to believe a thing——
John. Oh, Sir, ſlow credit
Is the beſt child of knowledge. I'll go with you;
And, if he can do any thing, I'll think
As you would have me.
Fred. Let's enquire along;
For certain we're not far off.
John. Nor much nearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, and Vecchio.

Vec. You loſt her yeſter-night.
Petr. How think you, Sir?
Duke. Is your name Vecchio?
Vec. Yes, Sir.
Duke. And you can ſhew me,
Theſe things you promiſe?
Vec. Your Grace's word bound to me,
No hand of law ſhall ſeize me.
Duke. As I live, Sir!
Petr. And as I live, that can do ſomething too, Sir!
Vec. I take your promiſes. Stay here a little,
'Till I prepare ſome ceremonies, and I'll ſatisfy ye.
The lady's name's Conſtantia?
Petr. Yes.
Vec. I come ſtraight. [*Exit.*
Duke. Sure he's a learned man [30].
Petr. The moſt now living.
Did your Grace mark, when we told all theſe circumſtances,

[30] *Sure, he's a learned man.*] The ridiculous abſurdity of believing in conjurers and witches is finely expos'd both here and in Rollo; yet it is but a few years ſince our whole legiſlature have freed themſelves from the imputation of this abſurd belief, and it is to this day far from being worn out of the minds of the vulgar. *Seward.*

How ever and anon he bolted from us,
To uſe his ſtudy's help?
Duke. Now I think rather
To talk with ſome familiar.
Petr. Not unlikely;
For ſure he has 'em ſubject.
Duke. How could he elſe
Tell when ſhe went, and who went with her?
Petr. True.
Duke. Or hit upon mine honour[31]? or aſſure me,
The lady lov'd me dearly?

Enter Vecchio, in his habiliments.

Petr. 'Twas ſo.
Vec. Now,
I do beſeech your Grace, ſit down; and you, Sir:
Nay, pray ſit cloſe, like brothers.
Petr. A rare fellow!
Vec. And what ye ſee, ſtir not at, nor uſe a word,
Until I aſk you; for what ſhall appear
Is but weak apparition, and thin air,
Not to be held, nor ſpoken to. [*Knocking within.*
Duke. We are counſell'd.
Vec. What noiſe is that without there?
Fred. [*within.*] We muſt ſpeak with him!
Serv. [*within.*] He's buſy, gentlemen.
John [*within*]. That's all one, friend;
We muſt and will ſpeak with him.
Duke. Let 'em in, Sir:
We know their tongues and buſineſs; 'tis our own,
And in this very cauſe that we now come for,
They alſo come to be inſtructed.
Vec. Let 'em in then.

Enter Frederick, John, and Servant.

Sit down; I know your meaning.
Fred. The Duke before us?
Now we ſhall ſure know ſomething.

[31] *Upon mine* honour.] Meaning here, my *rank* and *title*.

Vec.

Vec. Not a queſtion;
But make your eyes your tongues.
John. This is a ſtrange juggler;
Neither indent before-hand for his payment,
Nor know the breadth o'th' buſineſs? Sure his devil
Comes out of Lapland, where they ſell men winds
For dead drink and old doublets.
Fred. Peace; he conjures.
John. Let him; he cannot raiſe my devil.
Fred. Prithee peace!

Vec. Appear, appear!
And you ſoft winds ſo clear,
That dance upon the leaves, and make them ſing
Gentle love-lays to the ſpring,
Gilding all the vales below
With your verdure, as ye blow,
Raiſe theſe forms from under ground,
With a ſoft and happy ſound! [*Soft muſick.*

John. This is an honeſt conjurer, and a pretty poet:
I like his words well; there's no bombaſt in 'em.
But do you think now he can cudgel up the devil
With this ſhort ſtaff of verſes?
Fred. Peace; the ſpirits.
[*Two ſhapes of women paſſing by.*
John. Nay, an they be no worſe——
Vec. Do you know theſe faces?
Duke. No.
Vec. Sit ſtill, upon your lives then, and mark what follows.
Away, away!
John. Theſe devils do not paint ſure?
Have they no ſweeter ſhapes in hell?
Fred. Hark now, John.

Enter Conſtantia.

John. Ay, marry, this moves ſomething like; this devil
Carries ſome mettle in her gait.

Vec.

Vec. I find you;
You'd ſee her face unveil'd?
Duke. Yes.
Vec. Be uncover'd.
Duke. Oh, Heav'n!
Vec. Peace!
Petr. See how ſhe bluſhes.
John. Frederick,
This devil for my money! this is ſhe, boy.
Why doſt thou ſhake? I burn.
Vec. Sit ſtill, and ſilent.
Duke. She looks back at me; now ſhe ſmiles, Sir.
Vec. Silence!
Duke. I muſt riſe, or I burſt. [*Exit Conſtantia.*
Vec. Ye ſee what follows.
Duke. Oh, gentle Sir, this ſhape again!
Vec. I cannot;
'Tis all diſſolv'd again. This was the figure?
Duke. The very ſame, Sir. No hope once more to ſee it?
Vec. You might have kept it longer, had you ſpar'd it;
Now 'tis impoſſible.
Duke. No means to find it?
Vec. Yes, that there is; ſit ſtill a while; there's wine,
To thaw the wonder from your hearts; drink well, Sir.
[*Exit Vecchio.*
John. This conjurer is a right good fellow too,
A lad of mettle; two ſuch devils more
Would make me a conjurer. What wine is it?
Fred. Hock [31],
John. The devil's in it then; look how it dances,
Well, if I be——

[31] *Hollock.*] The difficulty of pronouncing German names often makes great confuſion in the ſpelling. *Bacharach* and *Hochſt* two neighbouring towns, one upon the Rhine, and the other a little higher upon the Main, give names to the two wines *Bachrack and Hock*; the former oſteneſt occurs in our Authors and the writers of their age, though now all the wines that come from the neighbourhood of *Hochſt* receive their name from thence. *Seward.*

Petr.

Petr. We are all before ye,
That's your beſt comfort, Sir.
John. By th' maſs, brave wine!
Nay, an the devils live in this hell, I dare venture
Within theſe two months yet to be deliver'd
Of a large legion of 'em.

Enter Vecchio.

Duke. Here he comes.
Silence of all ſides, gentlemen.
Vec. Good your Grace,
Obſerve a ſtricter temper; and you too, gallants;
You'll be deluded all elſe. This merry devil
That next appears, (for ſuch a one you'll find it)
Muſt be call'd up by a ſtrange incantation;
A ſong, and I muſt ſing it: 'Pray bear with me,
And pardon my rude pipe; for yet, ere parting,
Twenty to one I pleaſe ye.
Duke. We are arm'd, Sir.
Petr. Nor ſhall you ſee us more tranſgreſs.
Fred. What think'ſt thou
Now, John?
John. Why, now do I think, Frederick,
(And, if I think amiſs, Heav'n pardon me!)
This honeſt conjurer, with ſome four or five
Of his good fellow-devils, and myſelf,
Shall be yet drunk ere midnight.
Fred. Peace; he conjures [33].

SONG.

Vec. Come away, thou lady gay:
Hoiſt! how ſhe ſtumbles!
Hark how ſhe mumbles.
Dame Gillian!
Anſwer. I come, I come.
Vec. By old Claret I enlarge thee,
By Canary thus I charge thee,

[33] *Peace; he conjures.*] Hitherto the Song preceded this ſpeech; the abſurdity of which muſt be obvious to every one.

By

By Britain Metheglin, and Peeter [34],
Appear, and anſwer me in metre.
Why when?
Why, Gill!
Why when?
Anſwer. You'll tarry till I am ready,

Vec. Once again I conjure thee,
By the poſe in thy noſe [35],
And the gout in thy toes;
By thine old dried ſkin,
And the mummy within;
By thy little, little ruff,
And thy hood that's made of ſtuff;
By thy bottle at thy breech,
And thine old ſalt itch;
By the ſtakes, and the ſtones,
That have worn out thy bones,
Appear,
Appear,
Appear!
Anſwer. Oh, I am here.

[34] *By Britain-metheglin, and* peeter.] *Peeter* is the name of a liquor that neither Mr. Sympſon or I can find in any dictionary. It may, perhaps, be a wine from ſome part of the Pope's dominions, or *Peter's* Patrimony; but this is a mere conjecture. Another has ſince occurred that ſeems more probable. We find the Rheniſh wines, *Backrack* and *Hock* to be in much repute in our Authors' age: Now *Hochſt* ſtands near the confluence of the river *Weter* with the Main, might not *Weeter* therefore be the true reading? *Seward.*

We apprehend *peeter* to be an Engliſh liquor, as well as *metheglin*, and think we have ſomewhere elſe ſeen it mentioned.

[35] *By the* poſe.] The *poſe* is an old Engliſh word uſed by Chaucer for a catarrh or defluxion of rheum. Mr. Sympſon ſays that Hollingſhed tells us, that the *poſe* is a diſtemper which was rarely, if ever, known among the Engliſh till chimnies were introduc'd, which was not long before his time; that before then fires were made againſt *rere-doſſes*, and the ſmoke got out how it could. This may be true: Rich people burnt chiefly coke or charcoal in the middle of their halls, as many of the colleges of Cambridge and Oxford do ſtill; but why either this or ſmoky houſes ſhould ſo entirely prevent colds and rheums in the head ſeems ſomewhat ſtrange. Hollingſhed, perhaps, meant no more than that catarrhs were much more rife than formerly. I verily believe chimnies to be pernicious to health in general, and could wiſh to ſee ſtoves as cuſtomary here as they are both in warmer and colder climates abroad. *Seward.*

John.

John. Why, this is the ſong, Frederick. Twenty pound now,
To ſee but our don Gillian!

Enter Landlady and the child.

Fred. Peace; it appears.
John. I cannot peace! Devils in French hoods, Frederick?
Satan's old ſyringes?
Duke. What's this?
Vec. Peace!
John. She, boy.
Fred. What doſt thou mean?
John. She, boy, I ſay.
Fred. Ha?
John. She, boy;
The very child too, Frederick.
Fred. She laughs on us
Aloud, John: Has the devil theſe affections?
I do believe 'tis ſhe, indeed.
Vec. Stand ſtill.
John. I will not!
'Who calls Jeronimo[36] from his naked bed?'

[36] *Who calls* Jeronimo.] This play, which had a great run in queen Elizabeth's reign, is the butt which Shakeſpeare, Jonſon, and our Authors, are continually ſhooting their wit at. For the fulleſt account of it, ſee Jonſon's Every Man in his Humour, act i. ſcene v. *Seward.*

We are told, that it was the production of Thomas Kyd, Author of a play entitled Cornelia. It is printed in Dodſley's Collection of Old Plays, and in the Origin of the Drama, by Mr. Hawkins, vol. ii. In the latter work, notice is taken of Langbaine's aſſertion, that there were two plays, Firſt and Second Parts; 'But this, ſays Mr. Hawkins, 'is a miſtake: They are both but one play, with varied titles by 'different printers the ſame year.' In this particular, however, Mr. Hawkins was himſelf miſtaken; there were two different plays, but whether by the ſame Author we cannot but have ſome doubt. The former is entitled, 'The Firſt Part of *Jeronimo*, with the Warres of 'Portugal, and the Life and Death of Don Andrea. Printed at 'London for Thomas Pauyer, and are to be ſolde at his ſhop at the 'entrance into the Exchange,' 1605. 4to. It is the Second Part which is ſo conſtantly the object of ridicule by contemporary writers. *R.*

Sweet

Sweet lady, was it you? If thou be'ſt the devil,
Firſt, having croſs'd myſelf, to keep out wildfire,
Then ſaid ſome ſpecial prayers to defend me
Againſt thy moſt unhallow'd hood, have at thee!

Land. Hold, Sir! I am no devil——

John. That's all one.

Land. I am your very Landlady.

John. I defy thee!

Thus, as St. Dunſtan blew the devil's noſe
With a pair of tongs, even ſo, right worſhipful——

Land. Sweet ſon, I am old Gillian.

Duke. This is no ſpirit.

John. Art thou old Gillian, fleſh and bone?

Land. I am, ſon.

Vec. Sit ſtill, Sir; now I'll ſhew ye all. [*Exit.*

John. Where's thy bottle?

Land. Here, I beſeech you, ſon——

John. For I know the devil
Cannot aſſume that ſhape.

Fred. 'Tis ſhe, John, certain.

John. A hog's pox o' your mouldy chaps! what makes you
Tumbling and juggling here?

Land. I'm quit now, Signor,
For all the pranks you play'd, and railings at me;
For, to tell true, out of a trick I put
Upon your high behaviours, (which was a lie,
But then it ſerv'd my turn) I drew the lady
Unto my kinſman's here, only to torture
Your donſhips for a day or two, and ſecure her
Out of all thoughts of danger. Here ſhe comes now.

Enter Vecchio and Conſtantia.

Duke. May I yet ſpeak?

Vec. Yes, and embrace her too,
For one that loves you dearer——

Duke. Oh, my ſweeteſt!

Petr. Bluſh not; I will not chide you.

Con. To add more

Unto

Unto the joy I know, I bring you (ſee, Sir)
The happy fruit of all our vows!
Duke. Heav'n's bleſſing
Be round about thee ever!
John. Pray bleſs me too;
For if your Grace be well inſtructed this way,
You'll find the keeping half the getting.
Duke. How, Sir?
John. I'll tell you that anon.
Con. 'Tis true, this gentleman
Has done a charity worthy your favour,
And let him have it, dear Sir.
Duke. My beſt lady,
He has, and ever ſhall have. So muſt you, Sir,
To whom I'm equal bound as to my being.
Fred. Your Grace's humble ſervant!
Duke. Why kneel you, Sir?
Vec. For pardon for my boldneſs; yet 'twas harmleſs,
And all the art I have, Sir. Thoſe your Grace ſaw,
Which you thought ſpirits, were my neighbours' children,
Whom I inſtruct in grammar here, and muſick;
Their ſhapes (the peoples' fond opinions,
Believing I can conjure, and oft repairing
To know of things ſtol'n from 'em) I keep about me,
And always have in readineſs. By conjecture,
Out of their own confeſſions, I oft tell 'em
Things that by chance have fall'n out ſo; which way
(Having the perſons here, I knew you ſought for)
I wrought upon your Grace. My end is mirth,
And pleaſing, if I can, all parties.
Duke. I believe it,
For you have pleas'd me truly; ſo well pleas'd me,
That, when I ſhall forget it——
Petr. Here's old Antonio,
(I ſpied him at a window) coming mainly;
I know, about his whore; the man you lit on,
As you diſcover'd unto me. Good your Grace,
Let's ſtand by all; 'twill be a mirth above all,

T' obſerve

T' obſerve his pelting fury.
Vec. About a wench, Sir?
Petr. A young whore that has robb'd him.
Vec. But d'you know, Sir,
Where ſhe is?
Petr. Yes, and will make that perfect.
Vec. I am inſtructed well then.
John. If he come
To have a devil ſhewn him, by all means
Let me be he; I can roar rarely.
Petr. Be ſo;
But take heed to his anger.
Vec. Slip in quickly;
There you ſhall find ſuits of all ſorts. When I call,
Be ready, and come forward. Who's there comes in?
[*Exeunt all but Vecchio.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Are you the conjurer?
Vec. Sir, I can do a little
That way, if you pleaſe to employ me.
Ant. Preſently,
Shew me a devil that can tell——
Vec. Where your wench is.
Ant. You are i'th' right; as alſo where the fidler,
That was conſenting to her.
Vec. Sit you there, Sir;
You ſhall know preſently. Can you pray heartily?
Ant. Why, is your devil ſo furious?
Vec. I muſt ſhew you
A form may chance affright you.
Ant. He muſt fart fire then:
Take you no care for me.
Vec. Aſcend, Aſht'roth!

Enter Don John, like a ſpirit.

Why, when? appear, I ſay!—Now queſtion him.
Ant. Where is my whore, don devil?
John. Gone to China,
To be the great cham's miſtreſs.

Ant.

Ant. That's a lie, devil.
Where are my jewels?
John. Pawn'd for petticoats.
Ant. That may be. Where's the fidler?
John. Condemn'd to th' gallows
For robbing of a mill.
Ant. The lying'ſt devil
That e'er I dealt withal, and the unlikelieſt!
What was that raſcal hurt me?
John. I.
Ant. How!
John. I.
Ant. Who was he?
John. I.
Ant. Do you hear, conjurer?
Dare you venture your devil?
Vec. Yes.
Ant. Then I'll venture my dagger.
Have at your devil's pate! D'you mew?

Enter All.

Vec. Hold!
Petr. Hold there!
I do command you hold.
Ant. Is this the devil?
Why, conjurer——
Petr. H' has been a devil to you, Sir;
But now you ſhall forget all. Your whore's ſafe,
And all your jewels; your boy too.
John. Now the devil indeed
Lay his ten claws upon thee! for my pate
Finds what it is to be a fiend.
Ant. All ſafe?
Petr. 'Pray ye know this perſon; all's right now.
Ant. Your Grace
May now command me then. But where's my whore?
Petr. Ready to go to whipping.
Ant. My whore whipp'd?
Petr. Yes, your whore, without doubt, Sir.

Ant. Whipp'd! 'Pray, gentlemen——
Duke. Why, would you have her once more rob ye?
The young boy
You may forgive; he was entic'd.
John. The whore, Sir,
Would rather carry pity; a handſome whore!
Ant. A gentleman, I warrant thee.
Petr. Let's in all;
And if we ſee contrition in your whore, Sir,
Much may be done.
Duke. Now, my dear fair, to you,
And the full conſummation of my vow! [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

WE have not held you long; nor do I ſee
One brow in this ſelected company
Aſſuring a diſlike. Our pains were eas'd,
Could we be confident that all riſe pleas'd;
But ſuch ambition ſoars too high: If we
Have ſatisfied the beſt, and they agree
In a fair cenſure, we have our reward,
And, in them arm'd, deſire no ſurer guard.

Sophia. *Oh, he hath slain his Brother! Curse him, Heaven!*
Rollo. *Curse, and be curs'd! It is the fruit of cursing.* *Act III.*

THE TRAGEDY OF ROLLO, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner and Hills aſcribe this Play wholly to Fletcher, and his name alone appears in the title of the firſt copy we meet with, which was printed at Oxford in 1640, *under the name we have adopted; inſtead of which the Editor of the ſecond folio calls it,* 'The Bloody Brother; or, Rollo. A Tragedy;' *which variation the ſubſequent Editors have followed. We do not know of any alterations having been made in this Tragedy; and it has been neglected at the Theatres for very many years paſt.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Rollo, } *ſons to the deceaſed duke of Normandy.*
Otto, }
Aubrey, *their kinſman.*
Giſbert, *the chancellor.*
Baldwin, *the princes' tutor.*
Grandpree, } *captains of Rollo's faction.*
Verdon, }
Trevile, } *captains of Otto's faction.*
Duprete, }
Latorch, *favourite to Rollo.*
Hamond, *captain of the guard to Rollo.*
Allan, *his brother.*
Norbrett, }
La Fiſk, }
Rufee, } *five cheating rogues.*
De Bube, }
Pipeau, }
Cook.
Yeoman of the Cellar.
Butler.
Pantler.

Lords, Sheriff, Guard, Officers, and Boys.

WOMEN.

Sophia, *the old ducheſs.*
Matilda, *her daughter.*
Edith, *daughter to Baldwin.*

THE

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

ROLLO, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Giſbert and Baldwin.

Baldwin. THE brothers then are met?

Giſ. They are.

Bald. 'Tis thought
They may be reconcil'd.

Giſ. 'Tis rather wiſh'd;
For ſuch, whoſe reaſon doth direct their thoughts,
Without ſelf-flattery, dare not hope it, Baldwin.
The fires of love, which the dead duke believ'd
His equal care of both would have united,
Ambition hath divided: And there are
Too many on both parts, that know they cannot
Or riſe to wealth or honour, (their main ends)
Unleſs the tempeſt of the princes' fury
Make troubled ſeas, and thoſe ſeas yield fit billows
To heave them up; and theſe are too well practis'd
In their bad arts to give way to a calm,

Which, yielding reſt to good men, proves their ruin.
Bald. And in the ſhipwreck of their hopes and fortunes,
The dukedom might be ſav'd, had it but ten
That ſtood affected to the general good,
With that confirm'd zeal which brave Aubrey does.
Gif. He is indeed the perfect character
Of a good man, and ſo his actions ſpeak him.
Bald. But did you obſerve the many doubts and cautions
The brothers ſtood upon before they met?
Gif. I did; and yet, that ever brothers ſhould
Stand on more nice terms than ſworn enemies
After a war proclaim'd, would with a ſtranger
Wrong the reporter's credit. They ſaluted
At diſtance, and ſo ſtrong was the ſuſpicion
Each had of other, that, before they durſt
Embrace, they were by ſeveral ſervants ſearch'd,
As doubting conceal'd weapons; antidotes
Ta'en openly by both, fearing the room
Appointed for the interview was poiſon'd;
The chairs and cuſhions, with like care, ſurvey'd;
And, in a word, in every circumſtance,
So jealous on both parts, that it is more
Than to be fear'd, concord can never join
Minds ſo divided.
Bald. Yet our beſt endeavours
Should not be wanting, Giſbert.
Gif. Neither ſhall they.

Enter Grandpree and Verdon.

But what are theſe?
Bald. They are without my knowledge;
But, by their manners and behaviours,
They ſhould expreſs themſelves.
Grandp. Since we ſerve Rollo,
The eldeſt brother, we'll be Rollians,
Who will maintain us, lads, as brave as Romans.
You ſtand for him?
Verd. I do.

Grandp.

Grandp. Why then, obſerve
How much the buſineſs, the ſo-long'd-for buſineſs,
By men that are nam'd from their ſwords, concerns you.
Lechery, our common friend, ſo long kept under
With whips, and beating fatal hemp, ſhall riſe,
And Bawdry, in a French hood, plead before her;
Where it ſhall be concluded, after twelve
Virginity ſhall be carted.

Verd. Excellent!

Grandp. And Hell but grant, the quarrel that's between
The princes may continue, and the buſineſs
That's of the ſword, t' out-laſt three ſuits in law!
And we will make attornies lance-prizadoes [1],
And our brave gown-men practiſers of back-ſword;
The pewter of all ſergeants' maces ſhall
Be melted, and turn'd into common flaggons,
In which it ſhall be lawful to carouſe
To their moſt louſy fortunes.

Bald. Here's a ſtateſman!

Grandp. A creditor ſhall not dare, but by petition,
To make demand of any debt; and that
Only once every leap-year, in which, if
The debtor may be won, for a French crown
To pay a ſous, he ſhall be regiſter'd
His benefactor.

Verd. The chancellor hears you.

Grandp. Fear not; I now dare ſpeak as loud as he,
And will be heard, and have all I ſpeak law.
Have you no eyes? There is a reverence due
From children of the gown, to men of action.

Gif. How's this?

Grandp. Even ſo: The times, the times are chang'd;
All buſineſs is not now preferr'd in parchment,
Nor ſhall a grant paſs which wants this broad ſeal;
This ſeal, d'you ſee? Your gravity once laid

[1] Lans-*prizadoes.*] As we can annex no meaning to *lans*, we have varied it to *lance*, and ſuppoſe, from the context, it is meant they ſhould fight for *prizes* with the *lance*.—But it is not improbable, that the original was *lancepeſade*, which Dr. Johnſon tells us, 'is the 'officer under the corporal.'

My head and heels together in the dungeon,
For cracking a ſcald officer's crown, for which.
A time is come for vengeance, and expect it;
For know, you have not full three hours to live.
Gif. Yes, ſomewhat longer.
Grandp. To what end?
Gif. To hang you;
Think on that, ruffian!
Grandp. For you, ſchoolmaſter,
You have a pretty daughter: Let me ſee;
Near three o'clock, (by which time, I much fear,
I ſhall be tir'd with killing ſome five hundred)
Provide a bath, and her to entertain me,
And that ſhall be your ranſom.
Bald. Impudent raſcal!

Enter Trevile and Duprete.

Gif. More of the crew?
Grandp. What are you? Rollians?
Trev. No; this for Rollo, and all ſuch as ſerve him!
We ſtand for Otto.
Grandp. You ſeem men of faſhion,
And therefore I'll deal fairly; you ſhall have
The honour this day to be chronicled
The firſt men kill'd by Grandpree. You ſee this ſword;
A pretty fooliſh toy, my valour's ſervant,
And I may boldly ſay a gentleman,
It having made, when it was Charlemaign's,
Three thouſand knights; this, Sir, ſhall cut your throat,
And do you all fair ſervice elſe.
Trev. I kiſs
Your hands for the good offer: Here's another,
The ſervant of your ſervant, which ſhall be proud
To be ſcoured in your ſweet guts; 'till when,
Pray you command me.
Grandp. Your idolater, Sir[2].

[*Exeunt omnes præter Gif. & Bald.*

[2] Grand. *Your idolater, Sir.*] The politeneſs of the French duelliſts is inimitably burleſqu'd, both here and in the firſt act of the Little French Lawyer. *Seward.*

Gif.

Gif. That ever ſuch ſhould the names of men,
Or juſtice be held cruelty, when it labours
To pluck ſuch weeds up!

Bald. Yet they are protected,
And by the great ones.

Gif. Not the good ones, Baldwin.

Enter Aubrey.

Aub. Is this a time to be ſpent thus, by ſuch
As are the principal miniſters of the ſtate,
When they that are the heads have fill'd the court
With factions, a weak woman only left
To ſtay their bloody hands? Can her weak arm
Alone divert the dangers ready now
To fall upon the commonwealth, and bury
The honours of it, leaving not the name
Of what it was? Oh, Giſbert, the fair trials
And frequent proofs which our late maſter made,
Both of your love and faith, gave him aſſurance,
To chuſe you at his death a guardian, nay,
A father to his ſons; and that great truſt,
How ill do you diſcharge! I muſt be plain,
That, at the beſt, you're a ſad looker-on
Of thoſe bad practices you ſhould prevent.
And where's the uſe of your philoſophy
In this ſo needful time? Be not ſecure;
For, Baldwin, be aſſur'd, ſince that the princes
(When they were young, and apt for any form)
Were giv'n to your inſtruction and grave ordering,
'Twill be expected that they ſhould be good,
Or their bad manners will b' imputed yours.

Bald. 'Twas not in me, my lord, to alter nature.

Gif. Nor can my counſels work on them, that will not
Vouchſafe me hearing.

Aub. Do theſe anſwers ſort
Or with your place, or perſons, or your years?
Can Giſbert, being the pillar of the laws,
See them trod under foot, or forc'd to ſerve
The princes' unjuſt ends, and, with a frown,

Be

Be ſilenc'd from exclaiming on th' abuſe?
Or Baldwin only weep the deſp'rate madneſs
Of his ſeduced pupils? ſee thoſe minds,
(Which with good arts he labour'd to build up,
Examples of ſucceeding times) o'erturn'd
By undermining paraſites? No one precept,
Leading to any act or great or good,
But is forc'd from their memory; in whoſe room
Black counſels are receiv'd, and their retirements
And ſecret conference producing only
Dev'liſh deſigns, a man would ſhame to father!
But I talk when I ſhould do, and chide others
For that I now offend in [3].

Enter

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3 *But I talk when I ſhould do, and chide others*
For that I now offend in: See't confirm'd,
Now do, or never ſpeak more.
Giſb. *We are yours.*
Enter Rollo, Latorch, &c.
Rollo. *You ſhall know,* &c.] Thus the two laſt editions, without any regard to the quarto, which prints it thus:
But I talk when I ſhould do, and chide others
For that I now offend in.

SCENE V.

Rollo, Latorch, Trevile, Grandpree, Otto, Verdon, Duprete, Giſbert, Baldwin, Aubrey.

Giſb. *See't confirm'd:*
Now do, or never ſpeak more.
We are yours.
Rollo. *You ſhall know,* &c.

This is certainly much preferable to the former, but yet I believe there is a ſmall miſtake in it. *See it confirm'd,* is a mere pleonaſm either in *Giſbert's* or *Aubrey's* mouth; but in *Rollo's* it is a fine continuation of a ſuppos'd previous diſpute between the brothers, Otto having inſiſted upon the confirmation of his father's will, which appointed him co-heir of the dukedom, Rollo with indignation replies,

See't confirm'd?

The abrupt opening of a play or ſcene in this manner is a very great beauty. Terence almoſt always introduces his characters in the continuance of ſome paſſion, and it has the ſame effect which the like conduct has in the epic poem,

——— *in medias res*
Non ſecus ac notas auditorem rapit. *Seward.*

After a very cloſe examination of this paſſage (which is a very difficult

Enter Rollo, Latorch, Trevile, Grandpree, Otto, Verdon, and Duprete.

Trev. See't confirm'd.
Now do, or never ſpeak more! We are yours.
Rollo. You ſhall know who I am!
Otto. I do; my equal!

---

difficult one) we are convinced that none of the books have yet exhibited the genuine reading. The quarto very properly finiſhes Aubrey's ſpeech with,

But I talk when I ſhould do, and chide others
For that I now offend in.

The two dukes and their ſeveral followers then enter, and commence a new ſcene, which opens abruptly, it is true; but the firſt line and half have never yet been aſſigned to the real ſpeaker. From all that has gone before, it is abſolutely impoſſible that *Giſbert*, *Baldwin*, or *Aubrey* ſhould utter words tending to foment the diſpute which they had ſhewn themſelves ſo anxious to extinguiſh: They certainly belong to one or other of the adherents to the different dukes. If the point of interrogation is adopted, one of Rollo's captains, *Grandpree* or *Verdon*, is the ſpeaker, adviſing him by no means to liſten to the confirmation of his father's will (for which Otto and his party contend), and aſſuring him of their entire ſupport in oppoſing. If the point of interrogation is rejected, then *Trevile* or *Duprete*, the captains of Otto, muſt be the ſpeaker, counſelling him to enforce the confirmation of the late duke's will. As Rollo immediately after ſays, 'You ſhall know *who I am!*' aſſerting his right of elderſhip, had the quarto exhibited the point of interrogation, we ſhould have inclined to the firſt of theſe conjectures, and have aſſigned the ſpeech to *Grandpree*; the initial letter of whoſe name being the ſame with that of *Giſbert*, might have occaſioned the miſtake. But as the point of interrogation occurs in no edition but that of Mr. Seward, we have given the words to one of Otto's faction: Their proceeding from that party, and TREVILE in particular, we think confirmed by OTTO himſelf ſaying afterwards,

——*and*, TO SEE THIS CONFIRM'D,
The oaths of theſe are yet upon record;

when TREVILE immediately ſubjoins,

——*Nor will we ſee*
The will of the dead duke infring'd.

The words, *See't confirm'd?* do not want ſpirit coming from Rollo, but no editions warrant Mr. Seward's aſſigning them to him, nor does the ſenſe render it neceſſary. To confirm what we have ſaid relative to Giſbert and Aubrey, we cannot cloſe this long note without obſerving, that the very next words they deliver are entirely conſonant to what we have ſaid of them, and tending to make peace between the two dukes, not to enflame their diſputes: Aub. *Sir!* Giſb. *Dear Lord!*

Rollo.

Rollo. Thy prince. Give way!—Were we alone,
I'd force thee, . . .
In thy beſt blood, to write thyſelf my ſubject,
And glad I would receive it,
Aub. Sir!
Giſb. Dear lord!
Otto. Thy ſubject?
Rollo. Yes; nor ſhall tame patience hold me,
A minute longer, only half myſelf.
My birth gave me this dukedom, and my ſword
Shall change it to the common grave of all
That tread upon her boſom, ere I part with
A piece of earth, or title, that is mine!
Otto. I need it not, and would ſcorn to receive,
Tho' offer'd, what I want not: Therefore know
From me, (tho' not deliver'd in great words,
Eyes red with rage, poor pride, and threatning action)
Our father at his death, then, when no accent
(Wert thou a ſon) could fall from him in vain,
Made us co-heirs, our part of land and honours
Of equal weight; and, to ſee this confirm'd,
The oaths of theſe are yet upon record,
Who, tho' they ſhould forſake me, and call down
The plagues of perjury on their ſinful heads,
I would not leave myſelf.
Trev. Nor will we ſee
The will of the dead duke infring'd.
Lat. Nor I
The elder robb'd of what's his right.
Grandp. Nor you?
Let me take place!—I ſay, I will not ſee't!
My ſword is ſharpeſt.
Aub. Peace, you tinder-boxes,
That only carry matter to make a flame
Which will conſume you!
Rollo. You are troubleſome: [*To Baldwin.*
This is no time for arguments! My title
Needs not your ſchool-defences, but my ſword,
With which the gordian of your ſophiſtry

Being

Being cut, ſhall ſhew th' impoſture.—For your laws,
It is in me to change them as I pleaſe, [*To Giſbert.*
I being above them, Giſbert! Would you have me
protect them?
Let them then now ſtretch their extremeſt rigor,
And ſeize upon that traitor; and your tongue
Make him appear firſt dang'rous, and then odious;
And after, under the pretence of ſafety
For the ſick ſtate, the land's and peoples' quiet,
Cut off his head: And I'll give up my ſword,
And fight with them at a more certain weapon
To kill, and with authority.
Giſ. Sir, I grant
The laws are uſeful weapons, but found out
T' aſſure the innocent, not to oppreſs.
Rollo. Then you conclude him innocent?
Giſ. The power
Your father gave him muſt not prove a crime.
Aub. Nor ſhould you ſo receive it.
Bald. To which purpoſe,
All that dare challenge any part in goodneſs
Will become ſuppliants to you.
Rollo. They have none
That dare move me in this. Hence! I defy you!
Be of his party, bring it to your laws,
And thou thy double heart, thou popular fool,
Your moral rules of juſtice, and her balance:
I ſtand on my own guard!
Otto. Which thy injuſtice
Will make thy enemy's. By the memory
Of him whoſe better part now ſuffers for thee,
Whoſe reverend aſhes, with an impious hand,
Thou throw'ſt out to contempt, (in thy repining
At his ſo juſt decree) thou art unworthy
Of what his laſt will, not thy merit, gave thee!
That art ſo ſwoln within, with all thoſe miſchiefs
That e'er made up a tyrant, that thy breaſt,
The priſon of thy purpoſes, cannot hold them,
But that they break forth, and, in thy own words,

Diſcover

Diſcover what a monſter they muſt ſerve
That ſhall acknowledge thee!
Rollo. Thou ſhalt not live
To be ſo happy! [*He offers his ſword at Otto, the faction joining.*
Aub. [*getting between the brothers.*] Nor your miſery
Begin in murder. Duty, allegiance,
And all reſpects of what you are, forſake me!
Do ye ſtare on? Is this a theatre?
Or ſhall theſe kill themſelves, like to mad fencers,
To make ye ſport? Keep them aſunder, or,
By Heav'n, I'll charge on all!
Grandp. Keep the peace!
I am for you, my lord; and, if you'll have me,
I'll act the conſtable's part.
Aub. Live I to ſee this?
Will you do that your enemies dare not wiſh,
And cheriſh in yourſelves thoſe furies, which
Hell would caſt out?—Do, (I am ready) kill me,
And theſe, that would fall willing ſacrifices
To any power that would reſtore your reaſon,
And make ye men again, which now ye are not!
Rollo. Theſe are your bucklers, boy!
Otto. My hindrances;
And, were I not confirm'd, my juſtice in
The taking of thy life could not weigh down
The wrong in ſhedding the leaſt drop of blood
Of theſe whoſe goodneſs only now protects thee,
Thou ſhouldſt feel I in act would prove myſelf
What thou in words doſt labour to appear!
Rollo. Hear this, and talk again? I'll break thro' all,
But I will reach thy heart.
Otto. 'Tis better guarded.

Enter Sophia.

Soph. Make way, or I will force it! Who are theſe?
My ſons? my ſhames! Turn all your ſwords on me,
And make this wretched body but one wound,
So this unnatural quarrel find a grave

In

In the unhappy womb that brought ye forth!
Dare you remember that you had a mother,
Or look on theſe grey hairs, (made ſo with tears,
For both your goods, and not with age) and yet
Stand doubtful to obey her? From me you had
Life, nerves, and faculties, to uſe thoſe weapons;
And dare you raiſe them againſt her, to whom
You owe the means of being what you are?

Otto. All peace is meant to you.

Soph. Why is this war then?
As if your arms could be advanc'd, and I
Not ſet upon the rack? Your blood is mine,
Your danger's mine; your goodneſs I ſhould ſhare in,
And muſt be branded with thoſe impious marks
You ſtamp on your own foreheads and on mine,
If you go on thus. For my good name, therefore,
Tho' all reſpects of honour in yourſelves
Be in your fury choak'd, throw down your ſwords,
(Your duty ſhould be ſwifter than my tongue)
And join your hands while they are innocent!
You've heat of blood, and youth apt to ambition,
To plead an eaſy pardon for what's paſt;
But all the ills beyond this hour committed,
From gods or men muſt hope for no excuſe.

Gif. Can you hear this unmov'd?

Aub. No ſyllable
Of this ſo pious charm, but ſhould have power
To fruſtrate all the juggling deceits,
With which the devil blinds you.

Otto. I begin
To melt, I know not how.

Rollo. Mother, I'll leave you:
And, Sir, be thankful for the time you live,
'Till we meet next, (which ſhall be ſoon and ſudden)
To her perſuaſion for you.

Soph. Oh, yet ſtay,
And, rather than part thus, vouchſafe me hearing
As enemies!—How is my ſoul divided!
My love to both is equal, as my wiſhes,

But

But is return'd by neither. My griev'd heart,
Hold yet a little longer, and then break!
I kneel to both, and will ſpeak ſo, but this
Takes the authority off a mother's power[4];
And therefore, like myſelf, Otto, to thee:
(And yet obſerve, ſon, how thy mother's tears
Outſtrip her forward words, to make way for 'em)
Thou art the younger, Otto; yet be now
The firſt example of obedience to me,
And grow the elder in my love.

Otto. The means
To be ſo happy?

Soph. This; yield up thy ſword,
And let thy piety give thy mother ſtrength
To take that from thee, which no enemies' force
Could e'er deſpoil thee of!—Why doſt thou tremble,
And with a fearful eye, fix'd on thy brother,
Obſerv'ſt his ready ſword, as bent againſt thee?
I am thy armour, and will be pierc'd thro'
Ten thouſand times, before I will give way
To any peril may arrive at thee;
And therefore fear not.

Otto. 'Tis not for myſelf,
But for you, mother: You are now engag'd
In more than lies in your unqueſtion'd virtue;
For, ſince you have diſarm'd me of defence,
Should I fall now, tho' by his hand, the world
May ſay it was your practice.

---

4 *Takes* from me *th' authority* of *a* mother's power.] Quarto reads,

Takes the authority of *a mother's power*;

If this latter be not more corrupt, it is evident that *of* ſhould be *off*, as I firſt intended to read, and find that Mr. Theobald read ſo too: But there is a pleonaſm and impropriety in *taking authority from power*, which I ſcarce think genuine, and I therefore inſert in the text what ſeems the natural expreſſion. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

Takes from me the authority of a mother.

Off for *of* is all the emendation neceſſary. Mr. Seward goes too far in rectifying what he thinks 'pleonaſm and impropriety;' for which he ſubſtitutes a text of frigidity.

Soph.

Soph. All worlds periſh,
Before my piety turn Treaſon's parent!
Take it again, and ſtand upon your guard,
And, while your brother is, continue arm'd:
And yet this fear is needleſs; for I know
My Rollo, tho' he dares as much as man,
So tender of his yet-untainted valour,
So noble, that he dares do nothing baſely.
You doubt him; he fears you; I doubt and fear
Both, for each other's ſafety[5], not mine own.
Know yet, my ſons, when of neceſſity
You muſt deceive or be deceiv'd, 'tis better
To ſuffer treaſon, than to act the traitor;
And in a war like this, in which the glory
Is his that's overcome—Conſider then
What 'tis for which you ſtrive! Is it the dukedom?
Or the command of theſe ſo-ready ſubjects?
Deſire of wealth? or whatſoever elſe
Fires your ambition, 'tis ſtill deſp'rate madneſs,
To kill the people which you would be lords of;
With fire and ſword to lay that country waſte
Whoſe rule you ſeek for; to conſume the treaſures,
Which are the ſinews of your government,
In cheriſhing the factions that deſtroy it:
Far, far be this from you! Make it not queſtion'd
Whether you can have intereſt in that dukedom
Whoſe ruin both contend for.

Otto. I deſire
But to enjoy my own, which I will keep.

Rollo. And rather than poſterity ſhall have cauſe
To ſay I ruin'd all, divide the dukedom:
I will accept the moiety.

Otto. I embrace it.

Soph. Divide me firſt, or tear me limb by limb,
And let them find as many ſeveral graves
As there are villages in Normandy:
And 'tis leſs ſin, than ſo to weaken it.

[5] *Both*; for others *ſafety, not my own.*] Mr. Seward added the word *each.*

To hear it mention'd doth already make me
Envy my dead lord, and almoſt blaſpheme
Thoſe powers which heard my prayers for fruitfulneſs,
And did not with my firſt birth cloſe my womb!
To me alone my ſecond bleſſing proves
My firſt, my firſt of miſery[6]; for if Heav'n,
That gave me Rollo, there had ſtaid his bounty,
And Otto, my dear Otto, ne'er had been,
Or being, had not been ſo worth my love,
The ſtream of my affection had run conſtant
In one fair current; all my hopes had been
Laid up in one, and fruitful Normandy
In this diviſion had not loſt her glories:
For as 'tis now, 'tis a fair diamond,
Which being preſerv'd entire, exceeds all value,
But cut in pieces (though theſe pieces are
Set in fine gold by the beſt workman's cunning)
Parts with all eſtimation: So this dukedom,
As 'tis yet whole, the neighbouring kings may covet,
But cannot compaſs; which divided, will
Become the ſpoil of every barbarous foe
That will invade it.

Giſ. How this works in both!

Bald. Prince Rollo's eyes have loſt their fire.

Giſ. And anger,
That but ev'n now wholly poſſeſs'd good Otto,
Hath given place to pity.

Aub. End not thus,

---

[6] *To me alone my ſecond bleſſing proves my firſt,*
My firſt of miſery, for if Heav'n, &c.] Sophia ſays, that her ſecond bleſſing made her firſt become a curſe to her, which was certainly the caſe, as Rollo was the incendiary. *Seward.*

We do not think ſhe means to reflect on either Otto or Rollo; but to ſay, 'that her having a ſecond ſon, rendered it unhappy for her 'that ſhe had a firſt;' that is, that her miſery aroſe from her having more than one, which fruitfulneſs was to other women commonly a bleſſing. This is plain from her ſaying immediately before, that ſhe could

——— *almoſt blaſpheme*
Thoſe powers that heard her prayers for FRUITFULNESS,
And did not WITH HER FIRST BIRTH CLOSE HER WOMB.

The reſt of the ſpeech confirms this interpretation.

Madam,

Madam, but perfect what's ſo well begun.
Soph. I ſee in both fair ſigns of reconcilement;
Make them ſure proofs they are ſo: The fates offer
To your free choice, either to live examples
Of piety, or wickedneſs: If the latter
Blinds ſo your underſtanding, that you cannot
Pierce thro' her painted outſide, and diſcover
That ſhe is all deformity within,
Boldly tranſcend all precedents of miſchief,
And let the laſt and the worſt act of tyrants[7],
The murder of a mother, but begin
The ſcene of blood you after are to heighten!
But if that Virtue, and her ſure rewards,
Can win you to accept her for your guide,
To lead you up to Heaven, and there fix you
The faireſt ſtars in the bright ſphere of honour;
Make me the parent of an hundred ſons,
All brought into the world with joy, not ſorrow,
And every one a father to his country,
In being now made mother of your concord!
Rollo. Such, and ſo good, loud Fame for ever ſpeak you!
Bald. Ay, now they meet like brothers.
[*The brothers throw down their ſwords, and embrace.*
Gif. My heart's joy
Flows thro' my eyes.
Aub. May never woman's tongue
Hereafter be accus'd, for this one's goodneſs!
Otto. If we contend, from this hour, it ſhall be
How to o'ercome in brotherly affection.
Rollo. Otto is Rollo now, and Rollo, Otto;
Or, as they have one mind, rather one name.
From this atonement[8] let our lives begin;
Be all the reſt forgotten!

---

[7] *And let the laſt, and the worſt act of* tyrannies,
The murther of a mother, &c.] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympſon both concur with me in preferring *tyrants* to *tyrannies*, as the alluſion to Nero's murdering his mother becomes more evident. *Seward.*

[8] *Atonement.*] *i. e.* According to the old writers, *reconciliation.*

Aub. Spoke like Rollo!
Soph. And, to the honour of this reconcilement,
We all this night will, at a publick feaſt,
With choice wines, drown our late fears, and with muſick
Welcome our comforts.
Bald. Sure and certain ones.
Soph. Supported thus, I am ſecure! Oh, ſons,
This is your mother's triumph!
Rollo. You deſerve it. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Grandpree, Verdon, Trevile, and Duprete.

Grandp. Did ever ſuch a hop'd-for buſineſs end thus?
Verd. 'Tis fatal to us all; and yet you, Grandpree,
Have the leaſt cauſe to fear.
Grandp. Why, what's my hope?
Verd. The certainty that you have to be hang'd:
You know the chancellor's promiſe.
Grandp. Plague upon you!
Verd. What think you of a bath, and a lord's daughter,
To entertain you?
Grandp. Thoſe deſires are of
Frail thoughts[9]. All friends; no Rollians now, nor Otto's!
The ſeveral court'ſies of our ſwords and ſervants
Defer till after conſequence; let's make uſe
Of this night's freedom, a ſhort parliament to us,
In which it will be lawful to walk freely[10];

[9] *Thoſe deſires are* of *frail thoughts.*
All friends, no Rollians now, &c.] Quarto. The ſubſequent editions read,
——— *Thoſe deſires are* off.
Frail thoughts, no Rollians now, nor Otto's.

[10] ——— *let's make uſe*
Of this night's freedom, a ſhort parliament to us,
In which it will be lawful to walk *freely.*] Mr. Sympſon thinks that to carry on the metaphor from the *parliament* we ſhould read, TALK *freely*, and indeed I at firſt alter'd it ſo myſelf; but conſidering the privilege of parliament exempting the members from impriſonment, and the fear Grandpree was in of having only one night's exemption from it, the preſent reading ſeems unexceptionable.
Seward.

Nay,

Nay, to our drink we ſhall have meat too, and that's
No uſual buſineſs to the men o'th' ſword.
Drink deep with me to-night, we ſhall tomorrow
Or whip, or hang the merrier.
Trev. Lead the way then. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Latorch and Rollo.

Lat. WHY ſhould this trouble you?
Rollo. It does, and muſt do
'Till I find eaſe.
Lat. Conſider then, and quickly;
And, like a wiſe man, take the current with you,
Which, once turn'd head, will ſink you. Bleſt Occaſion
Offers herſelf in thouſand ſafeties to you;
Time ſtanding ſtill to point you out your purpoſe,
And Reſolution (the true child of Virtue)
Ready to execute. What dull cold weakneſs
Has crept into your boſom, whoſe mere thoughts,
Like tempeſts, ploughing up the ſailing foreſts,
Ev'n with their ſwing were wont to ſhake down hazards?
What is't? your mother's tears——
Rollo. Prithee be patient.
Lat. Her hands held up? her prayers, or her curſes?
Oh, power of pray'r and tears dropp'd by a woman[11]!
Take

[11] *Oh, power of prayer, drop'd* through *by a woman.*] I ſuſpect that there is a miſtake in the latter part of this line; for what is the antecedent to *drop'd through by a woman?* We muſt go back to *thoughts* or *reſolution*, and then indeed it is intelligible: But I rather think the true reading to be,

Oh, pow'r of pray'r and tears *drop'd by a woman!*

Seward.

We think Mr. Seward's conjecture ſo right that we have given it a

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Take heed the ſoldiers ſee it not; 'tis miſerable,
In Rollo below miſerable; take heed your friends,
The ſinews of your cauſe, the ſtrength you ſtir by,
Take heed, I ſay, they find it not; take heed
Your own repentance (like a paſſing-bell)
Too late and too loud, tell the world you're periſh'd!
What noble ſpirit, eager of advancement,
Whoſe employment is his plough; what ſword whoſe ſharpneſs
Waits but the arm to wield it; or what hope,
After the world has blown abroad this weakneſs,
Will move again, or make a wiſh for Rollo?

Rollo. Are we not friends again, by each oath ratified?
Our tongues the heralds of our hearts?

Lat. Poor hearts then!

Rollo. Our worthier friends——

Lat. No friends, Sir, to your honour;
Friends to your fall! Where is your underſtanding,
The noble veſſel that your full ſoul ſail'd in,
Ribb'd round with honours? where is that? 'tis ruin'd,
The tempeſt of a woman's ſighs has ſunk it.
Friendſhip (take heed, Sir!) is a ſmiling harlot,
That, when ſhe kiſſes, kills! A ſolder'd friendſhip,
Piec'd out with promiſes? Oh, painted ruin!

Rollo. Latorch, he is my brother.

Lat. The more doubted;
For hatred hatch'd at home is a tame tiger,
May fawn and ſport, but never leave his nature.
The jars of brothers, two ſuch mighty ones,
Are like a ſmall ſtone thrown into a river,
The breach ſcarce heard, but view the beaten current,
And you ſhall ſee a thouſand angry rings
Riſe in his face, ſtill ſwelling and ſtill growing:

---

place in the text. Latorch aſks, 'What is't? your mother's *tears*, or 'her *prayers*?' And then exclaims,

Oh, pow'r of prayers and tears *drop'd by a woman!*

This reading meets with a ſtill ſtronger confirmation by Rollo's afterwards ſaying (p. 105)

My mother's tears, *and womaniſh cold prayers,*
Farewell!

So

So jars circle in diſtruſts; diſtruſts breed dangers,
And dangers death (the greateſt extreme) ſhadow,
'Till nothing bound 'em but the ſhore, their graves [12].
There is no manly wiſdom, nor no ſafety,
In leaning to this league, this piece-patcht friendſhip,
This rear'd-up reconcilement on a billow;
Which, as it tumbles, totters down your fortune.
Is't not your own you reach at, law and nature
Uſhering the way before you? Is not he
Born and bequeath'd your ſubject?

Rollo. Ha!

Lat. What fool
Would give a ſtorm leave to diſturb his peace,
When he may ſhut the caſement? Can that man
Has won ſo much upon you by your pity,
And drawn ſo high [13], that like an ominous comet
He darkens all your light; can this couch'd lion

---

[12] *So jars* circling *diſtruſts, diſtruſts* breed *dangers,*
And dangers death, the greateſt extreme SHADOW,
'Till nothing bound 'em but the ſhore, *their graves.*] The old quarto reads,

So jars circling in *diſtruſts, diſtruſts* pull down *dangers,*
And dangers death, the greateſt extreme SHADOW,
'Till nothing bound them but the ſhowers, *their graves.*

The late editions have corrected *ſhowers* right; but how does the word *ſhadow* carry on the metaphor? and what poor meaſure is the firſt line? I hope I have reſtored the true reading, as it perfects the meaſure, and makes the whole metaphor conſiſtent. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward thus alters this paſſage:

So jars diſtruſts encircle; diſtruſts dangers,
And dangers death the greateſt extreme FOLLOWS,
'Till nothing bound 'em but the ſhoar, their graves.

We apprehend the Editor of the folio made a miſtake when intending to correct the firſt line, and left *circling* inſtead of altering it to *circle*, omitting *in*, which ſhould have remained. This ſmall variation from the ſecond folio is all which ſeems neceſſary, inſtead of the violent alterations made by Mr. Seward. His aſking, 'how does the word '*ſhadow* carry on the metaphor?' muſt have aroſe from his thinking it a *ſubſtantive*, inſtead of a *verb*.

[13] And *drawn ſo high.*] Mr. Seward, thinking the ſenſe incomplete, introduces an *auxiliary verb*, reading,

AND's *drawn ſo high*——

We ſee no neceſſity for the addition, but think it flattens the text.

(Tho' now he licks and locks up his fell paws,
Craftily humming, like a cat to cozen you)
But (when ambition whets him, and time fits him)
Leap to his prey, and ſeiz'd once, ſuck your heart out?
D' you make it conſcience?

Rollo. Conſcience, Latorch! what's that?

Lat. A fear they tie up fools in, Nature's coward,
Taking the blood [14], and chilling the full ſpirits
With apprehenſion of mere clouds and ſhadows.

Rollo. I know no conſcience, nor I fear no ſhadows!

Lat. Or if you did, if there were conſcience,
If the free ſoul could ſuffer ſuch a curb [15];
The fiery mind ſuch puddle to put it out;
Muſt it needs, like a rank vine, run up rudely,
And twine about the top of all our happineſs,

---

[14] Taſting *the blood.*] So quarto. The two following editions read, *palling*; and Mr. Seward propoſes either *tainting* or *taking*, and adopts the former. We think the latter preferable; it is nearer the trace of the letters, and perfectly agreeable to the context. An explanation of *taking* will be found in note 57 of the Falſe One.

[15] *If the free ſoul could ſuffer ſuch a curb*
To the fiery mind, ſuch puddles to put it out.] The old quarto reads this paſſage thus;

If the free ſoul could ſuffer
The fiery mind, ſuch puddle to put it out.

Mr. Sympſon thinks that we ſhould ſtrike out the additions of the late editions, and that the old reading is right. To me it does not ſeem ſo; for two metaphors are confounded and have but one verb, which ſuits to the *fiery mind*, but not ſo well to the former; or if it does, the *free ſoul* and *fiery mind* will be mere tautology. I therefore approve the additions of the late editions, and believe them genuine, however they came by them. That they had them from ſome manuſcript, and not from conjecture, I am perſuaded: Becauſe they have ſo printed them as evidently to ſhew that they did not underſtand the leaſt ſyllable of them. They make the ſenſe thus;

If the free ſoul could ſuffer ſuch a curb
To the fiery mind?——

Here, therefore, is all the tautology and confuſion of metaphors which is found in the deficient text of the old quarto; but how infinitely is it improv'd when each metaphor is preſerv'd diſtinct and ſeparate.

If the free ſoul could ſuffer ſuch a curb;
The fiery mind ſuch puddle t' put it out;

Mr. Theobald overlook'd the corruptions of this paſſage, ſo I cannot tell his ſentiments. *Seward.*

Honour

Honour and Rule, and there ſit ſhading of us [16]?
Rollo. It ſhall not, nor it muſt not! I am ſatisfied,
And once more am myſelf again.
My mother's tears, and womaniſh cold prayers,
Farewell! I have forgot you. If there be Conſcience,
Let it not come betwixt a crown and me,
(Which is my hope of bliſs) and I believe it.
Otto, our friendſhip thus I blow to air,
A bubble for a boy to play withal;
And all the vows my weakneſs made, like this,
Like this poor heartleſs ruſh, I rend a-pieces.
Lat. Now you go right, Sir! now your eyes are open.
Rollo. My father's laſt petition's dead as he is,
And all the promiſes I clos'd his eyes with,
In the ſame grave I bury.
Lat. Now you are a man, Sir.
Rollo. Otto, thou ſhew'ſt my winding-ſheet before me,
Which, e'er I put it on, like Heav'n's bleſt fire,
In my deſcent I'll make it bluſh in blood!
(A crown, a crown! Oh, ſacred rule, now fire me!)
Nor ſhall the pity of thy youth, falſe brother,
Altho' a thouſand virgins kneel before me,
And every dropping eye a court of mercy,
The ſame blood with me, nor the reverence
Due to my mother's bleſſed womb that bred us,
Redeem thee from my doubts: Thou art a wolf here,
Fed with my fears, and I muſt cut thee from me *;
No ſafety elſe [17].

[16] *Sit* ſhaking *of us.*] Mr. Sympſon propoſes the variation in the text, and we think it a happy conjecture.

* *Fed with my fears, and I muſt cut thee from me,*
A crown, a crown, oh, ſacred rule, now fire me!
No ſafety elſe.] We believe the ſecond of theſe lines to be improperly repeated here, by ſome accidental interpolation.

[17] *No ſafety elſe.*
Lat. *But be not too much ſtirr'd, Sir,*
Nor too high in your execution: Swallowing waters
Run deep, &c.] Mr. Seward here objects, 'the meaſure is quite 'loſt,' and 'the ſenſe very ſtiff;' and then prints as follows:
No ſafety elſe. Lat. *But be not too much ſtirr'd, Sir,*
Nor too high-THREATNING *in your execution,*

EVER

Lat. But be not too much ſtirr'd, Sir,
Nor too high in your execution: Swallowing waters
Run deep and ſilent, 'till they're ſatisfied,
And ſmile in thouſand curls, to gild their craft;
Let your ſword ſleep, and let my two-edg'd wit work.
This happy feaſt, the full joy of your friendſhip,
Shall be his laſt!

Rollo. How, my Latorch?

Lat. Why thus, Sir:
I'll preſently go dive into the officers
That miniſter at table; gold and goodneſs [18],
With promiſe upon promiſe, and time neceſſary,
I'll pour into them.

Rollo. Canſt thou do it neatly?

Lat. Let me alone; and ſuch a bait it ſhall be,
Shall take off all ſuſpicion.

Rollo. Go, and proſper!

Lat. Walk in then, and your ſmootheſt face put on, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Maſter Cook, Butler, Pantler, Yeoman of the Cellar, with a jack of beer and a diſh.

Cook. A hot day, a hot day, vengeance hot, boys!
Give me ſome drink; this fire's a plaguy fretter!
Body of me, I am dry ſtill! give me the jack, boy;
This wooden ſkiff holds nothing.

EVER REMEMBER, SIR, THAT *ſwallowing waters*, &c. In which interpolations he profeſſes to have copied a paſſage in Shakeſpeare's Henry VIII. But we ſee no reaſon, nor ſhadow of authority, for departing from the old text, merely to ſhew Mr. Seward's talent of *imitation*.

[18] *Gold and* goodneſs.] As *goodneſs* ſeems an odd motive to perſuade people to murder, I at firſt thought we ſhould read, *Gold and* GREATNESS, or GOODS; but I now believe the old reading right. As Vice always aſſumes ſome pretence of *good*, ſo Latorch, in perſuading the ſervants to the murder, urges the *good* of the ſtate, and the general bleſſing. *Seward.*

Goodneſs means *good things*: Mr. Seward might have remembered 'filling the hungry with *good things*.'

Pant.

Pant. And 'faith, maſter,
What brave new meats? for here will be old eating.
Cook. Old and young, boy, let 'em all eat, I have it;
I've ballaſt for their bellies, if they eat a god's name.
Let 'em have ten tire of teeth a-piece, I care not.
But. But what new rare munition?
Cook. Pho! a thouſand:
I'll make you pigs ſpeak French at table [19], and a fat ſwan
Come ſculling [20] out of England with a challenge;
I'll make you a diſh of calves' feet dance the canaries,
And a conſort of cramm'd capons fiddle to 'em;
A calf's head ſpeak an oracle, and a dozen of larks
Riſe from the diſh, and ſing all ſupper-time:
'Tis nothing, boys. I've fram'd a fortification
Out of rye-paſte, which is impregnable;
And againſt that, for two long hours together,
Two dozen of marrow-bones ſhall play continually.
For fiſh, I'll make you a ſtanding lake of white-broth,
And pikes come plowing up the plums before them;
Arion on a dolphin, playing Lachrymæ;
And brave king herring with his oil and onion
Crown'd with a lemon peel, his way prepar'd
With his ſtrong guard of pilchers.
Pant. Ay marry, maſter!
Cook. All theſe are nothing: I'll make you a ſtubble goose
Turn o'th' toe thrice, do a croſs point preſently,

[19] *I'll make you pigs ſpeak French* at table, *and a fat ſwan.*] Mr. Theobald very juſtly ſtrikes out the words *at table*, as unneceſſary to the ſenſe and injurious to the meaſure. *Seward.*

We cannot think Theobald had any right to ſtrike out the words, which are not foreign to the ſenſe, and do not render the meaſure more irregular than it is in many other places. Editors are not to *correct* their Authors, but to *publiſh* them as the Authors left them. The meaſure too in this ſpeech is particularly, and perhaps purpoſely, licentious.

[20] *Sculing.*] So quarto. Mr. Sympſon reads *ſculling*, which Mr. Seward calls an 'ingenious emendation:' To be ſure, if modernizing the orthography of a word which could not be miſtaken is *ingenious*, this is ſo. The folio reads, *ſailing*.

And

And then ſit down again, and cry, 'come eat me!'
Theſe are for mirth. Now, Sir, for matter of mourning,
I'll bring you in the lady Loin-of-veal,
With the long love ſhe bore the prince of Orange.
Omnes. Thou boy, thou?
Cook. I have a trick for thee too,
And a rare trick, and I have done it for thee.
Yeo. What's that, good maſter?
Cook. 'Tis a ſacrifice:
A full vine bending, like an arch, and under
The blown god Bacchus, ſitting on a hogſhead,
His altar here; before that, a plump vintner
Kneeling, and offering incenſe to his deity,
Which ſhall be only this, red ſprats and pilchers.
But. This when the table's drawn, to draw the wine on.
Cook. Thou haſt it right; and then comes thy ſong, Butler.
Pant. This will be admirable!
Yeo. Oh, Sir, moſt admirable!
Cook. If you'll have the paſte ſpeak, 'tis in my power;
I've fire enough to work it. Come, ſtand cloſe,
And now rehearſe the ſong, we may be perfect;
The drinking ſong; and ſay I were the brothers.

THE SONG.

Drink to-day, and drown all ſorrow,
You ſhall perhaps not do it tomorrow.
Beſt while you have it uſe your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure 'gainſt age but it.
It helps the head-ach, cough and ptiſick,
And is for all diſeaſes phyſick.

Then let us ſwill, boys, for our health;
Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth.
And he that will to bed go ſober,
Falls with the leaf, ſtill in October.

Well have you borne yourſelves. A red deer pie, boys,
And

And that no lean one, I bequeath your virtues.
What friends haſt thou to-day? no citizens?
Pant. Yes, father, the old crew.
Cook. By the maſs, true wenches!
Sirrah, ſet by a chine of beef, and a hot paſty,
And let the joll of ſturgeon be corrected:
And (do you mark, Sir?) ſtalk me to a pheaſant,
And ſee an you can ſhoot her into th' cellar.
But. God-a-mercy, lad, ſend me thy roaring bottles[21],
And with ſuch nectar I will ſee 'em fill'd,
That all thou ſpeak'ſt ſhall be pure Helicon.

Enter Latorch.

Monſieur Latorch? What news with him? Save you!
Lat. Save you, maſter! ſave you, gentlemen!
You're caſting for this preparation,
This joyful ſupper for the royal brothers.
I'm glad I have met you fitly, for to your charge,
My bountiful brave Butler, I muſt deliver
A bevy of young laſſes, that muſt look on
This night's ſolemnity, and ſee the two dukes,
Or I ſhall loſe my credit: You have ſtowage?
But. For ſuch freight I'll find room, and be your ſervant.
Cook. Bring them; they ſhall not ſtarve here; I'll ſend 'em victuals
Shall work you a good turn, though't be ten days hence, Sir.
Lat. God-a-mercy, noble maſter!
Cook. Nay, I'll do't.
Yeo. And wine they ſhall not want, let 'em drink like ducks.
Lat. What miſery it is that minds ſo royal,
And ſuch moſt honeſt bounties, as yours are,
Should be confin'd thus to uncertainties?

[21] *Pant.* God-a-mercy, lad, *ſend me thy roaring bottles.*] Mr. Seward, we think properly, gives this ſpeech to the *Butler*, inſtead of the ſober, grave, honeſt *Pantler*, to whom it belongs neither by character nor office. For *God-a-mercy* he reads, *Gramercy*, which we cannot think allowable. The quarto ſays, *dad*; the folio, *lad*.

But.

But. Ay, were the ſtate once ſettled, then we had places!

Yeo. Then we could ſhew ourſelves, and help our friends, Sir.

Cook. Ay, then there were ſome ſavour in't, where now
We live between two ſtools, every hour ready
To tumble on our noſes; and for aught we know yet,
For all this ſupper, ready to faſt the next day.

Lat. I would fain ſpeak unto you, out of pity,
Out of the love I bear you, out of honeſty,
For your own goods; nay, for the general bleſſing.

Cook. And we would as fain hear you; pray go forward!

Lat. Dare you but think to make yourſelves up certainties,
Your places and your credits ten times doubled?
The prince's favour? Rollo's?

But. A ſweet gentleman!

Yeo. Ay, and as bounteous, if he had his right too.

Cook. By the maſs, a royal gentleman indeed, boys!
He'll make the chimnies ſmoak!

Lat. He would do, friends;
And you too, if he had his right, true courtiers.
What could you want then?—Dare you?

Cook. Pray be ſhort, Sir.

Lat. And this, my ſoul upon't, I dare aſſure you,
If you but dare your parts——

Cook. Dare not me, monſieur;
For I that fear neither fire nor water, Sir,
Dare do enough, a man would think.

Yeo. Believe't, Sir,
But make this good upon us you have promis'd,
You ſhall not find us flinchers.

Lat. Then I'll be ſudden.

Pant. What may this mean? and whither would he drive us?

Lat. And firſt, for what you muſt do (becauſe all danger
Shall be apparently tied up and muzzled,

The

The matter ſeeming mighty) there's your pardons!
Pant. Pardons? is't come to that? Good God, defend us!
Lat. And here's five hundred crowns, in bounteous earneſt:
And now, behold the matter. [*Gives each a paper.*
But. What are theſe, Sir?
Yeo. And of what nature? to what uſe?
Lat. Imagine.
Cook. Will they kill rats? (they eat my pies abominably)
Or work upon a woman cold as Chriſtmas?
I have an old jade ſticks upon my fingers.
May I taſte them?
Lat. Is your will made?
And have you ſaid your prayers? for they'll pay you.
And now to come up to you, for your knowledge,
And for the good you never ſhall repent you,
If you be wiſe men now——
Cook. Wiſe as you will, Sir.
Lat. Theſe muſt be put then into th' ſev'ral meats
Young Otto loves; by you into his wine, Sir,
Into his bread by you; by you into his linnen.
Now, if you deſire, you have found the means
To make ye; and, if ye dare not, ye have
Found your ruin; Reſolve me ere I go.
But. You'll keep faith with us?
Lat. May I no more ſee light elſe!
Cook. Why, 'tis done then.
But. 'Tis done.
Pant. It is done which
Shall be undone.
Lat. About it then! farewell!
Ye're all of one mind?
Cook. All.
Omnes. All, all.
Lat. Why then, all happy! [*Exit.*
But. What did we promiſe him?
Yeo. D'you aſk that now?

But.

But. I would be glad to know what 'tis.
Pant. I'll tell you;
It is to be all villains, knaves, and traitors.
Cook. Fine wholeſome titles!
But. But, if we dare go forward——
Cook. We may be hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd.
Pant. Very true, Sir!
Cook. Oh, what a goodly ſwing
Shall I give the gallows! Yet I think too
This may be done, and we may be rewarded,
Not with a rope, but with a royal maſter:
And yet we may be hang'd too.
Yeo. Say 'twere done;
Who is it done for? Is it not for Rollo,
And for his right?
Cook. And yet we may be hang'd too.
But. Or ſay he take it, ſay we be diſcover'd?
Yeo. Is not the ſame man bound ſtill to protect us?
Are we not his?
But. Sure he will never fail us.
Cook. If he do, friends, we ſhall find that will hold us.
And yet, methinks, this prologue to our purpoſe,
Theſe crowns ſhould promiſe more. 'Tis eaſily done,
As eaſy as a man would roaſt an egg,
If that be all: For, look you, gentlemen!
Here ſtand my broths; my finger ſlips a little,
Down drops a doſe; I ſtir him with my ladle,
And there's a diſh for a duke; *olla podrida.*
Here ſtands a bak'd meat, he wants a little ſeaſoning;
A fooliſh miſtake! my ſpice-box, gentlemen,
And put in ſome of this, the matter's ended;
Dredge you a diſh of plovers, there's the art on't;
Or in a galingale, a little does it[22].
Yeo. Or as I fill my wine——
Cook. 'Tis very true, Sir,

[22] *Or in a* galingale, *a little does it.*] This line is reſtored from the old quarto. *Galingale*, the dictionaries tell us, is an Indian herb, very ſavoury. It was probably eat either as a ſallad, or pickle, or uſed in ſome ſauce, otherwiſe it is ſcarcely intelligible in this place. *Seward.*

Bleſſing

Bleſſing it with your hand, thus quick and neatly firſt,
'Tis paſt.

Yeo. And done once, 'tis as eaſy
For him to thank us for it, and reward us.

Pant. But 'tis a damned ſin!

Cook. I never fear that;
The fire's my play-fellow. Now I'm reſolv'd, boys.

But. Why then, have with you.

Yeo. The ſame for me.

Pant. For me too.

Cook. And now, no more our worſhips, but our lordſhips.

Pant. [*aſide.*] Not this year, on my knowledge; I'll unlord you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Servant and Sewer.

Serv. Perfume the room round, and prepare the table.
Gentlemen officers, wait in your places.

Sewer. Make room there;
Room for the dukes' meat! Gentlemen, be bare there;
Clear all the entrance. Guard, put by thoſe gapers;
And, gentlemen-uſhers, ſee the gallery clear;
The dukes are coming on.

Hautboys; a banquet.

Enter Sophia, between Rollo and Otto, Aubrey, Latorch, Giſbert, Baldwin, attendants, Hamond, Matilda, and Edith.

Serv. 'Tis certainly inform'd.

Otto. Reward the fellow,
And look you mainly to it.

Serv. My life for yours, Sir!

Soph. Now am I ſtraight, my lords, and young again;
My long-ſince-blaſted hopes ſhoot out in bloſſoms,
The fruits of everlaſting love appearing.

Oh! my bleſt boys, the honour of my years,
Of all my cares the bounteous fair rewarders,
Oh! let me thus embrace you, thus for ever
Within a mother's love lock up your friendſhips!
And, my ſweet ſons, once more with mutual twinings,
As one chaſte bed begot ye, make one body!
Bleſſings from Heav'n in thouſand ſhow'rs fall on ye!

Aub. Oh, woman's goodneſs never to be equall'd!
May the moſt ſinful creatures of thy ſex,
But kneeling at thy monument, riſe ſaints!

Soph. Sit down, my worthy ſons; my lords, your places.
Ay, now methinks the table's nobly furniſh'd;
Now the meat nouriſhes; the wine gives ſpirit;
And all the room, ſtuck with a general pleaſure,
Shews like the peaceful bower of happineſs.

Aub. Long may it laſt! and, from a heart fill'd with it
Full as my cup, I give it round, my lords.

Bald. And may that ſtubborn heart be drunk with ſorrow
Refuſes it! Men dying now ſhould take it,
And, by the virtue of this ceremony,
Shake off their miſeries, and ſleep in peace.

Rollo. You're ſad, my noble brother.

Otto. No, indeed, Sir.

Soph. No ſadneſs, my ſweet ſon, this day.

Rollo. Pray you eat;
Something is here you've lov'd; taſte of this diſh,
It will prepare your ſtomach.

Otto. Thank you, brother:
I am not now diſpos'd to eat.

Rollo. Or that;
(You put us out of heart, man) come, theſe bak'd meats
Were ever your beſt diet.

Otto. None, I thank you.

Soph. Are you well, noble child?

Otto. Yes, gracious mother.

Rollo. Give him a cup of wine, then. Pledge the health;

Drink

Drink it to me; I'll give it to my mother.
Soph. Do, my beſt child.
Otto. I muſt not, my beſt mother,
Indeed I dare not; for, of late, my body
Has been much weaken'd by exceſs of diet;
The promiſe of a fever hanging on me,
And e'en now ready, if not by abſtinence——
Rollo. And will you keep it in this general freedom[23]?
A little health preferr'd before our friendſhip?
Otto. I pray you excuſe me, Sir.
Rollo. Excuſe yourſelf, Sir;
Come, 'tis your fear, and not your fever, brother,
And you have done me a moſt worthy kindneſs!—
My royal mother, and you, noble lords,
Hear, for it now concerns me to ſpeak boldly:
What faith can be expected from his vows;
From his diſſembling ſmiles, what fruit of friendſhip;
From all his full embraces, what bleſt iſſue;
When he ſhall brand me here for baſe ſuſpicion?
He takes me for a poiſoner——
Soph. Gods defend it, ſon!
Rollo. For a foul knave, a villain, and ſo fears me[24].
Otto. I could ſay ſomething too.
Soph. You muſt not ſo, Sir,
Without your great forgetfulneſs of virtue:
This is your brother, and your honour'd brother,
Indeed your loving brother.
Rollo. If he pleaſe ſo.
Soph. One noble father, with as noble thoughts,
Begot your minds and bodies; one care rock'd you;
And one truth to you both was ever ſacred.
Now fy, my Otto! whither flies your goodneſs?

[23] Rollo. *And will you keep it in this general freedom;*
A little health preferr'd before our friendſhip?
Otto. *I pray you excuſe me, Sir.*] Theſe lines are not found in the old quarto, yet no one can well doubt of their being genuine. *Seward.*

[24] *For a foul knave,* &c.] The octavos of 1711 and 1750 omit this line; not, as we ſuppoſe, meaning to reprobate it, but thro' inattention in the Editors of 1711, not ſufficiently adverted to by thoſe of 1750.

Becauſe the right-hand has the power of cutting,
Shall the left preſently cry out 'tis maim'd?
They're one, my child, one power, and one performance,
And, join'd together thus, one love, one body.
Aub. I do beſeech your Grace, take to your thoughts
More certain counſellors than doubts and fears;
They ſtrangle nature, and diſperſe themſelves
(If once believ'd) into ſuch fogs and errors
That the bright truth herſelf can never ſever.
Your brother is a royal gentleman,
Full of himſelf, honour, and honeſty;
And take heed[25], Sir, how nature bent to goodneſs,
So ſtraight a cedar in itſelf, uprightneſs,
Being wreſted from its true baſe, prove not dangerous.
Rollo. Nay, my good brother knows I am too patient.
Lat. Why ſhould your Grace think him a poiſoner?
Has he no more reſpect to piety?
And, but he has by oath tied up his fury,
Who durſt but think that thought?
Aub. Away, thou firebrand!
Lat. If men of his ſort, of his power, and place,
The eldeſt ſon in honour to this dukedom——
Bald. For ſhame, contain thy tongue, thy poiſonous tongue,
That with her burning venom will infect all,
And once more blow a wildfire thro' the dukedom!
Gif. Latorch, if thou be'ſt honeſt, or a man,
Contain thyſelf.

---

[25] *And take heed, Sir, how Nature bent to goodneſs,*
(So ſtraight a cedar to himſelf) *uprightneſs*
Be *wreſted from* his *true* uſe, *prove not dangerous.*] This paſſage, which as it has been hitherto printed, ſeem'd to Mr. Sympſon quite unintelligible, like a chryſtal ſtream diſturb'd in a bright day, contains the glittering fragments of a moſt poetic ſentiment. I ſtrike out the parentheſis, and read *itſelf* for *himſelf*, it being evident that *uprightneſs* is the ſtraight cedar. *Being* for *be* reſtores the grammar, and *line*, *growth*, or *courſe*, inſtead of *uſe*, will either of them carry on the metaphor; ſo will *baſe*, and as that is neareſt the trace of the letters, though it but this inſtant occurr'd, I ſhall venture it into the text.
Seward.

Aub.

Aub. Go to; no more! by Heav'n,
You'll find you've plaid the fool elſe! not a word more!

Soph. Prithee, ſweet ſon!

Rollo. Let him alone, ſweet mother. And, my lords,
To make you underſtand how much I honour
This ſacred peace, and next my innocence,
And to avoid all further difference
Diſcourſe may draw on to a way of danger,
I quit my place, and take my leave for this night,
Wiſhing a general joy may dwell among you.

Aub. Shall we wait on your Grace?

Rollo. I dare not break you.
Latorch! [*Exe. Rollo and Lat.*

Soph. D'you now perceive your brother's ſweetneſs[26]?

Otto. Oh, mother, that your tenderneſs had eyes,
Diſcerning eyes, what would this man appear then!
The tale of Sinon, when he took upon him
To ruin Troy; with what a cloud of cunning
He hid his heart, nothing appearing outwards
But came like innocence and dropping pity,
Sighs that would ſink a navy, and had tales
Able to take the ears of ſaints' belief too;
And what did all theſe? blew the fire to Ilium!
His crafty art (but more refin'd by ſtudy[27])
My brother has put on: Oh, I could tell you,
But for the reverence I bear to nature,
Things that would make your honeſt blood move backward.

Soph. You dare tell me?

Otto. Yes, in your private cloſet,
Where I will preſently attend you. Riſe!
I am a little troubled, but 'twill off.

Soph. Is this the joy I look'd for?

---

[26] Soph. *Do you now perceive your brother's ſweetneſs?*] This line is reſtor'd from the old quarto. *Seward.*

[27] *His crafty art (but more refin'd by ſtudy).*] This line, ſo neceſſary to the ſenſe and undoubtedly genuine, is not in the quarto, but in the folio of 1679. *Seward.*

Otto. All will mend;
Be not diſturb'd, dear mother; I'll not fail you.
[*Exeunt Sophia and Otto.*

Bald. I do not like this.

Aub. That's ſtill in our powers;
But how to make it ſo that we may like it——

Bald. Beyond us ever!—Latorch, methought, was buſy;
That fellow, if not look'd-to narrowly,
Will do a ſudden miſchief.

Aub. Hell look to him!
For if there may be a devil above all yet,
That rogue will make him. Keep you up this night;
And ſo will I, for much I fear a danger.

Bald. I will, and in my watches uſe my prayers.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Sophia, Otto, Matilda, and Edith.

Otto. YOU wonder, madam, that, for all the ſhows
My brother Rollo makes of hearty love,
And free poſſeſſion of the dukedom 'twixt us,
I notwithſtanding ſhould ſtand ſtill ſuſpicious,
As if, beneath thoſe veils, he did convey
Intents and practices of hate and treaſon?

Soph. It breeds indeed my wonder.

Otto. Which makes mine,
Since 'tis ſo ſafe and broad a beaten way,
Beneath the name of friendſhip to betray.

Soph. Tho', in remote and further-off affections,
Theſe falſhoods are ſo common, yet in him
They cannot ſo force nature.

Otto. The more near
The bands of truth bind, the more oft they ſever,
Being better cloaks to cover falſhood ever.

Soph.

Soph. It cannot be, that fruits the tree ſo blaſting[28],
Can grow in nature. Take heed, gentle ſon,
Leſt ſome ſuborn'd ſuggeſter of theſe treaſons,
Believ'd in him by you, provoke the rather
His tender envies to ſuch foul attempts;
Or that your too-much love to rule alone
Breed not in him this jealous paſſion[29]:
There is not any ill we might not bear,
Were not our good held at a price too dear.

Otto. So apt is Treachery to be excus'd,
That Innocence is ſtill aloud abus'd;
The fate of Virtue ev'n her friends perverts,
To plead for Vice oft-times againſt their hearts:

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[28] *It cannot be, that fruits, the tree ſo blaſting.*] Mr. Theobald, from the old quarto, puts —— *(the tree ſo blaſting)* in a parentheſis, and Mr. Sympſon would read *blaſted*; both join in the ſame ſenſe, *the tree being ſo blaſted, or of ſuch a blaſting nature.* But if the tree is ſo blaſted, or blaſting, where is the wonder that it ſhould produce bad fruit? I ſtrike out even the comma, and underſtand it in this ſenſe. *It cannot be that fruits ſo blaſting the tree from whence they ſprung ſhould grow in nature.* Here *Rollo* is the fruit, ſhe herſelf the tree, one of whoſe natural branches *Rollo* would blaſt, and by conſequence the *tree itſelf.* *Seward.*

Mr. Seward is certainly right in his reading and explanation; and yet, by a ſtrange confuſion of ideas, quite wrong in his commentary. It is plain from the ſpeech of Otto, to which this is an immediate anſwer, that *Falſhood* is the ſuppoſed fruit, and *Truth* the tree; Rollo being here accuſed of engrafting treachery on friendſhip, and murder on the ſhews of natural affection and conſanguinity.

[29] ——*Take heed, gentle ſon,*
Leſt ſome ſuborn'd ſuggeſter of theſe treaſons,
Believ'd in him by you, provok'd *the rather*
His tender envies to ſuch foul attempts;
Or that your too much love to rule alone,
Bred *not* of *him this jealous paſſion.*] So quarto. The two following editions read the laſt line,
Breed *not* in *him this jealous paſſion.*
Mr. Seward, in the third line, reads *provoke* inſtead of *provok'd*; 'which word, ſays he, would imply Sophia's belief of Rollo's attempt, 'which ſhe did not give credit to.' In this variation, we think him perfectly right; but not in his reſtoring the laſt line from the quarto, which appears evidently corrupt. The meaning of the paſſage is, 'Take care leſt your ſuſpicion ſhould *provoke* his violence, or your 'ambition *breed* his jealouſy.'

Heav'n's bleſſing is her curſe, which ſhe muſt bear,
That ſhe may never love *herſelf too dear*[30].

Soph. Alas, my ſon, nor fate, nor Heav'n itſelf,
Can or would wreſt my whole care of your good
To any leaſt ſecureneſs in your ill:
What I urge iſſues from my curious fear,
Leſt you ſhould make your means to 'ſcape your ſnare:
Doubt of ſincereneſs is the only mean,
Not to incenſe it, but corrupt it clean.

Otto. I reſt as far from wrong of all ſincereneſs,
As he flies from the practice. Truſt me, madam,
I know by their confeſſions he ſuborn'd,
What I ſhould eat, drink, touch, or only have ſcented,
This evening-feaſt, was poiſon'd: But I fear
His open violence more, that treacherous odds,
Which he, in his inſatiate thirſt of rule,
Is like to execute.

Soph. Believe it, ſon,
If ſtill his ſtomach be ſo foul to feed
On ſuch groſs objects, and that thirſt to rule
The ſtate alone be yet unquench'd in him,
Poiſons, and ſuch cloſe treaſons, aſk more time
Than can ſuffice his fiery ſpirit's haſte:
And, were there in him ſuch deſire to hide
So falſe a practice, there would likewiſe reſt

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[30] *Heav'n's bleſſing is her curſe, which ſhe muſt bear,*
That ſhe may never love.

Soph. *Alas, my ſon,* &c.] The ſecond line is left thus imperfect in ſenſe and meaſure in all the editions. By obſerving the tendency of the ſenſe one may aſk, what is the moral reaſon why Virtue in this life ſhould be permitted by Heav'n to fall under obloquy and diſgrace? Leſt ſelf-approbation and ſelf-love ſhould puff up the heart of the virtuous man to pride and vanity. The following words give this ſenſe, and compiete the rhime.

——*which ſhe muſt bear,*
That ſhe may never love herſelf too dear.

After this had occurr'd, by looking back I found this made a direct parody to the concluſion of Sophia's laſt ſpeech.

There is not any ill we might not bear,
Were not our good held at a price too dear.

This therefore adds greatly to the probability of the conjecture.
Seward.

Conſcience

Conſcience and fear in him of open force;
And therefore cloſe nor open you need fear.

Mat. Good madam, ſtand not ſo inclin'd to truſt
What proves his tendreſt thoughts to doubt it juſt.
Who knows not the unbounded flood and ſea [31],
In which my brother Rollo's appetites
Alter and rage? with every puff and breath,
His ſwelling blood exhales; and therefore hear,
What gives my temperate brother cauſe to uſe
His readieſt circumſpection, and conſult
For remedy 'gainſt all his wicked purpoſes.
If he arm, arm; if he ſtrew mines of treaſon,
Meet him with countermines: 'Tis juſtice ſtill
(For goodneſs' ſake) t'encounter ill with ill.

Soph. Avert from us ſuch juſtice, equal Heav'n [32],
And all ſuch cauſe of juſtice!

Otto. Paſt all doubt
(For all the ſacred privilege of night)
This is no time for us to ſleep or reſt in:
Who knows not all things holy are prevented
With ends of all impiety? all but
Luſt, gain, ambition [33]?

Enter

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[31] *Who knows not the unbounded flood and ſea,*
In which my brother Rollo's appetites
Alter and rage with every puff and breath?
His ſwelling blood exhales.] This punctuation, Mr. Seward truly remarks, 'greatly diminiſhes the extreme beauty of the metaphors. *Exhales* ſignifies, *boils* and *flings off* vapours, as the ſea in ſtorms does its ſpray. This is the true meaning of the word, from the Latin *exhalere*. We corrupt it when we ſay the ſun *exhales* vapours from the ſea.'

[32] Equal *Heav'n.*] *Equal* is here uſed in the ſenſe of the Latin word *æquus*, and means *favourable, propitious.*

[33] *Who knows not all things holy are* prevented,
With ends of all impiety, all but
Luſt, gain, ambition.] When a paſſage is utterly darken'd, as this before us, and almoſt evidently by the loſs of a whole ſentence, 'tis impoſſible to reſtore it with certainty; but a due obſervance of the tendency of the context, the character that utters it, and the genius and ſpirit of the Author, may lead us with high probability to the ſentiment,

Enter Rollo armed, and Latorch.

Rollo. Periſh all the world
Ere I but loſe one foot of poſſible empire,
By ſleights and colour us'd by ſlaves and wretches!
I am exempt by birth from both thoſe curbs,
And ſit above them in all juſtice, ſince
I ſit above in power: Where power is giv'n,
Is all the right ſuppos'd of earth and Heav'n.
Lat. Prove both, Sir; ſee the traitor!
Otto. He comes arm'd;
See, mother, now your confidence!
Soph. What rage affects this monſter?
Rollo. Give me way, or periſh!
Soph. Make thy way, viper, if thou thus affect it!
Otto. This is a treaſon like thee!
Rollo. Let her go!
Soph. Embrace me, wear me as thy ſhield, my ſon;
And thro' my breaſt let his rude weapon run,
To thy life's innocence!
Otto. Play not two parts,
Treacher and coward both, but yield a ſword,
And let thy arming thee be odds enough
Againſt my naked boſom!
Rollo. Looſe his hold!

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timent, though not to the exact words of the original. I ſuppoſe a ſmall corruption both in the firſt and ſecond line. The good Otto is in all his ſpeeches full of moral and political reflections, and therefore the following one ſeems to ſuit both what precedes and follows it.

Who knows not all things holy are perverted
To th' *ends of all impiety?* thus darkneſs
Lulls all things in ſecurity, *all but*
Luſt, gain, ambition. *Seward.*

Theſe variations and additions Mr. Seward inſerts in the text; but though the paſſage really ſeems to be corrupt, we cannot venture to adopt them.—It has been ſuggeſted, that, by underſtanding the word *prevented* in a ſenſe which it not infrequently bears, that of *being beforehand*, or *taking place*, Otto here inculcates the doctrine, 'That 'impiety *overſways* righteouſneſs, and all conſiderations but thoſe of 'luſt, gain, and ambition.'

Mat.

Mat. Forbear, baſe murderer!
Rollo. Forſake our mother!
Soph. Mother doſt thou name me,
And put off nature thus?
Rollo. Forſake her, traitor,
Or, by the ſpoil of nature, thorough hers,
This leads unto thy heart!
Otto. Hold!
Soph. Hold me ſtill.
Otto. For twenty hearts and lives, I will not hazard
One drop of blood in yours.
Soph. Oh, thou art loſt then!
Otto. Protect my innocence, Heav'n!
Soph. Call out murder!
Mat. Be murder'd all, but ſave him!
Edith. Murder! murder!
Rollo. Cannot I reach you yet?
Otto. No, fiend.
Rollo. Latorch,
Reſcue! I'm down.
Lat. Up then; your ſword cools, Sir:
Ply it i'th' flame, and work your ends out.
Rollo. Ha!
Have at you there, Sir!

Enter Aubrey.

Aub. Author of prodigies,
What ſights are theſe?
Otto. Oh, give me a weapon, Aubrey!
Soph. Oh, part 'em, part 'em!
Aub. For Heav'n's ſake, no more!
Otto. No more reſiſt his fury; no rage can
Add to his miſchief done! [*Dies.*
Soph. Take ſpirit, my Otto;
Heav'n will not ſee thee die thus.
Mat. He is dead,
And nothing lives but death of every goodneſs.
Soph. Oh, he hath ſlain his brother; curſe him,
Heaven!

Rollo.

Rollo. Curſe and be curs'd! it is the fruit of curſing.
Latorch, take off here; bring too of that blood
To colour o'er my ſhirt; then raiſe the court,
And give it out how he attempted us,
In our bed naked. Shall the name of Brother
Forbid us to enlarge our ſtate and powers?
Or place affects of blood above our reaſon,
That tells us all things good againſt another,
Are good in the ſame line againſt a brother?
[*Exeunt Rollo and Latorch.*

Enter Giſbert and Baldwin.

Giſ. What fears[34] inform theſe outcries?
Aub. See, and grieve.
Giſ. Prince Otto ſlain?
Bald. Oh, execrable ſlaughter!
What hand hath author'd it?
Aub. Your ſcholar's, Baldwin.
Bald. Unjuſtly urg'd, lord Aubrey; as if I,
For being his ſchoolmaſter, muſt teach this doctrine.
You are his counſellor; did you adviſe him
To this foul parricide?
Giſ. If rule affects this licence, who would live
To worſe than die, in force of his obedience?
Bald. Heav'n's cold and lingring ſpirit to puniſh ſin,
And human blood ſo fiery to commit it,
One ſo outgoes the other, it will never
Be turn'd to fit obedience.
Aub. Burſt it then
With his full ſwing given. Where it brooks no bound,
Complaints of it are vain; and all that reſts
To be our refuge (ſince our powers are ſtrengthleſs)
Is, to conform our wills to ſuffer freely[35]

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34 *What* affairs *inform theſe outcries?*] Varied by Mr. Theobald.

35 *Is to conform our wills to ſuffer freely.*] Paſſive obedience and non-reſiſtance to princes, being the abſurd but almoſt univerſal doctrine of our Authors' age, *Aubrey* is upon that principle a very complete character. And every reader, who wants to form a true taſte of any poem, ſhould always uſe an occaſional conformity to the doctrines and tenets of the age the Poet wrote in. Without this, the characters of

Amintor

What with our murmurs we can never maſter.
Ladies, be pleas'd with what Heav'n's pleaſure ſuffers;
Erect your princely countenances and ſpirits,
And, to redreſs the miſchief now reſiſtleſs,
Sooth it in ſhow, rather than curſe or croſs it;
Wiſh all amends, and vow to it your beſt,
But, 'till you may perform it, let it reſt.

Gif. Thoſe temporizings are too dull and ſervile
To breathe the free air of a manly ſoul,
Which ſhall in me expire in execrations,
Before for any life I ſooth a murderer!

Bald. Pour lives before him, 'till his own be dry
Of all life's ſervices and human comforts!
None left that looks at Heav'n's left half ſo baſe[36]
To do theſe black and helliſh actions grace!

Enter Rollo, Latorch, Hamond, and Guard.

Rollo. Haſte, Latorch,
And raiſe the city, as the court is rais'd,
Proclaiming the abhorr'd conſpiracy
In plot againſt my life.

Lat. I ſhall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Rollo. You there that mourn upon the juſtly ſlain,
Ariſe and leave it, if you love your lives!
And hear from me what (kept by you) may ſave you.

Mat. What will the butcher do? I will not ſtir.

Rollo. Stir, and unforc'd ſtir, or ſtir never more!

Amintor in the Maid's Tragedy, of *Aëcius* in Valentinian, and *Aubrey* here, together with many inferior characters, will not be near ſo intereſting as they really deſerve to be. *Seward.*

[36] *None* leſs *that looks at Heav'n* is *half ſo baſe*
To do thoſe black and helliſh actions grace.] There is a ſtiffneſs in the firſt line which gives ſuſpicion of a miſtake. The old quarto reads,

None left that looks at Heaven 'sleft halfe ſo baſe.

This was evidently wrong, and the folio and octavo are only the conjectural emendation of the former. Mr. Sympſon has, I believe, reſtored the original, as he gives it a ſtronger connexion with the foregoing lines, and renders the ſentence natural and eaſy:

'Till *none that looks at Heaven 's left half ſo baſe. Seward.*

We think the quarto right, and perfectly intelligible.

Command

Command her, you grave beldame, that know better
My deadly reſolutions, ſince I drew them
From the infective fountain of your own;
Or, if you have forgot, this fiery prompter
Shall fix the freſh impreſſion on your heart!

Soph. Riſe, daughter; ſerve his will in what we may,
Leſt what we may not he enforce the rather.
Is this all you command us?

Rollo. This addition
Only admitted; that, when I endeavour
To quit me of this ſlaughter, you preſume not
To croſs me with a ſyllable, nor your ſouls
Murmur[37] nor think againſt it; but weigh well,
It will not help your ill, but help to more,
And that my hand, wrought thus far to my will,
Will check at nothing 'till his circle fill.

Mat. Fill it, ſo I conſent not; but who ſooths it
Conſents, and who conſents to tyranny, does it.

Rollo. Falſe traitreſs, die then with him!

Aub. Are you mad,
To offer at more blood, and make yourſelf
More horrid to your people? I'll proclaim,
It is not as your inſtrument will publiſh.

Rollo. Do, and take that along with you.—So nimble!
[*Aub. diſarms him.*
Reſign my ſword, and dare not for thy ſoul
To offer what thou inſolently threatneſt,
One word proclaiming croſs to what Latorch
Hath in commiſſion, and intends to publiſh.

Aub. Well, Sir, not for your threats, but for your good,
Since more hurt to you would more hurt your country,
And that you muſt make virtue of the need
That now compels you, I'll conſent, as far
As ſilence argues, to your will proclaim'd.

[37] *To croſs me*, &c.] We have here followed the quarto. All other copies exhibit,

To croſs me with a ſyllable, for *your ſouls*;
Murmur, nor think, &c.

And

And ſince no more ſons of your princely father
Survive to rule but you, and that I wiſh
You ſhould rule like your father, with the love
And zeal of all your ſubjects, this foul ſlaughter
That now you have committed, made aſham'd
With that fair bleſſing, that, in place of plagues,
Heav'n tries our mending diſpoſition with,
Take here your ſword; which now uſe like a prince,
And no more like a tyrant.

Rollo. This ſounds well;
Live, and be gracious with us.

Gif. & Bald. Oh, lord Aubrey!

Mat. He flatter thus?

Soph. He temporizes fitly.

Gif. & Bald. Wonder invades me[38]!

Rollo. Do you two think much
That he thus wiſely, and with need, conſents
To what I author for your country's good,
You being my tutor, you my chancellor?

Gif. Your chancellor is not your flatterer, Sir.

Bald. Nor is't your tutor's part to ſhield ſuch doctrine.

Rollo. Sir, firſt know you,
In praiſe of your pure oratory that rais'd you,
That when the people (who I know by this
Are rais'd out of their reſts, and haſt'ning hither
To witneſs what is done here) are arriv'd
With our Latorch, that you, *ex tempore*,
Shall faſhion an oration to acquit
And juſtify this forced fact of mine;
Or for the proud refuſal loſe your head.

[38] Rollo. *Wonder invades me; do you two think much*, &c.] The words *Wonder invades me*, which expreſs a perſon wrapt up in wonder and horror, ſeem'd at firſt ſight, both to Mr. Sympſon and me, to be out of character in *Rollo's* mouth, and by joint conſent we give it to *Sophia*, though it would be equally proper to *Matilda*, *Baldwin*, or *Giſbert*. As the verſes are often divided between the ſpeakers, this alone has produced ſeveral hundred miſtakes in ſpeakers in our Authors' plays. *Seward.*

We think the ſpeech ſhould be placed to *Giſbert and Baldwin*, as the words *Oh, lord Aubrey* are. Rollo's reply authorizes it.

Gif.

Gif. I faſhion an oration to acquit you?
Sir, know you then, that 'tis a thing leſs eaſy
T' excuſe a parricide than to commit it.
Rollo. I do not wiſh you, Sir, to excuſe me,
But to accuſe my brother, as the cauſe
Of his own ſlaughter, by attempting mine.
Gif. Not for the world; I ſhould pour blood on blood!
It were another murder, to accuſe
Him that fell innocent.
Rollo. Away with him!
Hence, hale him ſtraight to execution!
Aub. Far fly ſuch rigour your amendful hand.
Rollo. He periſhes with him that ſpeaks for him!
Guard, do your office on him, on your lives' pain.
Gif. Tyrant, 'twill haſte thy own death.
Rollo. Let it wing it!
He threatens me: Villains, tear him piece-meal hence!
Guard. Avant, Sir.
Ham. Force him hence!
Rollo. Diſpatch him, captain:
And bring me inſtant word he is diſpatch'd,
And how his rhetorick takes it.
Ham. I'll not fail, Sir.
Rollo. Captain, beſides remember this in chief;
That, being executed, you deny
To all his friends the rites of funeral,
And caſt his carcaſe out to dogs and fowls.
Ham. 'Tis done, my lord.
Rollo. Upon your life, not fail!
[*Exeunt Ham. Gif. and Guard.*
Bald. What impious daring is there here of Heav'n!
Rollo. Sir, now prepare yourſelf, againſt the people
Make here their entry, to diſcharge th' oration
He hath denied my will.
Bald. For fear of death?
Ha, ha, ha!
Rollo. Is death ridiculous with you?
Works miſery of age this, or thy judgment?
Bald. Judgment, falſe tyrant!
Rollo. You'll make no oration then?

Bald.

Bald. Not to excuſe,
But aggravate thy murder, if thou wilt;
Which I will ſo enforce, I'll make thee wreak it
(With hate of what thou win'ſt by't) on thyſelf,
With ſuch another juſtly-merited murder!

Rollo. I'll anſwer you anon!

Enter Latorch.

Lat. The citizens
Are haſting, Sir, in heaps, all full reſolv'd,
By my perſuaſion, of your brother's treaſons.

Rollo. Honeſt Latorch!

Enter Hamond.

Ham. See, Sir, here's Giſbert's head.

Rollo. Good ſpeed. Was't with a ſword?

Ham. An axe, my lord.

Rollo. An axe? 'twas vilely done! I would have had
My own fine headſman done it with a ſword.
Go, take this dotard here, and take his head
Off with a ſword.

Ham. Your ſchoolmaſter?

Rollo. Ev'n he.

Bald. For teaching thee no better; 'tis the beſt
Of all thy damned juſtices! Away,
Captain; I'll follow.

Edith. Oh, ſtay there, duke;
And, in the midſt of all thy blood and fury,
Hear a poor maid's petitions, hear a daughter,
The only daughter of a wretched father!
Oh, ſtay your haſte, as you ſhall need this mercy!

Rollo. Away with this fond woman!

Edith. You muſt hear me,
If there be any ſpark of pity in you,
If ſweet humanity and mercy rule you!
I do confeſs you are a prince, your anger
As great as you, your execution greater——

Rollo. Away with him!

Edith. Oh, captain, by thy manhood,

By her ſoft ſoul that bare thee—I do confeſs, Sir,
Your doom of juſtice on your foes moſt righteous—
Good noble prince, look on me!
Rollo. Take her from me!
Edith. A curſe upon his life that hinders me!
May father's bleſſing never fall upon him,
May Heav'n ne'er hear his prayers! I beſeech you,
Oh, Sir, theſe tears beſeech you, theſe chaſte hands wooe you,
That never yet were heav'd but to things holy,
Things like yourſelf! You are a god above us;
Be as a god then, full of ſaving mercy!
Mercy, oh, mercy, Sir, for his ſake mercy,
That, when your ſtout heart weeps, ſhall give you pity!
Here I muſt grow.
Rollo. By Heav'n, I'll ſtrike thee, woman!
Edith. Moſt willingly; let all thy anger ſeize me,
All the moſt ſtudied torments, ſo this good man,
This old man, and this innocent, eſcape thee!
Rollo. Carry him away, I ſay!
Edith. Now bleſſing on thee! Oh, ſweet pity,
I ſee it in thy eyes. I charge you, ſoldiers,
Ev'n by the prince's power, releaſe my father!
The prince is merciful; why do you hold him?
The prince forgets his fury; why do you tug him?
He is old; why do you hurt him? Speak, oh, ſpeak, Sir!
Speak, as you are a man! a man's life hangs, Sir,
A friend's life, and a foſter life, upon you.
'Tis but a word, but *mercy* quickly ſpoke, Sir.
Oh, ſpeak, prince, ſpeak!
Rollo. Will no man here obey me?
Have I no rule yet? As I live, he dies
That does not execute my will, and ſuddenly!
Bald. All thou canſt do takes but one ſhort hour from me.
Rollo. Hew off her hands!
Ham. Lady, hold off!
Edith. No, hew 'em;

Hew

Hew off my innocent hands, as he commands you!
[*Exit Bald. with the Guard.*
They'll hang the faſter on for death's convulſion.—
Thou ſeed of rocks, will nothing move thee then?
Are all my tears loſt? all my righteous prayers
Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I ſtand up thus then[39],
Thus boldly, bloody tyrant,
And to thy face, in Heav'n's high name, defy thee!
And may ſweet Mercy, when thy ſoul ſighs for it;
When under thy black miſchiefs thy fleſh trembles;
When neither ſtrength, nor youth, nor friends, nor gold,
Can ſtay one hour; when thy moſt wretched conſcience,
Wak'd from her dream of death, like fire ſhall melt thee;
When all thy mother's tears, thy brother's wounds,
Thy peoples' fears and curſes, and my loſs,
My aged father's loſs, ſhall ſtand before thee——
Rollo. Save him, I ſay; run, ſave him, ſave her father;
Fly, and redeem his head! [*Exit Latorch.*
Edith. May then that pity,
That comfort thou expect'ſt from Heav'n, that Mercy,

39 ——— *I ſtand up thus then;*
Thus boldly, bloody tyrant,
And to thy face in Heav'n's high name defy thee.] I am far from thinking it neceſſary to fill up hemiſtichs where the ſenſe does not require it: Here it does not, and yet I verily think there has been an omiſſion. This is one of the nobleſt and moſt correct ſcenes in the whole play, and a repetition of her defiance filling up the meaſure, and giving a fine climax to the workings of her paſſion, I have ventur'd to inſert it, and to divide the ſentence into ſeparate parts. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

——— *I ſtand up thus then;*
Thus boldly, bloody tyrant, I defy thee;
And to thy face; in Heav'n's high name defy thee.

But were it neceſſary to fill up the hemiſtich, we ſhould recommend this mode:

——— *I ſtand up thus then,*
Thus boldly, bloody tyrant, I ſtand up,
And to thy face, &c.

which ſuppoſes an omiſſion eaſily accounted for; *viz.* the tranſcriber taking the words for an accidental repetition; or, finding words he had but juſt wrote, haſtily paſſing on to the following line.

Be lock'd up from thee, fly thee! howlings find thee,
Deſpair, (oh, my ſweet father!) ſtorms of terrors,
Blood till thou burſt again!

Rollo. Oh, fair ſweet anger!

Enter Latorch and Hamond, with a head.

Lat. I came too late, Sir; 'twas diſpatch'd before;
His head is here.

Rollo. And my heart there! Go, bury him;
Give him fair rites of funeral, decent honours.

Edith. Wilt thou not take me, monſter? Higheſt Heav'n,
Give him a puniſhment fit for his miſchief!

Lat. I fear thy prayer is heard, and he rewarded.
Lady, have patience; 'twas unhappy ſpeed;
Blame not the duke, 'twas not his fault, but Fate's;
He ſent, you know, to ſtay it, and commanded,
In care of you, the heavy object hence
Soon as it came: Have better thoughts of him!

Enter the Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Where's this young traitor?

Lat. Noble citizens, here;
And here the wounds he gave your ſovereign lord.

1 *Cit.* This prince, of force, muſt be
Belov'd of Heav'n, whom Heav'n hath thus preſerv'd.

2 *Cit.* And if he be belov'd of Heav'n, you know,
He muſt be juſt, and all his actions ſo.

Rollo. Concluded like an oracle. Oh, how great
A grace of Heav'n is a wiſe citizen!
For Heav'n 'tis makes 'em wiſe, as't made me juſt,
As it preſerv'd me, as I now ſurvive
By his ſtrong hand to keep you all alive:
Your wives, your children, goods and lands kept yours,
That had been elſe prey to his tyrannous power,
That would have prey'd on me, in bed aſſaulted me,
In ſacred time of peace. My mother here,
My ſiſter, this juſt lord, and all had fill'd

The

The Curtian gulf of this conſpiracy [40],
Of which my tutor and my chancellor,
(Two of the graveſt, and moſt counted honeſt,
In all my dukedom) were the monſtrous heads.
Oh, truſt no honeſt men for their ſakes ever,
My politick citizens; but thoſe that bear
The names of cut-throats, uſurers, and tyrants,
Oh, thoſe believe in; for the foul-mouth'd world
Can give no better terms to ſimple goodneſs.
Ev'n me it dares blaſpheme, and thinks me tyrannous
For ſaving my own life ſought by my brother:
Yet thoſe that ſought his life before by poiſon
(Tho' mine own ſervants, hoping to pleaſe me)
I'll lead to death for't, which your eyes ſhall ſee.

1 *Cit.* Why, what a prince is here!

2 *Cit.* How juſt!

3 *Cit.* How gentle!

Rollo. Well, now, my deareſt ſubjects, or much rather
My nerves, my ſpirits, or my vital blood,
Turn to your needful reſt, and ſettled peace,
Fix'd in this root of ſteel, from whence it ſprung,
In Heav'n's great help and bleſſing [41]: But, ere ſleep
Bind in his ſweet oblivion your dull ſenſes,
The name and virtue of Heav'n's king advance
For yours (in chief), for my deliverance!

Citizens. Heav'n and his king ſave our moſt pious ſovereign! [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Rollo. Thanks, my good people.—Mother, and kind ſiſter,
And you, my noble kinſman, things borne thus
Shall make ye all command whatever I
Enjoy in this my abſolute empery.

---

[40] ——— *And all had* felt
The Curtian gulf of this conſpiracy.] To *feel* a gulf is certainly a *poor* if not an abſurd expreſſion; but to *fill* the gulf, as Mr. Sympſon reads, is the exact poetical idea which the metaphor demands. *Seward.*

[41] In *Heav'n's great help.*] The particle *in*, which renders this paſſage ſtiff and obſcure, ſeems only to have ſlipt from the former line, and excluded the true one. *Seward.*

Either particle is ſenſe.

Take in the body of my princely brother,
For whoſe death, ſince his fate no other way
Would give my eldeſt birth his ſupreme right,
We'll mourn the cruel influence it bears,
And waſh his ſepulchre with kindly tears!

Aub. If this game end thus, Heav'n's will rule the ſet!
What we have yielded to, we could not let *.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Latorch and Edith.*

Lat. Good lady, riſe; and raiſe your ſpirits withal,
More high than they are humbled: You have cauſe,
As much as ever honour'd happieſt lady;
And when your ears are freer to take in
Your moſt amendful and unmatched fortunes,
I'll make you drown a hundred helpleſs deaths
In ſea of one life pour'd into your boſom;
With which ſhall flow into your arms the riches,
The pleaſures, honours, and the rules of princes:
Which, tho' death ſtop your ears, methinks ſhould ope 'em.
Aſſay to forget death.

Edith. Oh, ſlaughter'd father!

Lat. Caſt off what cannot be redreſs'd, and bleſs
The fate that yet you curſe ſo; ſince, for that
You ſpake ſo movingly, and your ſweet eyes
With ſo much grace fill'd, that you ſet on fire
The duke's affection, whom you now may rule
As he rules all his dukedom: Is't not ſweet?
Does it not ſhine away your ſorrows' clouds?
Sweet lady, take wiſe heart, and hear, and tell me.

Edith. I hear no word you ſpeak.

Lat. Prepare to hear then,
And be not barr'd up from yourſelf, nor add
To your ill fortune with your far worſe judgment.
Make me your ſervant[42], to attend with all joys
Your

* *Let.*] *i. e.* Prevent.

[42] *Make me your ſervant to* attend *with* all *joys*
Your ſad eſtate, till they both bleſs *and ſpeak it:*
See how they'll bow to you, make me wait, &c.] This ſtrange chaos has juſt light enough left to ſhew the general tendency of the paſſage,

Your ſad eſtate, till they both bleſs and ſpeak it;
See how they'll bow to you; make me wait, command.
me
To watch out every minute. For the ſtay [43]
Your modeſt ſorrow fancies, raiſe your graces,
And do my hopes the honour of your motion
To all the offer'd heights that now attend you.
Oh, how your touches raviſh!. how the duke
Is ſlain already, with your flames embrac'd [44]!
I will both ſerve and viſit you, and often.

Edith. I am not fit, Sir.

Lat. Time will make you, lady. [*Exeunt.*

---

paſſage, *viz.* That both he and all the courtiers by their humbleſt obeiſance (if ſhe would accept it) would endeavour to turn her ſorrow into joy. From the word *amendful*, in Latorch's firſt ſpeech to her above, it's highly probable that *attend* ſhould be *amend*; that the word *courtiers*, or ſome one of the ſame import, is left out, ſeems almoſt evident, and a whole ſentence muſt have accompanied it. We may hope to come very near the ſenſe, however wide we are in gueſſing at the words of the original. But what is ——— *till they both bleſs and ſpeak it?* It ſeems probable that a miſtake in the points having join'd the two verbs together, the former part was chang'd, and *both* falſly inſerted to make out ſomething that look'd like grammar. I read the whole thus, marking in Italicks what I ſuppoſe only to contain ſomething like the ſenſe of the original.

Make me your ſervant, *make the courtiers all*
Your ſervants, ſtudious to AMEND with joys
Your ſad eſtate, till YOU ARE BLEST;——and ſpeak it,
See how they'll bow to you, *&c.* *Seward.*

Thus runs Mr. Seward's reading; but we cannot follow it, becauſe the text is not in our opinion corrupt, and means (though perhaps with ſome little inaccuracy of expreſſion, not unuſual in our Authors) 'Let me attend your melancholy with amuſements, 'till they both 'remove your ſorrows, and make it manifeſt that they do ſo.'

[43] ——— *for the* ſtay
Your modeſt ſorrow fancies, &c.] Mr. Seward, we think improperly, ſubſtitutes *fall* for *ſtay*. *Stay* and *motion* are plainly oppoſed to each other: He deſires her 'not to remain in her preſent humble 'rank, but to let him have the honour of promoting her.'

[44] ——— *how the duke*
Is ſlain already with your flames imbrac't!] So quarto. Folio,
Is ſlain already with your flames embrac'd!
This Mr. Seward treats as corrupt, and prints,
Is ſlain already with your flames!. embrace it.
But ſurely, the duke 'embrac'd with her flames,' is not at all unintelligible.

SCENE II.

Enter Guard, three or four Boys, then the Sheriff, Cook, Yeoman of the Cellar, Butler, and Pantler, to Execution.

1 *Guard.* Come, bring theſe fellows on; away with 'em!

2 *Guard.* Make room afore there! room there for the priſoners!

1 *Boy.* Let's run afore, boys; we ſhall get no place elſe.

2 *Boy.* Are theſe the youths?

Cook. Theſe are the youths you look for:
And pray, my honeſt friends, be not ſo haſty;
There'll be nothing done till we come, I aſſure you.

3 *Boy.* Here's a wiſe hanging! Are there no more?

But. D' you hear, Sir?
You may come in for your ſhare, if it pleaſe you.

Cook. My friend, if you be unprovided of a hanging,
(You look like a good-fellow) I can afford you
A reaſonable pennyworth.

2 *Boy.* Afore, afore, boys!
Here's e'en enough to make us ſport.

Yeo. Pox take you,
D' you call this ſport? are theſe your recreations?
Muſt we be hang'd to make you mirth?

Cook. D' you hear, Sir?
You cuſtard-pate! we go to't for high-treaſon,
An honourable fault; thy fooliſh father
Was hang'd for ſtealing ſheep.

Boys. Away, away, boys!

Cook. Do you ſee how that ſneaking rogue looks now?
You chip pantler, you peaching rogue, that provided us
Theſe necklaces! you poor rogue, you coſtive rogue you!

Pant. Pray, pray, fellows!

Cook. Pray for thy cruſty ſoul? Where's your reward now,
Good goodman manchet, for your fine diſcovery?
I do beſeech you, Sir, where are your dollars?
Draw with your fellows, and be hang'd!

Yeo. He muſt now;

For

For now he ſhall be hang'd firſt, that's his comfort:
A place too good for thee, thou meal-mouth'd raſcal!
Cook. Hang handſomely, for ſhame! Come, leave your praying,
You peaching knave, and die like a good courtier!
Die honeſtly, and like a man. No preaching,
With 'I beſeech you, take example by me;
'I liv'd a lewd man, good people!' Pox on't,
Die me as thou hadſt din'd; ſay grace, and God be wi' you!
Guard. Come, will you forward?
Cook. Good maſter Sheriff, your leave too;
This haſty work was ne'er done well: Give's ſo much time
As but to ſing our own ballad, for we'll truſt no man,
Nor no tune but our own; 'twas done in ale too,
And therefore cannot be refus'd in juſtice.
Your penny-pot poets are ſuch pelting thieves,
They ever hang men twice; we have it here, Sir,
And ſo muſt every merchant of our voyage;
He'll make a ſweet return elſe of his credit!
Yeo. One fit of our own mirth, and then we're for you.
Guard. Make haſte then, and diſpatch.
Yeo. There's day enough, Sir.
Cook. Come, boys, ſing chearfully; we ſhall ne'er ſing younger.
We've choſe a loud tune too, becauſe it ſhould like well.

SONG.

Yeo. Come, Fortune's a whore, I care not who tell her,
Would offer to ſtrangle a page of the cellar,
That ſhould by his oath, to any man's thinking,
And place, have had a defence for his drinking;
But thus ſhe does ſtill when ſhe pleaſes to palter,
Inſtead of his wages, ſhe gives him a halter.
Chorus. Three merry boys *, and three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we,
As ever did ſing three parts in a ſtring
All under the triple tree!

* *Three merry boys*, &c.] In Shakeſpeare's Twelfth Night, act ii. ſcene

But. But I that was ſo luſty,
And ever kept my bottles,
That neither they were muſty,
And ſeldom leſs than pottles;
For me to be thus ſtopt now,
With hemp inſtead of cork, Sir,
And from the gallows lopt now,
Shews that there is a fork, Sir,
In death; and this the token;
Man may be two ways killed,
Or like the bottle broken,
Or like the wine be ſpilled.

Chorus. Three merry boys, &c.

Cook. Oh, yet but look
On the maſter cook,
The glory of the kitchen,
In ſowing whoſe fate,
At ſo lofty a rate,
No taylor e'er had ſtitching;

ſcene iii. Sir Toby, repeating the names and ſome ſcraps of old ſongs, mentions '*Three merry men we be*;' which Mr. Steevens aſſerts to be a fragment of ſome old ſong, which he found repeated in Weſtward Hoe, by Decker and Webſter, 1607:

'Three merry men,
'And three merry men,
'And three merry men be we.'

And Sir John Hawkins, in the Appendix, produces the following paſſage, but without noticing from whence it is taken:

'The wiſe men were but ſeaven, ne'er more ſhall be for me;
'The muſes were but nine, the worthies three times three;
'And three merry boyes, and three merry boyes, and three
'merry boyes are wee.
'The vertues they were ſeaven, and three the greater bee;
'The Cæſars they were twelve, and fatall ſiſters three.
'And three merry girles, and three merry girles, and three
'merry girles are wee.

To theſe proofs we ſhall add another, taken from Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks:

'Did I not bring you off, you arrant drub,
'Without a counterbuff? looke who comes here,
'*And three merry men, and three merry men,*
'*And three merry men be wee.*' *R.*

The Editor of the ſecond folio thus varies the latter part of the chorus, *As ever did ſing* in a hempen ſtring under the gallows-*tree*.

For

For tho' he make the man,
The cook yet makes the diſhes,
The which no taylor can,
Wherein I have my wiſhes,
That I who at ſo many a feaſt,
Have pleas'd ſo many taſters,
Should now myſelf come to be dreſt,
A diſh for you, my maſters.

Chorus. Three merry boys, &c.

Pant. Oh, man or beaſt,
Or you at leaſt,
That wears or brow or antler,
Prick up your ears
Unto the tears
Of me, poor Paul the Pantler,
That thus am clipt,
Becauſe I chipt
The curſed cruſt of treaſon
With loyal knife.
Oh, doleful ſtrife,
To hang thus without reaſon!

Chorus. Three merry boys, &c.

Cook. There's a few copies for you. Now, farewell, Friends; and, good maſter Sheriff, let me not Be printed with a braſs pot on my head.

But. March fair, march fair! afore, good captain Pantler! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Aubrey and Latorch.

Aub. LATORCH, I have waited here to ſpeak with you,
And you muſt hearken—Set not forth your legs
Of haſte, nor put your face of buſineſs on;
An honeſter affair than this I urge too,
You will not eaſily think on; and 'twill be

Reward

Reward to entertain it; 'tis your fortune
To have our maſter's ear above the reſt
Of us that follow him, but that no man envies[45]—
For I have well conſider'd, truth ſometimes
May be conveyed in by the ſame conduits
That falſhood is. Theſe courſes that he takes
Cannot but end in ruin; empire got
By blood and violence, muſt ſo be held;
And how unſafe that is, he firſt will prove,
That, toiling ſtill to remove enemies,
Makes himſelf more. It is not now a brother,
A faithful counſellor of ſtate or two,
That are his danger; they are fair diſpatch'd:
It is a multitude that 'gin to fear,
And think what began there muſt end in them,
For all the fine oration that was made 'em;
And they are not an eaſy monſter quell'd.
Princes may pick their ſuffering nobles out,
And one by one employ 'em to the block[46];
But when they once grow formidable to
Their clowns, and coblers, ware then! guard themſelves[47].

---

45 ——— *but that no man envies*;

For *I have well conſidered*, &c.] By this reading, Aubrey's deſign of employing Latorch to convey a truth to Rollo was the reaſon why no man envied Latorch the favour of his maſter; whereas the real reaſon was the knowledge of the vile means he had uſed to obtain it, and this will be imply'd by changing the particle *for* into *and*. *Seward.*

From the word *hearken* in the ſecond line, to the particle *for* in the ninth, ſeems to be only a collection of different parentheſes, and that particle to be genuine: 'Latorch, I have waited here to ſpeak with 'you, and *you* muſt hearken——(pretend not haſte) (the buſineſs is 'honeſt, and reward attends it) (you are in poſſeſſion of the king's 'ear, and without envy)——FOR I have well conſidered, truth 'ſometimes, &c.'

46 *And one by one* employ 'em *to the block.*] *Convoy 'em* ſeems a more natural expreſſion; but as the other is ſenſe, I don't change the text. *Seward.*

47 ——— *ware then*, guard *themſelves.*] The omiſſion of a letter in the quarto has made the ſubſequent editions turn a noble ſentiment into a very poor one. The quarto has no comma between *then* and *guard*; undoubtedly, therefore, inſtead of cloſing Aubrey's fine ſpeech with 'Then is their danger, ware then, let them then 'guard themſelves;' we ſhould read, ——*ware then* guards *themſelves*;

If thou durſt tell him this, Latorch, the ſervice
Would not diſcredit the good name you hold
With men, beſides the profit to your maſter,
And to the public.

Lat. I conceive not ſo, Sir:
They're airy fears; and why ſhould I object them
Unto his fancy? wound what is yet ſound?
Your counſels colour not with reaſon of ſtate,
Where all that's neceſſary ſtill is juſt.
The actions of the prince, while they ſucceed,
Should be made good and glorified, not queſtion'd.
Men do but ſhew their ill affections,
That——

Aub. What? Speak out!

Lat. Do murmur 'gainſt their maſters.

Aub. Is this to me?

Lat. It is to whomſoever
Miſlikes of the duke's courſes.

Aub. Ay! is't ſo?
At your ſtateward, Sir?

Lat. I am ſworn to hear
Nothing may prejudice the prince.

Aub. Why, do you?
Or have you, ha?

Lat. I cannot tell; mens' hearts
Shew in their words ſometimes.

Aub. I ever thought thee
Knave of the chamber; art thou the ſpy too?

Lat. A watchman for the ſtate, and one that's known,
Sir, to be rightly affected.

Aub. Bawd o' th' ſtate,

ſelves; i. e. When a prince is hated by all his ſubjects, his very guards will become his enemies, and be the firſt to deſtroy him. The hiſtories of almoſt all tyrants in the world confirm this obſervation. And it is a ſort of propheſy of Rollo's fate, a hint of which Aubrey in the next ſcene gives Rollo himſelf, when he tells him,

You make your guards *your terrors by theſe acts.* *Seward.*

We think the old reading right, and means ſimply, 'that it is then 'time for them to beware, and to *guard* themſelves;' a ſentiment which is familiarly enough expreſſed, after the manner of our Authors, by the words,

Ware then, guard *themſelves!*

No

No leſs than of thy maſter's luſts! I now
See nothing can redeem thee. Dar'ſt thou mention
Affection; or a heart, that ne'er hadſt any?
Know'ſt not to love or hate, but by the ſcale,
As thy prince does't before thee? That doſt never
Wear thy own face, but put'ſt on his, and gather'ſt
Baits for his ears; liv'ſt wholly at his beck,
And ere thou dar'ſt utter a thought thine own,
Muſt expect his; creep'ſt forth and wad'ſt into him
As if thou wert to paſs a ford, there proving
Yet if thy tongue may ſtep on ſafely or no;
Then ſing'ſt his virtue aſleep[48], and ſtay'ſt the wheel
Both of his reaſon and judgment, that they move not;
White'ſt over all his vices; and at laſt
Doſt draw a cloud of words before his eyes,
'Till he can neither ſee thee nor himſelf?
Wretch, I dare give him honeſt counſels, I,
And love him while I tell him truth! Old Aubrey
Dares go the ſtraighteſt way, which ſtill's the ſhorteſt,
Walk on the thorns thou ſcatter'ſt, paraſite,
And tread 'em unto nothing; and if thou
Then let'ſt a look fall, of the leaſt diſlike,
I'll rip thy crown up with my ſword at height[49],
And pluck thy ſkin over thy face, in ſight
Of him thou flatter'ſt! Unto thee I ſpeak it,
Slave, againſt whom all laws ſhould now conſpire,
And every creature that hath ſenſe be arm'd,
As 'gainſt the common enemy of mankind;
That creep'ſt within thy maſter's ear[50]; and whiſper'ſt

[48] *Then* bring'ſt *his virtue aſleep.*] That *bring'ſt* is a corruption ſeems evident, but I was doubtful whether I ſhould read *ring'ſt* or *ſing'ſt*; the former is nearer the trace of the letters, the latter the more obvious metaphor. Mr. Sympſon ſending me the latter as his conjecture too, determined me to give it the preference. *Seward.*

[49] *I'll* rip *thy crown* up *with my ſword at height,*
And pluck thy ſkin over thy face, &c.] I much ſuſpect the firſt line, to which I can affix no clear idea. What would Aubrey do to him? It ſhould ſeem, that he would with his ſword ſtrip open the crown of his head, and pluck his ſkin over his face. The following conjecture will give this reading more clearly than the former, but not ſo clearly as I could wiſh, and therefore I don't put it into the text.
I'll ſtrip *thy crown* ope *with my ſword at height.* *Seward.*

[50] *That* ſleep'ſt *within thy maſter's ear.*] Mr. Seward, in his Poſt-
ſcript,

'Tis better for him to be fear'd than lov'd;
Bid'ſt him truſt no man's friendſhip, ſpare no blood
That may ſecure him; ' 'tis no cruelty
' That hath a ſpecious end; for ſovereignty
' Break all the laws of kind; if it ſucceed,
' An honeſt, noble, and praiſeworthy deed.'
While he that takes thy poiſons in, ſhall feel
Their virulent workings in a point of time
When no repentance can bring aid, but all
His ſpirits ſhall melt, with what his conſcience burn'd,
And dying in a flatterer's arms, ſhall fall unmourn'd.
There's matter for you now.

Lat. My lord, this makes not
From loving of my maſter[51].

Aub. Loving? no;
They hate ill princes moſt that make them ſo.

Enter Rollo, Hamond, Allan, and Guard.

Rollo. I'll hear no more!

Ham. Alas, 'tis for my brother

ſcript, ſays, ' The tale-bearer, whiſperer and ſycophant, cannot be ' ſaid to *ſleep* within their maſter's ear, ſince they are generally vigi- ' lant and eager to inſtil their poiſonous counſel. I read therefore,

' *That* creep'ſt *within thy maſter's ear.*'

We think this a happy emendation.

[51] *My lord, this makes not*
For *loving of my maſter.*] How do Latorch's words expreſs his ſentiments? —*This makes not for loving of my maſter*, ſhould ſeem to imply, that Aubrey's ſpeech ſhew'd no love to Rollo; but Aubrey's anſwer plainly ſhews that Latorch ſpoke ſomething of his own love to his maſter, and not of Aubrey's. Perhaps the reader may think the old reading may be conſtrued to this ſenſe, and therefore without diſturbing the text, I ſhall only offer a conjecture of which I am myſelf very dubious.

Lat. *My lord*, this rating's
For *loving of my maſter.*

i. e. *The real cauſe of your anger to me is my love to my maſter.*
Seward.

The ſimple change of *for* to *from* gives an eaſier and more natural reading:

My lord, this makes not
From *loving of my maſter.*

i. e. All this does not diſprove my affection to my maſter; to which Aubrey's anſwer is a proper and appoſite reply.

I beſeech

I beſeech your highneſs.

Rollo. How! a brother?

Had not I one myſelf? did title move me
When it was fit that he ſhould die? Away!

Allan. Brother, loſe no word more; leave my good cauſe
T'upbraid the tyrant: I am glad I'm fall'n
Now in thoſe times, that will'd ſome great example
T' aſſure men we can die for honeſty.

Rollo. Sir, you are brave; 'pray that you hold your neck
As bravely forth anon unto the headſman.

Allan. 'Would he would ſtrike as bravely; and thou by!
Rollo, 'twould make thee quake to ſee me die.

Aub. What's his offence?

Ham. For giving Giſbert burial,
Who was ſome time his maſter.

Allan. Yes, lord Aubrey,
My gratitude and humanity are my crimes.

Rollo. Why bear you him not hence?

Aub. My lord—(Stay, ſoldiers)—
I do beſeech your highneſs, do not loſe
Such men for ſo ſlight cauſes. This is one
Hath ſtill been faithful to you; a tried ſoul
In all your father's battles; I have ſeen him
Beſtride a friend againſt a ſcore of foes:
And look, he looks as he would kill his hundred
For you, Sir, were you in danger.

Allan. 'Till he kill'd
His brother, his chancellor, and then his maſter;
To which he can add nought to equal Nero,
But killing of his mother.

Aub. Peace, brave fool,
Thou valiant aſs!—Here is his brother too, Sir,
A captain of your guard, hath ſerv'd you long,
With the moſt noble witneſs of his truth
Mark'd in his face, and every part about him;
That turns not from an enemy. But view him;
Oh, do not grieve him, Sir, if you do mean

That

That he ſhall hold his place: It is not ſafe
To tempt ſuch ſpirits, and let them wear their ſwords;
You'll make your guards your terrors by theſe acts,
And throw more hearts off from you than you hold.
And I muſt tell you, Sir, (with my old freedom,
And my old faith to boot) you have not liv'd ſo
But that your ſtate will need ſuch men, ſuch hands,
Of which here's one, ſhall in an hour of trial
Do you more certain ſervice, with a ſtroke,
Than the whole bundle of your flatterers,
With all th' unſavory unction of their tongues.

Rollo. Peace, talker!

Aub. One that loves you yet, my lord,
And would not ſee you pull on your own ruins.
Mercy becomes a prince, and guards him beſt;
Awe and affrights are never ties of love;
And when men 'gin to fear the prince, they hate him.

Rollo. Am I the prince, or you?

Aub. My lord, I hope
I have not utter'd aught ſhould urge that queſtion.

Rollo. Then practiſe your obedience. See him dead!

Aub. My lord!

Rollo. I'll hear no word more!

Aub. I am ſorry then.
There is no ſmall deſpair, Sir, of their ſafety,
Whoſe ears are blocked up againſt the truth.
Come, captain.

Ham. I do thank you, Sir.

Aub. For what?
For ſeeing thy brother die a man, and honeſt?
Live thou ſo, captain; I will, I aſſure thee,
Altho' I die for't too. Come.

[*Exeunt all but Rollo and Lat.*

Rollo. Now, Latorch,
What do you think?

Lat. That Aubrey's ſpeech and manners
Sound ſomewhat of the boldeſt.

Rollo. 'Tis his cuſtom.

Lat. It may be ſo, and yet be worth a fear.

Rollo. If we thought ſo, it ſhould be worth his life,

And quickly too.

Lat. I dare not, Sir, be author
Of what I would be, 'tis ſo dangerous:
But, with your highneſs' favour and your licence—

Rollo. He talks, 'tis true; and he is licens'd: Leave him,
We now are duke alone, Latorch, ſecur'd;
Nothing left ſtanding to obſcure our proſpect;
We look right forth, beſide, and round about us,
And ſee it ours with pleaſure: Only one
Wiſh'd joy there wants to make us ſo poſſeſs it,
And that is Edith, Edith, ſhe that got me
In blood and tears, in ſuch an oppoſite minute,
As had I not at once felt all the flames
And ſhafts of Love ſhot in me, his whole armory,
I ſhould have thought him as far off as death.

Lat. My lord, expect a while, your happineſs
Is nearer than you think it; yet her griefs
Are green and freſh; your vigilant Latorch
Hath not been idle; I have leave already
To viſit her, and ſend to her.

Rollo. My life!

Lat. And if I find not out as ſpeedy ways,
And proper inſtruments, to work and bring her
To your fruition, that ſhe be not watch'd
Tame to your highneſs *, ſay you have no ſervant
Is capable of ſuch a truſt about you,
Or worthy to be groom of your delight [52].

Rollo. Oh, my Latorch, what ſhall I render thee

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* *Tame to your* highneſs, *ſay* &c.] The folio reads,
Tame to your highneſs wiſh, *ſay*, &c.

[52] *Or worthy to be* ſecretary *of your* pleaſure.] This indeed is good ſenſe, but 'tis only the conjectural reading of the late editions, and departs too much from the trace of the letters to be allow'd to ſtand. The old quarto reads,

Or worthy to be ——— *of your delight.*

Here a word was loſt, *bawd* or *pimp*, which are his true character, are too coarſe names for a man to call himſelf; *ſecretary*, *ſteward*, and all words but monoſyllables are excluded by the meaſure. *Groom* therefore ſeems to bid faireſt for being the original. *Seward.*

We believe the original to have been a coarſe word, which occaſioned the omiſſion, as in ſome other inſtances.

For

For all thy travels, care and love?
Lat. Sir, one ſuit,
Which I will ever importune, 'till you grant me.
Rollo. About your mathematicians?
Lat. Yes, to have
The ſcheme of your nativity judg'd by them;
I have't already erected. Oh, my lord,
You do not know the labour of my fears;
My doubts for you are ſuch as cannot hope
Any ſecurity but from the ſtars;
Who, being rightly aſk'd, can tell man more
Than all pow'r elſe, there being no pow'r beyond them.
Rollo. All thy petitions ſtill are care of us;
Aſk for thyſelf.
Lat. What more can concern me
Than this?
Rollo. Well, riſe, true honeſt man, and go then;
We'll ſtudy ourſelves a means how to reward thee.
Lat. Your Grace is now inſpir'd; now, now your highneſs
Begins to live! from this hour count your joys!
But, Sir, I muſt have warrants, with blanks figur'd,
To put in names, ſuch as I like.
Rollo. You ſhall.
Lat. They dare not elſe, Sir, offer at your figure.
Oh, I ſhall bring you wonders! there's a friar,
Ruſee, an admirable man; another,
A gentleman; and then la Fiſke,
The mirror of his time; 'twas he that ſet it.
But there's one Norbret (him I never ſaw)
Has made a mirror, a mere looking-glaſs,
In ſhow you'd think't no other; the form oval,
As I am given to underſtand by letter,
Which renders you ſuch ſhapes, and thoſe ſo differing,
And ſome that will be queſtion'd and give anſwers;
Then has he ſet it in a frame, that wrought
Unto the revolutions of the ſtars,
And ſo compact by due proportions

Unto their harmony, doth move alone
A true automaton; thus Dædalus' ſtatues,
Or Vulcan's ſtools——

Rollo. Doſt thou believe this?

Lat. Sir?
Why, what ſhould ſtay my faith, or turn my ſenſe?
H' has been about it above twenty years,
Three ſevens, the powerful, and the perfect numbers;
And art and time, Sir, can produce ſuch things.
What do we read there of Hiarbas' banquet,
(The great gymnoſophiſt) that had his butlers
And carvers of pure gold waiting at table?
The images of Mercury, too, that ſpoke?
The wooden dove that flew? a ſnake of braſs
That hiſs'd? and birds of ſilver that did ſing?
All theſe were done, Sir, by the mathematicks,
Without which there's no ſcience, nor no truth.

Rollo. You are in your own ſphere, Latorch; and rather
Than I'll contend w'ye for it, I'll believe it:
You've won upon me that I wiſh to ſee
My fate before me now, whate'er it be.

Lat. And I'll endeavour, you ſhall know't with ſpeed;
For which I ſhould have one of truſt go with me,
(If you pleaſe, Hamond) that I may by him
Send you my firſt diſpatches; after, I
Shall bring you more[53], and as they come ſtill more,
And accurate forth from them.

Rollo. Take your way,
Chuſe your own means, and be it proſperous to us!

[*Exeunt.*

[53] *Shall bring you more, as they come more,*
And accurate forth from them.] So quarto. The two following editions exhibit,
Shall bring you more, and *as they come* ſtill *more,*
and omit the laſt line. Mr. Seward reads,
Shall bring you more, and as they come forth from 'em,
More and more accurate.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Ruſee, de Bube, la Fiſke, Norbret, and Pippeau.

Ruſee. Come, bear up, Sirs; we ſhall have better days,
My almanack tells me.
Bube. What is that? your rump?
Ruſee. It never itch'd in vain yet. 'Slid, la Fiſke,
Throw off thy ſluggiſh face; I can't abide
To ſee thee look like a poor jade i'th' pound,
That ſaw no meat theſe three days.
Fiſke. 'Slight, to me
It ſeems thirteen days ſince I ſaw any.
Ruſee. How!
Fiſke. I can't remember that I ever ſaw
Or meat, or money; you may talk of both,
To open a man's ſtomach or his purſe,
But feed 'em ſtill with air.
Bube. Friar, I fear
You do not ſay your office well a-days;
I cannot hear your beads knack.
Norb. Pox, he feeds
With lechery, and lives upon th' exchange
Of his two eggs and pudding with the market-women!
Ruſee. And what do you, Sir, with the advocate's wife,
Whom you perſuade, upon your doctoral bed,
To take the mathematical trance ſo often?
Fiſke. Come, we are ſtark naught all; bad's the beſt of us:
Four of the ſeven deadly ſpots we are:
Beſides our lechery, we are envious,
And moſt, moſt gluttonous when we have it thus,
Moſt covetous now we want it; then our boy,
He is a fifth ſpot, ſloth, and he undoes us.
Bube. 'Tis true the child was wont to be induſtrious,
And now and then ſent in a merchant's wife
Sick of the huſband, or a ſwearing butler
That miſs'd one of his bowls, a crying maid

Had loſt a ſilver ſpoon; the curry-comb
Sometimes was wanting; there was ſomething gotten;
But now——

Pip. What now? Did I not yeſter-morning
Bring you in a cardecu [54] there from the peaſant
Whoſe aſs I'd driven aſide, and hid, that you
Might conjure for him? and again, laſt night,
Six ſous from the cook's wife you ſhar'd among you,
To ſet a figure for the peſtle I ſtole;
It is not at home yet. Theſe things, my maſters,
In a hard time, they would be thought on: You
Talk of your lands and caſtles in the air,
Of your twelve houſes there; but it is I
That bring you in your rents for 'em, 'tis Pippeau
That is your bird-call.

Norb. Faith, he does well,
And cuts thro' the elements for us, I muſt needs ſay,
In a fine dextrous line.

Fiſke. But not as he did
At firſt; then he would ſail with any wind,
Into every creek and corner.

Pip. I was light then,
New built and rigg'd, when I came to you, gentlemen;
But now, with often and far venturing for you,
Here be leaks ſprung, and whole planks wanting, ſee you.
If you'll new-ſheath me again, yet I am for you
To any gulf or ſtreights [55], where-e'er you'll ſend me;

[54] *Cardecu.*] A corruption of *quart d'ecu*, the quarter part of a crown piece.

[55] ——— *yet I am for you*
To any bog *or* ſleights.] Mr. Theobald propoſed reading *bog* or *ſloughs*; Mr. Seward introduced *gulf* for *bog*; and he and Mr. Symſon concurred in altering *ſleights* to *ſtreights*, and quote the following paſſage from Jonſon's Underwoods as a confirmation of its propriety:

'——— their very trade
'Is borrowing; that but ſtopt, they do invade
'All as their prize, turn pirates here at land.
'Have their Bermudas and their *ſtreights* in the Strand,
'Man out their boats to th' Temple, and not ſhift
'Now but command———'

For

For as I am, where can this ragged bark
Put in for any ſervice, 'leſs it be
O'th' iſle of rogues, and there turn pirate for you?
Norb. Faith, he ſays reaſon, friar; you muſt leave
Your neat criſp claret, and fall to your cyder
A while; and you, la Fiſke, your larded capons
And turkies for a time, and take a good
Clean tripe in your way; de Bube too muſt content him
With wholeſome two-ſous'd pettitoes[56]; no more
Crown ordinaries, till we've cloath'd our infant.
Bube. So you'll keep
Your own good motions, doctor, your dear ſelf.
Fiſke. Yes, for we all do know the latitude
Of your concupiſcence.
Ruſee. Here about your belly.
Bube. You'll pick a bottle open, or a whimſey,
As ſoon as the beſt of us.
Fiſke. And dip your wriſt-bands
(For cuffs you've none) as comely in the ſauce
As any courtier.—[*Bell rings.*] Hark, the bell! who's there?
Ruſee. Good luck, I do conjure thee! Boy, look out.
[*Exit Pip. and enter again.*
Pip. They're gallants, courtiers; one of 'em is
Of the duke's bed-chamber.
Ruſee. Latorch.—Down!
On with your gown[*to Norb.*]; there's a new ſuit arriv'd.
Did I not tell you, ſons of hunger? Crowns,
Crowns, are coming toward you; wine and wenches
You ſhall have once again, and fidle;
Into your ſtudies cloſe; each lay his ear
To his door, and as you hear me to prepare you,
So come, and put me on that vizard only.
[*Exeunt omnes præter Ruſee and Pippeau.*

[56] *With wholſome* two ſouz'd *petitoes.*] Mr. Theobald reads, from the old quarto, *two ſous'd*; the idea which he would affix is, I ſuppoſe, *twice pickled*, or *twice ſalted:* But *ſolz*, *ſoulz*, or *ſous*, the French coin, making a more natural expreſſion, and a ſtronger antitheſis to the crown ordinaries, I think that the true one. *Seward.*

Enter Latorch and Hamond.

Lat. You'll not be far hence, captain. When the buſineſs
Is done, you ſhall receive preſent diſpatch.
Ham. I'll walk, Sir, in the cloiſter. [*Exit.*
Ruſee. Monſieur Latorch? my ſon,
The ſtars are happy ſtill that guide you hither.
Lat. I'm glad to hear their ſecretary ſay ſo,
My learned father Ruſee. Where's la Fiſke?
Monſieur de Bube? how do they?
Ruſee. At their ſtudies;
They are the ſecretaries of the ſtars, Sir,
Still at their books, they will not be pull'd off,
They ſtick like cupping-glaſſes. If ever men
Spoke with the tongue of deſtiny, 'tis they.
Lat. For love's ſake, let's ſalute 'em.
Ruſee. Boy, go ſee;
Tell them who's here; ſay, that their friends do challenge
Some portion of their time; this is our minute,
Pray 'em they'll ſpare it. They are the ſun and moon
[*Exit Pip.*
Of knowledge; pity two ſuch noble lights
Should live obſcur'd here in an univerſity,
Whoſe beams were fit t'illumine any court
Of Chriſtendom!

Enter la Fiſke, de Bube, and Pippeau.

Lat. The duke will ſhortly know 'em.
Fiſke. Well, look upon the aſtrolabe; you'll find it
Four almucanturies[57] at leaſt.
Bube. It is ſo.
Ruſee. Still of their learned ſtuff; they care for nothing,
But how to know; as negligent of their bodies
In diet, or elſe, eſpecially in their cloaths,
As if they had no change.

57 Almucanturies.] *Almacantors, Almicanterahs,* or *Almicanturahs,* circles of altitude parallel to the horizon, the common pole of which is in the zenith, *Bailey.*

Pip.

Pip. They have ſo little [*Aſide.*
As well may free them from the name of ſhifters.
Fiſke. Monſieur Latorch!
Lat. How is it, learned gentlemen,
With both your virtues?
Bube. A moſt happy hour,
When we ſee you, Sir.
Lat. When you hear me then
It will be happier: The duke greets you both
Thus; and tho' you may touch no money, father,
Yet you may take it.
Ruſee. 'Tis his highneſs' bounty,
But yet to me, and theſe that have put off
The world, ſuperfluous.
Fiſke. We have heard of late
His highneſs' good ſucceſs.
Bube. And gratulate it.
Lat. Indeed h' hath 'ſcap'd a ſtrange conſpiracy,
Thanks to his ſtars; which ſtars he prays by me,
You would again conſult, and make a judgment
On what you lately erected for my love.
Ruſee. Oh, Sir, we dare not!
Fiſke. For our lives!
Bube. It is
The prince's ſcheme!
Lat. T' encounter with that fear,
Here's, to aſſure you, his ſignet; write your names,
And be ſecur'd all three.
Bube. We muſt entreat ſome time, Sir.
Lat. I muſt then
Entreat, it be as preſent as you can.
Fiſke. Have you the ſcheme here?
Lat. Yes.
Ruſee. I would you had, Sir,
Another warrant!
Lat. What would that do?
Ruſee. Marry,
We have a doctor, Sir, that in this buſineſs
Would not perform the ſecond part.
Lat. Not him

That

That you writ to me of?

Ruſee. The very ſame.

Lat. I ſhould have made it, Sir, my ſuit to ſee him.
Here is a warrant, father. I conceiv'd
That he had ſolely applied himſelf to magick.

Ruſee. And to theſe ſtudies too, Sir; in this field
He was initiated. But we ſhall hardly
Draw him from his chair.

Lat. Tell him he ſhall have gold——

Fiſke. Oh, ſuch a ſyllable would make him forſwear
Ever to breath in your ſight.

Lat. How then?

Fiſke. Sir, he, if you do pleaſe to give him any thing,
Muſt have't convey'd under a paper.

Ruſee. Or left behind ſome book in his ſtudy.

Bube. Or in ſome old wall.

Fiſke. Where his familiars
May tell him of it, and that pleaſes him, Sir.

Bube. Or elſe, I'll go and aſſay him[58].

Lat. Take gold with you.

Ruſee. That will not be amiſs. Give it the boy, Sir;
He knows his holes, and how to bait his ſpirits.

Pip. We muſt lay in ſeveral places, Sir.

Ruſee. That's true;
That if one come not, the other may hit.

[*Exeunt Ruſee and Pippeau.*

Lat. Well, go then. Is he ſo learned, gentlemen?

Fiſke. The very top of our profeſſion, mouth o'th' fates!
Pray Heav'n his ſpirits be in good humour to take,
They'll fling the gold about the houſe elſe!

Bube. Ay,
And beat the friar, if he go not well
Furniſh'd with holy water.

Fiſke. Sir, you muſt obſerve him.

Bube. Not croſs him in a word; for then he's gone.

Fiſke. If he do come, which is a hazard, yet——

[58] *Bube.* Or elſe *I'll go and aſſay him.*] The words *or elſe* were ſtruck out by Seward and Sympſon, as 'injurious to ſenſe and meaſure.' In our opinion, they aſſiſt both.

'Maſs,

'Maſs, he is here! this is ſpeed!

Enter Norbret, Ruſee, and Pippeau.

Norb. Where's your ſcheme?
Let's ſee't; diſpatch; nay, fumbling now! Who's this?
Ruſee. Chief gentleman of the duke's chamber, doctor.
Norb. Oh, let him be; good ev'n to him! he's a courtier;
I'll ſpare his compliment, tell him. What is here?
The geniture nocturnal, longitude
At twenty-one degrees [59], the latitude
At forty-nine and ten minutes? How are the *Cardines?*
Fiſke. Libra in twenty-four, forty-four minutes;
And *Capricorn*——
Norb. I ſee it; ſee the planets,
Where, how they are diſpos'd; the ſun and *Mercury*,
Mars with the *Dragon's tail* in the third houſe,
And *pars Fortunæ* in the *Imo Cæli*,
Then *Jupiter* in the twelfth, the *Cacodemon.*
Bube. And *Venus* in the ſecond *Inferna Porta.*
Norb. I ſee it; peace! then *Saturn* in the fifth,
Luna i'th' ſeventh, and much of *Scorpio*,
Then *Mars* his *Gaudium*, riſing in th' Aſcendent,
And join'd with *Libra* too, the houſe of *Venus*,
And *Imum Cæli*, *Mars* his exaltation
In the ſeventh houſe, *Aries* being his natural houſe
And where he is now ſeated, and all theſe ſhew him
To be the Almuter.
Ruſee. Yes, he's lord of the geniture,
Whether you examine it by *Ptolomy's* way,
Or *Meſſahalah's* [60], *Lael*, or *Alkindus.*
Fiſke. No other planet hath ſo many dignities,

59 *At twenty-one degrees, the latitude.*] This line, ſtrange as it may appear, is in no edition but the old quarto.

60 *Or* Meſſethales.] The quarto reads, *Naſſahales.* The right name is *Meſſahalah*; he was a Jew famous for judicial aſtrology, and lived in the times of the chalifs Almanſor and Almamon. Vide *Salmaſium de annis Climactericis*, p. 309. *Sympſon.*

Either

Either by himſelf, or in regard of the cuſpes.
Norb. Why, hold your tongue then, if you know it; *Venus*
The lady of the horoſcope, being *Libra*,
The other part, *Mars* rules: So that the geniture,
Being nocturnal, *Luna* is the higheſt,
None elſe being in ſufficient dignity,
She being in *Aries* in the ſeventh houſe,
Where *Sol* exalted, is the Alchoroden.
Bube. Yes, for you ſee he hath his termine
In the degrees where ſhe is, and enjoys
By that ſix dignities.
Fiſke. Which are clearly more
Than any elſe that view her in the ſcheme.
Norb. Why, I ſaw this, and could have told you too,
That he beholds her with a trine aſpect
Here out of *Sagittary*, almoſt quartile[61],
And how that *Mars* out of the ſelf-ſame houſe,
(But another ſign) here by a platique aſpect
Looks at the hyleg, with a quartile ruling
The houſe where the ſun is; all this could I
Have told you, but that you'll out-run me; and more,
That this ſame quartile aſpect to the lady of life,
Here in the ſeventh, promiſes ſome danger,
Cauda Draconis being ſo near *Mars*,
And *Caput Algol* in the houſe of death.
Lat. How, Sir? I pray you clear that.
Norb. What is the queſtion firſt?
Ruſee. Of the duke's life; what dangers threaten him?
Norb. Apparent, and thoſe ſudden, when the hyleg
Or Alchoroden by direction come.
To a quartile oppoſition of the place
Where *Mars* is in the geniture, (which is now

[61] ——— *almoſt* partile.] The old quarto reads, *almoſt* partly; *quartile* is undoubtedly the true word. It is difficult to us at preſent to reliſh the jargon of a ſcience ſo long exploded, but it is certainly a very juſt banter upon the ridiculous credulity of our Authors' age. The words *Almuter* and *Alcoroden* are two words which Bailey, the only dictionary I found them in, makes pretty near the ſame thing, *viz.* the ſtar that reigns at our nativity. *Seward.*

At

At hand) or elſe oppoſe to *Mars* himſelf; expect it.
Lat. But they may be prevented?
Norb. Wiſdom only
That rules the ſtars, may do it; for *Mars* being
Lord of the geniture in *Capricorn*,
Is, if you mark it, now a *Sextile* here,
With *Venus* lady of the horoſcope.
So ſhe being in her exilium, which is *Scorpio*,
And *Mars* his gaudium, is o'er-rul'd by him,
And clear debilitated five degrees
Beneath her ordinary power, ſo
That, at the moſt, ſhe can but mitigate.
Lat. You cannot name the perſons bring this danger?
Norb. No, that the ſtars tell not us; they name no man;
That is a work, Sir, of another place.
Ruſee. Tell him whom you ſuſpect, and he'll gueſs ſhrewdly.
Lat. Sir, we do fear one Aubrey; if 'twere he,
I ſhould be glad; for we ſhould ſoon prevent him.
(*Fiſke.* I know him; the duke's kinſman; a tall man.
Lay hold of 't, Norbret.)
Norb. Let me pauſe a little:
Is he not near of kin unto the duke?
Lat. Yes, reverend Sir.
(*Norb.* Fart for your reverence!
Keep it till then.)—And ſomewhat high of ſtature?
Lat. He is ſo.
(*Norb.* How old is he?
Fiſke. About ſeven and fifty.)
Norb. His head and beard inclining to be grey.
Lat. Right, Sir.
(*Fiſke.* And fat.)
Norb. He's ſomewhat corpulent, is he not?
Lat. You ſpeak the man, Sir.
Norb. Well, look to him! Farewell! [*Exit.*
Lat. Oh, it is Aubrey. Gentlemen, I pray ye,
Let me receive this under all your hands.
Ruf. Why, he will ſhew you him in his magick-glaſs,

If

If you entreat him, and but gratify
A ſpirit or two more.

Lat. He ſhall eat gold,
If he will have it; ſo you ſhall all. There's that
Amongſt you firſt. Let me have this to ſend
The duke in the mean time; and then what ſights
You pleaſe to ſhew. I'll have you ſo rewarded
As never artiſts were; you ſhall to court
Along with me, and there not wait your fortunes.

Bube. We have a pretty part of 't in our pockets.
Boy, we will all be new; you ſhall along too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Sophia, Matilda, and Edith.

Mat. Good madam, hear the ſuit that Edith urges,
With ſuch ſubmiſs beſeeches; nor remain
So ſtrictly bound to ſorrow for your ſon,
That nothing elſe, tho' never ſo befitting,
Obtains your ears or obſervation.

Soph. What would ſhe ſay? I hear.

Edith. My ſuit is, madam,
That you would pleaſe to think as well of juſtice
Due to your ſon's revenge, as of more wrong added
To both yourſelves for it, in only grieving.
Th' undaunted power of princes ſhould not be
Confin'd in deedleſs cold calamity;
Anger (the twin of Sorrow) in your wrongs
Should not be ſmother'd, when his right of birth
Claims th' air as well, and force of coming forth.

Soph. Sorrow is due already[62]; Anger never
Should

[62] *Sorrow is due already.*] Thus read the old books; and who *can* read with Seward, HAS's *due*, without the organs of a ſerpent? Edith deſires them

——*to think as well of juſtice*
Due *to her ſon's revenge, as of more wrong*
Added to both themſelves, in only grieving.

And further ſays, that 'Anger is the twin of Sorrow.' Sophia replies, that Sorrow is due already, but that Anger, unleſs it could be brought forth

Should be conceiv'd, but where it may be born
In ſome fact fit t' employ his active flame,
That elſe conſumes who bears it, and abides
Like a falſe ſtar that quenches as it glides.
Edith. I have ſuch means t' employ it as your wiſh
Can think no better, eaſier, or ſecurer;
And ſuch as, but for th' honours I intend
To your partakings, I alone could end.
But your parts in all dues to crying blood
For vengeance in the ſhedder, are much greater,
And therefore ſhould work your hands to his ſlaughter;
For your conſent to which, 'twere infinite wrong
To your ſevere and moſt impartial juſtice,
To move you to forget ſo falſe a ſon
As with a mother's duty made you curſe him.
Mat. Edith, he is forgot for any ſon
Born of my mother, or to me a brother;
For, ſhould we ſtill perform our rights to him,
We ſhould partake his wrongs, and as foul be
In blood and damned parricide as he:
And therefore tell the happy means that Heav'n
Puts in thy hand, for all our long'd-for freedom
From ſo abhorr'd and impious a monſter.
Soph. Tell what ſhe will, I'll lend nor hand nor ear
To whatſoever Heav'n puts in her power. [*Exit.*
Mat. How ſtrange ſhe is to what ſhe chiefly wiſhes!
Sweet Edith, be not any thought the more
Diſcourag'd in thy purpoſe, but aſſur'd
Her heart and prayers are thine; and that we two
Shall be enough to all we wiſh to do.
Edith. Madam, myſelf alone, I make no doubt,
Shall be afforded power enough from Heav'n
To end the murderer. All I wiſh of you,
Is but ſome richer ornaments and jewels
Than I am able to provide myſelf,

---

forth with effect, 'had better not be conceived;' by which anſwer ſhe both replies to Edith's argument and her metaphor: At leaſt, the reading is intelligible, and Mr. Seward's variation illegible. We have therefore followed the old books.

To

To help out the defects of my poor beauty,
That yet hath been enough, as now it is,
To make his fancy mad with my desire.
But you know, madam, women never can
Be too fair to torment an amorous man;
And this man's torments I would heighten still,
'Till at their highest he were fit to kill.

Mat. Thou shalt have all my jewels and my mother's;
And thou shalt paint too, that his blood's desire
May make him perish in a painted fire.
Hast thou been with him yet?

Edith. Been with him? no;
I set that hour back to haste more his longing:
But I have promis'd to his instruments,
The admittance of a visit at our house;
Where yet I would receive him with all lustre
My sorrow would give leave to, to remove
Suspicion of my purpose.

Mat. Thou shalt have
All I can add, sweet wench, in jewels, tires;
I'll be myself thy dresser. Nor may I
Serve my own love with a contracted husband
More sweetly, nor more amply, than may'st thou
Thy forward will with his bewitch'd affections!
Affect'st thou any personal aid of mine,
My noblest Edith?

Edith. Nought but your kind prayer,
For full effect and speed of my affair.

Mat. They're thine, my Edith, as for me my own:
For thou well know'st, if blood shed of the best
Should cool and be forgotten, who would fear
To shed blood still? or where, alas, were then
The endless love we owe to worthy men?

Edith. Love of the worthiest ever bless your highness!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Rollo (with a glaſs), Aubrey, and ſervants.

Rollo. I NEVER ſtudied my glaſs till now;
It is exceeding well; now leave me. Couſin,
How takes your eye the object?

Aub. I have learn'd
So much, Sir, of the courtier, as to ſay
Your perſon does become your habit; but,
Being call'd unto it by a noble war,
Would grace an armour better.

Rollo. You are ſtill
For that great art of which you are the maſter:
Yet I muſt tell you, that to the encounters
We oft attempt, arm'd only thus, we bring
As troubled blood, fears mix'd with flatt'ring hopes,
The danger in the ſervice too as great,
As when we are to charge quite thro' and thro'
The body of an army.

Aub. I'll not argue
How you may rank the dangers, but will die in't,
The ends which they arrive at are as diſtant
In every circumſtance, as far as honour
Is from ſhame and repentance.

Rollo. You are ſour?

Aub. I would ſpeak my free thoughts, yet not appear ſo;
Nor am I ſo ambitious of the title
Of one that dares balk any thing that runs
Againſt the torrent of his own opinion[63],
That

[63] ——— *dares* TALK *any thing that* was *Againſt the torrent of* his own *opinion.*] The old quarto for *was* reads *runs*, a word much preferable to the other. But what *daring* is there to talk only againſt *his own* opinion? To talk againſt ſuch a man as Rollo's was daring indeed in an inferior. The words *his own* are

That I affect to ſpeak aught may offend you:
And therefore, gracious Sir, be pleas'd to think
My manners or diſcretion have inform'd me,
That I was born, in all good ends, to ſerve you,
And not to check at what concerns me not:
I look not with ſore eyes on your rich outſide,
Nor rack my thoughts to find out to what purpoſe
'Tis now employ'd; I wiſh it may be good,
And that, I hope, offends not. For a ſubject
Towards his prince, in things indifferent,
To uſe th' auſtereneſs of a cenſuring Cato
Is arrogance, not freedom.

Rollo. I commend
This temper in you, and will cheriſh it.

Enter Hamond, with letters.

They come from Roan? Latorch employ'd you?

Ham. True, Sir.

Rollo. I muſt not now be troubled with a thought
Of any new deſign. Good Aubrey, read 'em;
And as they ſhall direct you, uſe my power,
Or to reply or execute.

Aub. I will, Sir.

Rollo. And, captain, bring a ſquadron of our guard
To th' houſe that late was Baldwin's, and there wait me.

Ham. I ſhall.

Rollo. Some two hours hence.

Ham. With my beſt care.

Rollo. Inſpire me, Love, and be thy deity
Or ſcorn'd or fear'd, as now thou favour'ſt me! [*Exit.*

Ham. My ſtay to do my duty, may-be, wrongs
Your lordſhip's privacy.

Aub. Captain, your love

---

probably a mere interpolation. *Opinion*, according to the conſtant uſage of all the old poets, is four ſyllables, or two, at will; and to call it *opinion* in general, rather than Rollo's in particular, is more elegant. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward, therefore, treating *opinion* as 'four ſyllables,' omits the words *his own*. The ſmall change of *talk* into *balk*, gives good verſe, and ſound ſenſe.

Is

Is ever welcome. I entreat your patience
While I peruſe theſe.
Ham. I attend your pleaſure.
Aub. How's this? a plot on me?
Ham. What is contain'd
I' th' letters that I brought, that thus tranſports him?
Aub. To be wrought on by rogues, and have my head
Brought to the axe by knaves that cheat for bread?
The creatures of a paraſite, a ſlave?
I find you here, Latorch, nor wonder at it;
But that this honeſt captain ſhould be made
His inſtrument, afflicts me: I'll make trial
Whether his will or weakneſs made him do it.
Captain, you ſaw the duke, when he commanded
I ſhould do what theſe letters did direct me;
And I preſume you think I'll not neglect,
For fear or favour, to remove all dangers,
How near ſoe'er that man can be to me
From whom they ſhould have birth.
Ham. It is confirm'd.
Aub. Nor would you, captain, I believe, refuſe,
Or for reſpect of thankfulneſs, or hopes,
To uſe your ſword with fulleſt confidence
Where he ſhall bid you ſtrike.
Ham. I never have done.
Aub. Nor will, I think.
Ham. I hope it is not queſtion'd.
Aub. The means to have it ſo is now propos'd you.
Draw; ſo, 'tis well; and next, cut off my head!
Ham. What means your lordſhip?
Aub. 'Tis, Sir, the duke's pleaſure;
My innocence hath made me dangerous,
And I muſt be remov'd, and you the man
Muſt act his will.
Ham. I'll be a traitor firſt,
Before I ſerve it thus!
Aub. It muſt be done;
And, that you may not doubt it, there's your warrant.
But as you read, remember, Hamond, that

I never wrong'd one of your brave profeſſion;
And, tho' it be not manly, I muſt grieve
That man of whoſe love I was moſt ambitious
Could find no object for his hate but me.

Ham. It is no time to talk now. Honour'd Sir,
Be pleas'd to hear thy ſervant: I am wrong'd,
And cannot, being now to ſerve the duke,
Stay to expreſs the manner how; but if
I do not ſuddenly give you ſtrong proofs
Your life is dearer to me than my own,
May I live baſe, and die ſo! Sir, your pardon. [*Exit.*

Aub. I'm both ways ruin'd, both ways mark'd for ſlaughter!
On every ſide, about, behind, before me,
My certain fate is fix'd! Were I a knave now,
I could avoid this; had my actions
But mere relations to their own ends, I could 'ſcape now.
Oh, Honeſty! thou elder child of Virtue,
Thou ſeed of Heav'n, why, to acquire thy goodneſs,
Should malice and diſtruſt ſtick thorns before us,
And make us ſwim unto thee, hung with hazards?
But Heav'n is got by ſuffering, not diſputing!
Say he knew this before-hand, where am I then?
Or ſay he do not know it, where's my loyalty?
I know his nature, troubled as the ſea,
And as the ſea devouring where he's vex'd,
And I know princes are their own expounders.
Am I afraid of death? of dying nobly?
Of dying in mine innocence uprightly?
Have I met death in all his forms, and fears,
Now on the points of ſwords, now pitch'd on lances,
In fires, in ſtorms of arrows, battles, breaches,
And ſhall I now ſhrink from him, when he comes me,
Smiling and full of ſanctity? I'll meet him;
My loyal hand and heart ſhall give this to him,
And, tho' it bear beyond what poets feign
A puniſhment, duty ſhall meet that pain;
And my moſt conſtant heart, to do him good,
Shall check at neither pale affright nor blood.

Enter

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The ducheſs preſently would crave your preſence.

Aub. I come; and, Aubrey, now reſolve to keep
Thy honour living, tho' thy body ſleep! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Edith and a Boy; a banquet ſet out.

Edith. Now for a father's murder, and the ruin
All chaſtity ſhall ſuffer if he reign!
Thou bleſſed ſoul, look down, and ſteel thy daughter,
Look on the ſacrifice ſhe comes to ſend thee,
And thro' that bloody cloud behold my piety!
Take from my cold heart fear, from my ſex pity,
And as I wipe theſe tears off, ſhed for thee,
So all remembrance may I loſe of mercy!
Give me a woman's anger bent to blood,
The wildneſs of the winds to drown his prayers!
Storm-like may my deſtruction fall upon him,
My rage, like roving billows as they riſe,
Pour'd on his ſoul to ſink it! Give me flattery,
(For yet my conſtant ſoul ne'er knew diſſembling)
Flattery the food of fools, that I may rock him
And lull him in the down of his deſires;
That, in the height of all his hopes and wiſhes,
His Heav'n forgot, and all his luſts upon him,
My hand, like thunder from a cloud, may ſeize him!
I hear him come[64]; go, boy, and entertain him.

SONG.

[64] *I hear him come.*] The following ſcene is evidently writ in emulation of the famous courtſhip of Richard the Third to lady Ann, and though it may fall ſomewhat ſhort, every reader of taſte will be charm'd with ſo noble a reſemblance of that conſummate maſter of dramatic poetry. Rollo is certainly an inferior character to Richard, but Edith much excels lady Ann, and indeed almoſt any female character that Shakeſpeare has drawn. So does Juliana in the Double Marriage, and Lucina in Valentinian. I forgot to mention in the former ſcenes of this

SONG*.

Take, oh, take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn,
And thoſe eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn;
But my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, tho' ſeal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide thoſe hills of ſnow,
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of thoſe that April wears;
But firſt ſet my poor heart free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee.

Enter Rollo.

Rollo. What bright ſtar, taking Beauty's form upon her,
In all the happy luſtre of Heav'n's glory,
Has dropp'd down from the ſky to comfort me?
Wonder of nature, let it not prophane thee
My rude hand touch thy beauty; nor this kiſs,
The gentle ſacrifice of love and ſervice,
Be offer'd to the honour of thy ſweetneſs.

Edith. My gracious lord, no deity dwells here,
Nor nothing of that virtue, but obedience;

this play what were taken from Seneca's Thebais; but it is chiefly Sophia's ſpeeches in the firſt act, which are almoſt literal tranſlations. *Seward.*

'The famous courtſhip of Richard to Lady 'Ann' is not one of the happieſt ſcenes of Shakeſpeare; and if we ſhould allow that Edith 'much excels Lady Ann,' we could not by any means add, with Mr. Seward, that ſhe alſo excels 'almoſt any female character that Shake-'ſpeare has drawn.' Editors are not bound to be partial.

* *Song.*] The firſt ſtanza of this *Song* is to be found in Shakeſpeare's Meaſure for Meaſure; and the whole of it is printed, as the production of that Author, in the edition of his Poems publiſhed by Sewel and Gildon. But Dr. Percy obſerves, theſe Gentlemen have inſerted therein many pieces not written by our great Bard, and the preſent is not in Jaggard's old edition of Shakeſpeare's Sonnets: We cannot, therefore, with certainty aſcribe it to him. *R.*

The

The ſervant to your will affects no flattery.
Rollo. Can it be flattery to ſwear thoſe eyes
Are Love's eternal lamps he fires all hearts with?
That tongue the ſmart ſtring to his bow? thoſe ſighs
The deadly ſhafts he ſends into our ſouls?
Oh, look upon me with thy ſpring of beauty!
Edith. Your Grace is full of game.
Rollo. By Heav'n, my Edith,
Thy mother fed on roſes when ſhe bred thee.
Edith. And thine on brambles, that have prick'd her heart out!
Rollo. The ſweetneſs of th' Arabian wind, ſtill blowing
Upon the treaſures of perfumes and ſpices,
In all their pride and pleaſures, call thee miſtreſs!
Edith. Will't pleaſe you ſit, Sir?
Rollo. So you pleaſe ſit by me.
Fair gentle maid, there is no ſpeaking to thee;
The excellency that appears upon thee
Ties up my tongue! Pray ſpeak to me.
Edith. Of what, Sir?
Rollo. Of any thing, and any thing is excellent.
Will you take my direction? Speak of love then;
Speak of thy fair ſelf, Edith; and while thou ſpeak'ſt,
Let me, thus languiſhing, give up myſelf, wench.
Edith. H'has a ſtrange cunning tongue.—Why do you ſigh, Sir?—
How maſterly he turns himſelf to catch me!
Rollo. The way to Paradiſe, my gentle maid,
Is hard and crooked, ſcarce repentance finding,
With all her holy helps, the door to enter.
Give me thy hand: What doſt thou feel?
Edith. Your tears, Sir;
You weep extremely.—Strengthen me now, juſtice!—
Why are theſe ſorrows, Sir?
Rollo. Thou'lt never love me
If I ſhould tell thee; and yet there's no way left
Ever to purchaſe this bleſs'd Paradiſe,
But ſwimming thither in theſe tears.

Edith. I ſtagger!
Rollo. Are they not drops of blood?
Edith. No.
Rollo. They're for blood then,
For guiltleſs blood! and they muſt drop, my Edith,
They muſt thus drop, 'till I have drown'd my miſchiefs.
Edith. If this be true, I have no ſtrength to touch him.
Rollo. I prithee look upon me; turn not from me!
Alas, I do confeſs I'm made of miſchief,
Begot with all mens' miſeries upon me;
But ſee my ſorrows, maid, and do not thou learn,
Whoſe only ſweeteſt ſacrifice is ſoftneſs,
Whoſe true condition tenderneſs of nature——
Edith. My anger melts; oh, I ſhall loſe my juſtice!
Rollo. Do not thou learn to kill with cruelty,
As I have done; to murder with thy eyes,
Thoſe bleſſed eyes, as I have done with malice,
When thou haſt wounded me to death with ſcorn,
(As I deſerve it, lady) for my true love,
When thou haſt loaden me with earth for ever,
Take heed my ſorrows, and the ſtings I ſuffer,
Take heed my nightly dreams of death and horror,
Purſue thee not; no time ſhall tell thy griefs then,
Nor ſhall an hour of joy add to thy beauties.
Look not upon me as I kill'd thy father;
As I was ſmear'd in blood, do thou not hate me;
But thus, in whiteneſs of my waſh'd repentance,
In my heart's tears and truth of love to Edith,
In my fair life hereafter——
Edith. He will fool me!
Rollo. Oh, with thine angel-eyes behold and bleſs me!
Of Heav'n we call for mercy, and obtain it;
To Juſtice for our right on earth, and have it;
Of thee I beg for love; ſave me, and give it!
Edith. Now, Heav'n, thy help, or I am gone for ever;
His tongue has turn'd me into melting pity!

Enter Hamond and Guard.

Ham. Keep the doors ſafe; and, upon pain of death,
Let

Let no man enter 'till I give the word.
Guard. We ſhall, Sir. [*Exeunt.*
Ham. Here he is, in all his pleaſure:
I have my wiſh.
Rollo. How now? why doſt thou ſtare ſo?
Edith. A help, I hope!
Rollo. What doſt thou here? who ſent thee?
Ham. My brother, and the baſe malicious office
Thou mad'ſt me do to Aubrey. Pray!
Rollo. Pray?
Ham. Pray!
Pray, if thou canſt pray; I ſhall kill thy ſoul elſe!
Pray ſuddenly!
Rollo. Thou canſt not be ſo traiterous!
Ham. It is a juſtice.—Stay, lady!
(For I perceive your end) a woman's hand
Muſt not rob me of vengeance.
Edith. 'Tis my glory!
Ham. 'Tis mine; ſtay, and ſhare with me.—By the gods, Rollo,
There is no way to ſave thy life!
Rollo. No?
Ham. No:
It is ſo monſtrous, no repentance cures it!
Rollo. Why then, thou ſhalt kill her firſt; and what this blood
Will caſt upon thy curſed head——
Ham. Poor guard, Sir!
Edith. 'Spare not, brave captain!
Rollo. Fear, or the devil have thee!
Ham. Such fear, Sir, as you gave your honour'd [illegible] her,
When your moſt virtuous brother ſhield-like held her,
Such I'll give you. Put her away.
Rollo. I will not;
I will not die ſo tamely.
Ham. Murderous villain,
Wilt thou draw ſeas of blood upon thee?
Edith. Fear not;

Kill

Kill him, good captain! any way diſpatch him!
My body's honour'd with that ſword that thro' me
Sends his black ſoul to hell! Oh, but for one hand!
Ham. Shake him off bravely.
Edith. He is too ſtrong. Strike him!
Ham. Oh, am I with you, Sir? Now keep you from him!
What, has he got a knife[65]?
Edith. Look to him, captain;
For now he will be miſchievous.
Ham. Do you ſmile, Sir?
Does it ſo tickle you? Have at you once more!
Edith. Oh, bravely thruſt. Take heed he come not in, Sir.
To him again; you give him too much reſpite.
Rollo. Yet wilt thou ſave my life? and I'll forgive thee,
And give thee all, all honours, all advancements,
Call thee my friend!
Edith. Strike, ſtrike, and hear him not!
His tongue will tempt a ſaint.
Rollo. Oh, for my ſoul ſake!
Edith. Save nothing of him!
Ham. Now for your farewell!
Are you ſo wary? take you that!
Rollo. Thou that too!
Oh, thou haſt kill'd me baſely, baſely, baſely! [*Dies.*
Edith. The juſt reward of murder falls upon thee!
How do you, Sir? has he not hurt you?
Ham. No;
I feel not any thing.
Aub. [*within.*] I charge you let us paſs.
Guard [*within*]. You cannot yet, Sir.
Aub. I'll make way then.
Guard. We are ſworn to our captain;
And, 'till he give the word——
Ham. Now let them in there.

[65] *A* knife.] *i. e.* A *dagger.*

Enter

Enter Sophia, Matilda, Aubrey, Lords and Attendants.

Soph. Oh, there he lies! Sorrow on ſorrow ſeeks me!
Oh, in his blood he lies!

Aub. Had you ſpoke ſooner,
This might have been prevented. Take the ducheſs,
And lead her off; this is no fight for her eyes.

Mat. Oh, bravely done, wench!

Edith. There ſtands the noble doer.

Mat. May honour ever ſeek thee for thy juſtice!
Oh, 'twas a deed of high and brave adventure,
A juſtice e'en for Heav'n to envy at!
Farewell, my ſorrows, and my tears take truce,
My wiſhes are come round! Oh, bloody brother,
'Till this hour never beauteous; 'till thy life,
Like a full ſacrifice for all thy miſchiefs,
Flow'd from thee in theſe rivers, never righteous!
Oh, how my eyes are quarried[66] with their joys now!
My longing heart e'en leaping out for lightneſs!
But, die thy black ſins with thee; I forgive thee!

Aub. Who did this deed?

Ham. I; and I'll anſwer it! [*Dies.*

Edith. He faints! Oh, that ſame curſed knife has kill'd him!

Aub. How?

Edith. He ſnatch'd it from my hand for whom I bore it;
And, as they grappled——

Aub. Juſtice is ever equal!
Had it not been on him, th' hadſt died too honeſt.
Did you know of his death?

Edith. Yes, and rejoice in't.

Aub. I'm ſorry for your youth then, for tho' the ſtrictneſs
Of law ſhall not fall on you, that of life
Muſt preſently. Go, to a cloyſter carry her;

[66] *Quarried.*] This is an alluſion to falconry. Latham, who wrote in the time of James I. explains the word *quarrie* 'to be taken for 'the fowle which is flowne at and ſlaine at any time, eſpecially when 'young hawks are flowne thereunto.' *R.*

And

And there for ever lead your life in penitence.

Edith. Beſt father to my ſoul, I give you thanks, Sir!
And now my fair revenges have their ends;
My vows ſhall be my kin, my prayers my friends!
[*Exit.*

Enter Latorch and Jugglers.

Lat. Stay there; I'll ſtep in, and prepare the duke.

Norb. We ſhall have brave rewards!

Fiſke. That's without queſtion.

Lat. By this time, where's my huſſing friend, lord Aubrey?
Where's that good gentleman? Oh, I could laugh now,
And burſt myſelf with mere imagination:
A wiſe man, and a valiant man, a juſt man,
Should ſuffer himſelf to be juggled out o'th' world,
By a number of poor gipſies! Farewell, ſwaſh-buckler;
For I know thy mouth is cold enough by this time.
A hundred of ye I can ſhave as neatly,
And ne'er draw blood in ſhow. Now ſhall my honour,
My power, and virtue, walk alone; my pleaſure
Obſerv'd by all; all knees bend to my worſhip;
All ſuits to me, as ſaint of all their fortunes,
Preferr'd and crowded to. What full place of credit,
And what ſtile now [67]? your lordſhip? no, 'tis common;
But that I'll think tomorrow on: Now for my buſineſs.

Aub. Who's there?

Lat. Ha! dead? my maſter dead? Aubrey alive too?

Guard. Latorch, Sir.

Aub. Seize his body!

Lat. Oh, my fortune!
My maſter dead?

Aub. And you, within this half-hour,
Prepare yourſelf, good devil! you muſt to it;

67 ——— *what full* place *of credit,*
And what place *now?*] The ſecond *place* ſeems to have been accidentally repeated, inſtead of ſome word that implies *title, honour,* or *dignity. Stile* ſeems to bid faireſt of any monoſyllable that occurs. *Seward.*

Millions

Millions of gold ſhall not redeem thy miſchiefs.
Behold the juſtice of thy practice, villain;
The maſs of murders thou haſt drawn upon us;
Behold thy doctrine! You look now for reward, Sir,
To be advanc'd, I'm ſure, for all your labours;
And you ſhall have it. Make his gallows higher
By ten foot at the leaſt, and then advance him.

Lat. Mercy, mercy!

Aub. It is too late, fool;
Such as you meant for me. Away with him!
[*He is led out.*
What peeping knaves are thoſe? Bring 'em in, fellows.
Now, what are you?

Norb. Mathematicians,
An't like your lordſhip.

Aub. And ye drew a figure?

Piſke. We have drawn many.

Aub. For the duke, I mean, Sir.
Latorch's knaves you are!

Norb. We know the gentleman.

Aub. What did he promiſe you?

Norb. We're paid already.

Aub. But I will ſee you better paid: Go, whip them!

Norb. We do beſeech your lordſhip! we were hir'd.

Aub. I know you were, and you ſhall have your hire:
Whip 'em extremely; whip that doctor there,
'Till he record himſelf a rogue.

Norb. I am one, Sir.

Aub. Whip him for being one; and when they're whipt,
Lead 'em to th' gallows to ſee their patron hang'd.
Away with them!

Norb. Ah, good my lord! [*They are led out.*

Aub. Now to mine own right, gentlemen.

1 *Lord.* You have the next indeed; we all confeſs it,
And here ſtand ready to inveſt you with it.

2 *Lord.* Which to make ſtronger to you, and the ſurer
Than blood or miſchiefs dare infringe again,
Behold this lady, Sir, this noble lady,

Full

Full of the blood as you are, of that nearneſs;
How bleſſed would it be——
Aub. I apprehend you;
And, ſo the fair Matilda dare accept me,
Her ever conſtant ſervant——
Mat. In all pureneſs,
In all humility of heart and ſervice,
To the moſt noble Aubrey I ſubmit me.
Aub. Then this is our firſt tie. Now to our buſineſs!
1 *Lord.* We're ready all to put the honour on you.
Aub. Theſe ſad rites muſt be done firſt: Take up the bodies;
This, as he was a prince, ſo princely funeral
Shall wait upon him; on this honeſt captain,
The decency of arms; a tear for him too.
So, ſadly on, and, as we view his blood,
May his example in our rule raiſe good!

Wilt thou, I say, forever play the Fool?
De Gard, be wise; and, Savoy, go to School! Act III

THE

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Hills aſcribe this Comedy wholly to Fletcher. In 1647, *(the Playhouſe Copy having been lent out of the houſe, and loſt) the Wild-gooſe Chaſe could not be inſerted among our Authors' other Plays: It was, however, afterwards recovered, and publiſhed in* 1652, *by Lowin and Taylor, two Players. Farquhar's Inconſtant is built on this Play; the mad ſcene of Oriana, and others, are almoſt tranſcribed; although both the Author in his Preface, and Mr. Rowe in the Epilogue, aſſert that only the hint was taken from this piece of our Author.*

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

De Gard, *a noble gentleman.*
La Caſtre, *father to Mirabell.*
Mirabell, *the Wild-Gooſe.*
Pinac, *his fellow-traveller, ſervant to Lillia-Bianca.*
Belleur, *companion to both, in love with Roſalura.*
Nantolet, *father to Roſalura and Lillia-Bianca.*
Lugier, *tutor to the ladies.*
A young Factor.
Two Merchants.
Singing-Boy.

WOMEN.

Oriana, *betroth'd to Mirabell.*
Roſalura, Lillia-Bianca, } *daughters of Nantolet.*
Petella, *their waiting-woman.*
Mariana, *an Engliſh courtezan.*

Page, Servants, Prieſt, and four Women.

SCENE, PARIS.

THE

THE

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Monſieur De Gard and a Footboy.

De Ga. SIRRAH, you know I have rid hard; ſtir my horſe well,
And let him want no litter.

Boy. I am ſure I've run hard;
'Would ſomebody would walk me, and ſee me litter'd,
For I think my fellow horſe cannot in reaſon
Deſire more reſt, nor take up his chamber before me:
But we are the beaſts now, and the beaſts are our maſters.

De Ga. When you have done, ſtep to the ten-crown ordinary——

Boy. With all my heart, Sir; for I have a twenty-crown ſtomach.

De Ga. And there beſpeak a dinner.

Boy [*going*]. Yes, Sir, preſently.

De Ga. For whom, I beſeech you, Sir?

Boy. For myſelf, I take it, Sir.

De Ga. In truth, you ſhall not take it; 'tis not meant for you;
There's for your provender. Beſpeak a dinner
For monſieur Mirabell, and his companions;

They'll be in town within this hour. When you have done, ſirrah,
Make ready all things at my lodging, for me,
And wait me there.

Boy. The ten-crown ordinary?

De Ga. Yes, Sir, if you have not forgot it.

Boy. I'll forget my feet firſt:
'Tis the beſt part of a footman's faith. [*Exit Boy.*

De Ga. Theſe youths,
For all they have been in Italy to learn thrift,
And ſeem to wonder at mens' laviſh ways,
Yet they can't rub off old friends, their French itches;
They muſt meet ſometimes to diſport their bodies
With good wine, and good women; and good ſtore too.
Let 'em be what they will, they are arm'd at all points,
And then hang ſaving, let the ſea grow high!
This ordinary can fit 'em of all ſizes.
They muſt ſalute their country with old cuſtoms.

Enter La Caſtre and Oriana.

Ori. Brother!

De Ga. My deareſt ſiſter!

Ori. Welcome, welcome!
Indeed, you are welcome home, moſt welcome!

De Ga. Thank ye!
You're grown a handſome woman, Oriana:
Bluſh at your faults. I'm wondrous glad to ſee you!
Monſieur La Caſtre, let not my affection
To my fair ſiſter make me held unmannerly:
I'm glad to ſee you well, to ſee you luſty,
Good health about you, and in fair company;
Believe me, I am proud——

La Ca. Fair Sir, I thank you.
Monſieur De Gard, you're welcome from your journey!
Good men have ſtill good welcome: Give me your hand, Sir.
Once more, you're welcome home! You look ſtill younger.

De Ga. Time has no leiſure to look after us;

We

We wander every where; age cannot find us.
La Ca. And how does all?
De Ga. All well, Sir, and all luſty.
La Ca. I hope my ſon be ſo: I doubt not, Sir,
But you have often ſeen him in your journies,
And bring me ſome fair news.
De Ga. Your ſon is well, Sir,
And grown a proper gentleman; he's well, and luſty.
Within this eight hours I took leave of him,
And over-rid him [1], having ſome ſlight buſineſs
That forc'd me out o'th' way: I can aſſure you,
He will be here to-night.
La Ca. You make me glad, Sir,
For, o' my faith, I almoſt long to ſee him!
Methinks, he has been away——
De Ga. 'Tis but your tenderneſs;
What are three years? a love-ſick wench will allow it [2].

[1] *And* over-ey'd *him, having ſome ſlight buſineſs*
That forc'd me out o' th' way.] *Over-ey'd* is plainly a corruption, and *out o' th' way* unſatisfactory. Mr. Seward reads with me,
*And over-*rid *him*——
——on *the way:*——
But yet I have ſome doubt whether *over-rid* is the true lection, there being a reading which has occurr'd to me, much nearer the traces of the letters than that advanc'd above, *viz.*
*And over-*yed *him,*——
i. e. Over-went him; though I am afraid the reader will think this too obſolete a word to ſtand in the text, as fitter for Chaucer or Spenſer, than Mr. Fletcher, and therefore I have choſe to leave the paſſage juſt as I found it. *Sympſon.*

The opening of the play, *Sirrah, I have* RID HARD, ſeems to countenance the conjectural reading of *over-*RID *him.* Obſolete and uncouth indeed is Mr. Sympſon's *over-*YED *him.* Were we to offer a reading 'near the trace of the letters,' we would rather propoſe *over-*HIED *him*, which might, we think, much more familiarly expreſs De Gard's having gone on before his fellow-traveller. As to *out of the way*, we ſee no difficulty requiring an alteration.

[2] ——*a love-ſick wench will* allow *it.*] As plauſible as this paſſage may ſeem at firſt ſight, yet I am afraid 'tis unſound; for whatever reaſons the poor wench might have to induce her to *allow* her lover's abſence, yet notwithſtanding them, ſhe might *bear* it ſtill with the utmoſt impatience. Why may not we read therefore,
——*love-ſick wench will* ſwallow *it:*
A three-years abſence (De Gard ſays) is nothing; it will *go eaſily down,*

His friends, that went out with him, are come back too,
Belleur, and young Pinac: He bid me ſay little,
Becauſe he means to be his own glad meſſenger.

La Ca. I thank you for this news, Sir. He ſhall be welcome,
And his friends too: Indeed, I thank you heartily!
And how (for I dare ſay you will not flatter him)
Has Italy wrought on him? has he mew'd yet
His wild fantaſtic toys? They ſay, that climate
Is a great purger of thoſe humorous fluxes.
How is he improv'd, I pray you?

De Ga. No doubt, Sir, well.
H'has borne himſelf a full and noble gentleman;
To ſpeak him further is beyond my charter.

La Ca. I'm glad to hear ſo much good. Come, I ſee
You long to enjoy your ſiſter; yet I muſt entreat you,
Before I go, to ſup with me to-night,
And muſt not be denied.

De Ga. I am your ſervant.

La Ca. Where you ſhall meet fair, merry, and noble company;
My neighbour Nantolet, and his two fair daughters.

De Ga. Your ſupper's ſeaſon'd well, Sir: I ſhall wait upon you.

La Ca. 'Till then I'll leave ye: And you're once more welcome! [*Exit.*

De Ga. I thank you, noble Sir!—Now, Oriana,
How have ye done ſince I went? have ye had your health well?
And your mind free?

---

even with a love-ſick girl. So, in the concluding ſcene of this play, Mirabell ſays,

——— I am pleas'd ye have deceiv'd me;
And willingly I ſwallow it, and joy in't. *Sympſon.*

Mr. Sympſon's conjecture, enforced by the authority which he quotes, is not unplauſible; yet he miſtakes the ſenſe of the word *allow* as here uſed, ſuppoſing it to be genuine: *A love-ſick wench will* ALLOW *it*; not meaning that ſhe will *permit* her lover to be abſent for three years; but that ſhe will *allow*, i. e. *agree*, that three years' abſence are no ſuch great matter.

Ori.

Ori. You ſee, I am not bated;
Merry, and eat my meat.
De Ga. A good preſervative,
And how have you been us'd? You know, Oriana,
Upon my going-out, at your requeſt,
I left your portion in La Caſtre's hands,
The main means you muſt ſtick to: For that reaſon,
And 'tis no little one, I aſk you, ſiſter,
With what humanity he entertains you,
And how you find his courteſy?
Ori. Moſt ready:
I can aſſure you, Sir, I'm us'd moſt nobly.
De Ga. I'm glad to hear it: But, I prithee, tell me,
And tell me true, what end had you, Oriana,
In truſting your money here? He is no kinſman,
Nor any tie upon him of a guardian;
Nor dare I think you doubt my prodigality.
Ori. No, certain, Sir; none of all this provok'd me;
Another private reaſon.
De Ga. 'Tis not private,
Nor carried ſo; 'tis common, my fair ſiſter;
Your love to Mirabell: Your bluſhes tell it.
'Tis too much known, and ſpoken of too largely;
And with no little ſhame I wonder at it.
Ori. Is it a ſhame to love?
De Ga. To love undiſcretely:
A virgin ſhould be tender of her honour,
Cloſe, and ſecure.
Ori. I am as cloſe as can be,
And ſtand upon as ſtrong and honeſt guards too;
Unleſs this warlike age need a portcullis.
Yet, I confeſs, I love him.
De Ga. Hear the people.
Ori. Now I ſay, hang the people! he that dares
Believe what they ſay, dares be mad, and give
His mother, nay, his own wife, up to rumour.
All grounds of truth, they build on, is a tavern;
And their beſt cenſure's ſack, ſack in abundance;

For as they drink, they think: They ne'er ſpeak modeſtly,
Unleſs the wine be poor, or they want money.
Believe them? Believe Amadis de Gaul,
The Knight o'th' Sun, or Palmerin of England;
For theſe, to them, are modeſt and true ſtories!
Pray underſtand me; if their tongues be truth,
And if *in vino veritas* be an oracle,
What woman is, or has been ever honeſt?
Give 'em but ten round cups, they'll ſwear Lucretia
Died not for want of power to reſiſt Tarquin,
But want of pleaſure, that he ſtay'd no longer:
And Portia, that was famous for her piety
To her lov'd lord, they'll face ye out, died o'th' pox.

De Ga. Well, there is ſomething, ſiſter.

Ori. If there be, brother,
'Tis none of their things; 'tis not yet ſo monſtrous:
My thing is marriage; and, at his return,
I hope to put their ſquint eyes right again.

De Ga. Marriage? 'Tis true, his father is a rich man,
Rich both in land and money; he his heir,
A young and handſome man, I muſt confeſs too;
But of ſuch qualities, and ſuch wild flings,
Such admirable imperfections, ſiſter,
(For all his travel[3], and bought experience)
I ſhould be loth to own him for my brother.
Methinks, a rich mind in a ſtate indifferent
Would prove the better fortune.

Ori. If he be wild,

[3] *All his travel and bought experience.*] Mr. Theobald fills up the meaſure thus,

——*and* his *bought experience*;

Mr. Seward thus,

——*and* dear-*bought experience*;

which he thinks is not only a completion of the meaſure, but an improvement of the ſenſe. *Sympſon.*

Theobald's *filling up the meaſure*, and Seward's *completion of the meaſure, and improvement of the ſenſe*, are both unneceſſary. The meaſure and ſenſe are each ſufficiently perfect; eſpecially ſuppoſing the word *experience*, after the manner of our Authors, to be reſolved into diſtinct ſyllables.

The

The reclaiming him to good and honeſt, brother,
Will make much for my honour; which, if I proſper,
Shall be the ſtudy of my love, and life too.

De Ga. You ſay well; 'would he thought as well, and lov'd too!
He marry? he'll be hang'd firſt; he knows no more
What the conditions and the ties of love are,
The honeſt purpoſes and grounds of marriage,
Nor will know, nor be ever brought t' endeavour,
Than I do how to build a church: He was ever
A looſe and ſtrong defier of all order;
His loves are wanderers, they knock at each door,
And taſte each diſh, but are no reſidents.
Or ſay, he may be brought to think of marriage,
(As 'twill be no ſmall labour) thy hopes are ſtrangers:
I know, there is a labour'd match now follow'd,
Now at this time, for which he was ſent for home too:
Be not abus'd; Nantolet has two fair daughters,
And he muſt take his choice.

Ori. Let him take freely:
For all this I deſpair not; my mind tells me
That I, and only I, muſt make him perfect;
And in that hope I reſt.

De Ga. Since you're ſo confident,
Proſper your hope! I'll be no adverſary;
Keep yourſelf fair and right, he ſhall not wrong you.

Ori. When I forget my virtue, no man know me!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, Belleur, and ſervants.

Mir. Welcome to Paris once more, gentlemen!
We have had a merry and a luſty ordinary,
And wine, and good meat, and a bouncing reckoning!
And let it go for once; 'tis a good phyſick:
Only the wenches are not for my diet;
They are too lean and thin, their embraces brawn-faln.
Give me the plump Venetian, fat, and luſty,
That meets me ſoft and ſupple; ſmiles upon me,

As if a cup of full wine leap'd to kiſs me;
Theſe ſlight things I affect not.
Pinac. They're ill built;
Pin-buttock'd, like your dainty Barbaries,
And weak i'th' paſterns; they'll endure no hardneſs.
Mir. There's nothing good or handſome bred amongſt us:
'Till we are travell'd, and live abroad, we're coxcombs.
You talk of France; a ſlight unſeaſon'd country,
Abundance of groſs food, which makes us blockheads!
We're fair ſet out indeed, and ſo are fore-horſes:
Men ſay, we are great courtiers; men abuſe us!
We are wiſe, and valiant too; *non credo*, ſignior!
Our women the beſt linguiſts; they are parrots;
O' this ſide the Alps they're nothing but mere drolleries[4].
Ha! *Roma la Santa*, Italy for my money!
Their policies, their cuſtoms, their frugalities,
Their courteſies ſo open, yet ſo reſerv'd too,
As, when you think you're known beſt, you're a ſtranger[5];
Their very pick-teeth ſpeak more man than we do,
And ſeaſon of more ſalt!
Pinac. 'Tis a brave country;
Not peſter'd with your ſtubborn preciſe puppies,
That turn all uſeful and allow'd contentments
To ſcabs and ſcruples: Hang 'em, capon-worſhippers!
Bel. I like that freedom well, and like their women too,
And would fain do as others do; but I'm ſo baſhful,
So naturally an aſs—Look ye, I can look upon 'em,
And very willingly I go to ſee 'em,
(There's no man willinger) and I can kiſs 'em,

---

[4] *Mere* drolleries.] This countenances, and perhaps confirms, our conjectural reading of *drolleries* for *dralleries* in the Tragedy of Valentinian. It is there as well as here applied to women: *Dralleries* too is, as far as we can diſcover, abſolute nonſenſe; and the corruption is eaſy. If the reader has any curioſity to refer to the paſſage in queſtion, he will find it p. 293, vol. iv.

[5] *You're* known *beſt*.] *i. e.* are *moſt acquainted* with them.

And

And make a ſhift———
Mir. But if they chance to flout you,
Or ſay, 'You are too bold! fy, Sir, remember!
'I pray, ſit further off——'
Bel. 'Tis true—I'm humbled,
I am gone; I confeſs ingenuouſly, I am ſilenc'd;
The ſpirit of amber cannot force me anſwer.
Pinac. Then would I ſing and dance——
Bel. You have wherewithal, Sir.
Pinac. And charge her up again.
Bel. I can be hang'd firſt;
Yet, where I faſten well, I am a tyrant.
Mir. Why, thou dar'ſt fight?
Bel. Yes, certainly, I dare fight,
And fight with any man at any weapon;
'Would, the other were no more! but, a pox on't,
When I am ſometimes in my height of hope,
And reaſonable valiant that way, my heart harden'd,
Some ſcornful jeſt or other chops between me
And my deſire: What would you have me to do then, gentlemen?
Mir. Belleur, you muſt be bolder: Travel three years,
And bring home ſuch a baby to betray you
As baſhfulneſs? a great fellow, and a ſoldier?
Bel. You have the gift of impudence; be thankful;
Every man has not the like talent. I will ſtudy,
And if it may be reveal'd to me——
Mir. Learn of me,
And of Pinac: No doubt, you'll find employment;
Ladies will look for courtſhip.
Pinac. 'Tis but fleſhing,
But ſtanding one good brunt or two. Haſt thou any mind to marriage?
We'll provide thee ſome ſoft-natur'd wench, that's dumb too.
Mir. Or an old woman that cannot refuſe thee in charity.

Bel.

Bel. A dumb woman, or an old woman, that were eager,
And car'd not for diſcourſe, I were excellent at.
Mir. You muſt now put on boldneſs (there's no avoiding it)
And ſtand all hazards, fly at all games bravely;
They'll ſay, you went out like an ox, and return'd like an aſs elſe.
Bel. I ſhall make danger ſure.
Mir. I am ſent for home now,
I know it is to marry; but my father ſhall pardon me:
Altho' it be a weighty ceremony [6],
And may concern me hereafter in my gravity,
I will not loſe the freedom of a traveller;
A new ſtrong luſty bark cannot ride at one anchor.
Shall I make divers ſuits to ſhew to the ſame eyes?
'Tis dull and home-ſpun! ſtudy ſeveral pleaſures,
And want employments for 'em? I'll be hang'd firſt!
Tie me to one ſmock? make my travels fruitleſs?
I'll none of that; for every freſh behaviour,
By your leave, father, I muſt have a freſh miſtreſs,
And a freſh favour too.
Bel. I like that paſſingly;
As many as you will, ſo they be willing,
Willing, and gentle, gentle!
Pinac. There's no reaſon
A gentleman, and a traveller, ſhould be clapt up,

[6] *A* witty *ceremony.*] Where the wit of the matrimonial ceremony lies, will, I believe, puzzle, at this time of the day, any of our wits to diſcover. Mr. Seward ſaw with me that the true reading ought to be,
——— *a* weighty *ceremony.* *Sympſon.*
The old reading, however, is not entirely indefenſible: *Wit* and *wiſdom*, as the late learned Editor of Evelyn's Silva obſerves, were, at the time when his Author wrote, and long before, ſynonimous terms, of which he gives the following inſtance: '———then might I by 'councell help my trouth, which by mine own *witt* I am not able 'againſte ſuch a prepared thynge.' Sir Thomas Wyat's Defence, No. ii. Walpole's Miſcell. Ant. 22.
Mr. Evelyn's words are, 'Rather, therefore, we ſhould take notice 'how many great *wits* and ingenious perſons, who have leiſure and 'faculty, are in pain for improvements of their heaths and barren 'hills, *&c.*'
Other examples might be produced. *R.*

(For

(For 'tis a kind of bilboes[7] to be married)
Before he manifeſt to the world his good parts:
Tug ever, like a raſcal, at one oar?
Give me the Italian liberty!

Mir. That I ſtudy,
And that I will enjoy. Come, go in, gentlemen;
There mark how I behave myſelf, and follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter La Caſtre, Nantolet, Lugier, Roſalura, and Lillia-Bianca.

La Ca. You and your beauteous daughters are moſt welcome!
Beſhrew my blood they're fair ones! Welcome, beauties,
Welcome, ſweet birds!

Nant. They're bound much to your courteſies.

La Ca. I hope, we ſhall be nearer acquainted.

Nant. That's my hope too;
For, certain, Sir, I much deſire your alliance.
You ſee 'em; they're no gypſies; for their breeding,
It has not been ſo coarſe, but they are able
To rank themſelves with women of fair faſhion.
Indeed, they have been trained well[8].

Lug. Thank me!

Nant. Fit for the heirs of that ſtate I ſhall leave 'em;
To ſay more, is to ſell 'em. They ſay, your ſon,
Now he has travell'd, muſt be wondrous curious

[7] *A kind of* bæboes *to be married.*] As this is a word I don't remember any where to be found, I have altered it, with Mr. Seward and Mr. Theobald, into one, which, as 'tis congruous to the ſenſe of the place, might very probably have been the original.

———bilboes *to be married.* *Sympſon.*

[8] *To rank themſelves with women of fair faſhion;*
Indeed, they have been trained well.] *Nantolet* had expreſſed himſelf modeſtly and genteelly of his daughters education, in the former part of his ſpeech, and the laſt line will be equally proper and genteel when given to *La Caſtre*, to whom it ſeems therefore evidently to belong. *Seward.*

We think the old reading beſt.

And

And choice in what he takes; theſe are no coarſe ones?
Sir, here's a merry wench—let him look to himſelf;
All heart, i'faith!—may chance to ſtartle him;
For all his care, and travell'd caution,
May creep into his eye: If he love gravity,
Affect a ſolemn face, there's one will fit him.

La Ca. So young and ſo demure?

Nant. She is my daughter,
Elſe I would tell you, Sir, ſhe is a miſtreſs
Both of thoſe manners, and that modeſty,
You would wonder at: She is no often-ſpeaker,
But, when ſhe does, ſhe ſpeaks well; nor no reveller,
Yet ſhe can dance, and has ſtudied the court elements,
And ſings, as ſome ſay, handſomely; if a woman,
With the decency of her ſex, may be a ſcholar,
I can aſſure you, Sir, ſhe underſtands too.

La Ca. Theſe are fit garments, Sir.

Lug. Thank them that cut 'em!
Yes, they are handſome women, they have handſome parts too,
Pretty becoming parts.

La Ca. 'Tis like they have, Sir.

Lug. Yes, yes, and handſome education they have had too,
Had it abundantly; they need not bluſh at it:
I taught it, I'll avouch it.

La Ca. You ſay well, Sir.

Lug. I know what I ſay, Sir, and I ſay but right, Sir:
I am no trumpet of their commendations
Before their father; elſe I ſhould ſay further.

La Ca. 'Pray you, what's this gentleman?

Nant. One that lives with me, Sir;
A man well bred and learn'd, but blunt and bitter;
Yet it offends no wiſe man; I take pleaſure in't:
Many fair gifts he has, in ſome of which,
That lie moſt eaſy to their underſtandings,
H'has handſomely bred up my girls, I thank him.

Lug. I have put it to 'em, that's my part, I have urg'd it;

It ſeems, they are of years now to take hold on't[9].

Nant. He's wondrous blunt.

La Ca. By my faith, I was afraid of him:
Does he not fall out with the gentlewomen ſometimes?

Nant. No, no; he's that way moderate and diſcrete, Sir.

Roſ. If he did, we ſhould be too hard for him.

Lug. Well ſaid, ſulphur!
Too hard for thy huſband's head, if he wear not armour.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, Belleur, De Gard, and Oriana.

Nant. Many of theſe bickrings, Sir.

La Ca. I'm glad, they are no oracles!
Sure as I live, he beats them, he's ſo puiſſant.

Ori. Well, if you do forget——

Mir. Prithee, hold thy peace!
I know thou art a pretty wench; I know thou lov'ſt me;
Preſerve it 'till we have a fit time to diſcourſe on't,
And a fit place; I'll eaſe thy heart, I warrant thee:
Thou ſeeſt, I have much to do now.

Ori. I am anſwer'd, Sir:
With me you ſhall have nothing on theſe conditions.

De Ga. Your father and your friends.

La Ca. You're welcome home, Sir!
'Bleſs you, you're very welcome! 'Pray know this gentleman,
And theſe fair ladies.

Nant. Monſieur Mirabell,
I am much affected with your fair return, Sir;
You bring a general joy.

Mir. I bring you ſervice,
And theſe bright beauties, Sir.

Nant. Welcome home, gentlemen!

---

9. *I have put it to 'em, that's my part, I have urg'd it,*
It ſeems, they are of years now to take hold on't.
He's wondrous blunt.] A ſmall degree of attention will ſhew us, that the two firſt lines can properly belong to no one but *Lugier*.
Sympſon.

Welcome,

Welcome, with all my heart!
Bel. Pinac. We thank you, Sir.
La Ca. Your friends will have their ſhare too.
Bel. Sir, we hope
They'll look upon us, tho' we ſhew like ſtrangers.
Nant. Monſieur De Gard, I muſt ſalute you alſo,
And this fair gentlewoman: You're welcome from your travel too!
All welcome, all!
De Ga. We render you our loves, Sir,
The beſt wealth we bring home [10]. By your favours, beauties!
One of theſe two [11]: You know my meaning.
Ori. Well, Sir;
They're fair and handſome, I muſt needs confeſs it,
And, let it prove the worſt, I ſhall live after it:
Whilſt I have meat and drink, love cannot ſtarve me;
For, if I die o'th' firſt fit, I'm unhappy,

[10] *The beſt wealth*, &c.] Mr. Sympſon has made a ſtrange piece of work here; he puts no part of this line into the text of his edition, and yet has quoted the latter part of it in the following note.

[11] *One of theſe two: You know my meaning*, &c.] This *De Gard* ſpeaks aſide to his ſiſter, as the text ſtands at preſent, and ſeemingly her anſwer that follows fixes it here; but what is there left then to introduce and make way for *Mirabell's*

To marry, Sir?

To remove all difficulties, it would perhaps be the beſt to make the whole run thus;

——— *by your favours, beauties.*
La Ca. *One of theſe two: You know my meaning.* [Aſide to Mir.
Oriana. *Well*——— [Aſide to herſelf.
They are fair and handſome, I muſt needs confeſs it;
And let it prove the worſt, I ſhall live after it,
Whilſt I have meat and drink, love cannot ſtarve me;
For if I die o' th' firſt fit I am unhappy,
And worthy to be buried with my heels upward.
Mira. *To marry, Sir?* *Sympſon.*

During the dialogue in the text, *La Caſtre* has been talking apart to *Mirabell*, and it is their ſuppoſed converſation which is 'to introduce 'and make way for *Mirabell's*

'*To marry, Sir?*'

We do not ſee how Sympſon's arrangement removes the difficulty he has created.

And

And worthy to be buried with my heels upward.

Mir. To marry, Sir?

La Ca. You know, I am an old man,
And every hour declining to my grave,
One foot already in; more ſons I have not,
Nor more I dare not ſeek whilſt you are worthy;
In you lies all my hope, and all my name,
The making good or wretched of my memory,
The ſafety of my ſtate.

Mir. And you've provided,
Out of this tenderneſs, theſe handſome gentlewomen,
Daughters to this rich man, to take my choice of?

La Ca. I have, dear ſon.

Mir. 'Tis true, you're old, and feebled;
'Would you were young again, and in full vigour!
I love a bounteous father's life, a long one;
I'm none of thoſe, that, when they ſhoot to ripeneſs,
Do what they can to break the boughs they grew on;
I wiſh you many years, and many riches,
And pleaſures to enjoy 'em: But for marriage,
I neither yet believe in't, nor affect it,
Nor think it fit.

La Ca. You'll render me your reaſons?

Mir. Yes, Sir, both ſhort and pithy, and theſe they are:
You would have me marry a maid?

La Ca. A maid? what elſe?

Mir. Yes, there be things called widows, dead mens' wills,
I never lov'd to prove thoſe; nor never long'd yet
To be buried alive in another man's cold monument.
And there be maids appearing, and maids being:
The appearing are fantaſtic things, mere ſhadows;
And, if you mark 'em well, they want their heads too;
Only the world, to cozen miſty eyes,
Has clapt 'em on new faces. The maids being
A man may venture on, if he be ſo mad to marry,
If he have neither fear before his eyes, nor fortune;
And let him take heed how he gather theſe too;

For

For look you, father, they are juſt like melons,
Muſk-melons are the emblems of theſe maids;
Now they are ripe, now cut 'em they taſte pleaſantly,
And are a dainty fruit, digeſted eaſily;
Neglect this preſent time, and come tomorrow,
They are ſo ripe [12], they're rotten—gone! their ſweetneſs
Run into humour, and their taſte to ſurfeit!
La Ca. Why, theſe are now ripe, ſon.
Mir. I'll try them preſently,
And, if I like their taſte——
La Ca. 'Pray you pleaſe yourſelf, Sir.
Mir. That liberty is my due, and I'll maintain it.
Lady, what think you of a handſome man now?
Roſ. A wholeſome too, Sir?
Mir. That's as you make your bargain.
A handſome, wholeſome man then, and a kind man,
To cheer your heart up, to rejoice you, lady?
Roſ. Yes, Sir, I love rejoicing.
Mir. To lie cloſe to you?
Cloſe as a cockle? keep the cold nights from you?
Roſ. That will be look'd for too; our bodies aſk it.
Mir. And get two boys at every birth?
Roſ. That's nothing;
I've known a cobler do it, a poor thin cobler,
A cobler out of mouldy cheeſe perform it,
Cabbage, and coarſe black bread; methinks, a gentleman
Should take foul ſcorn to have an awl out-name him.
Two at a birth? Why, every houſe-dove has it:
That man that feeds well, promiſes as well too,
I ſhould expect indeed ſomething of worth from.
You talk of two?
Mir. She would have me get two dozen,
Like buttons, at a birth.

[12] *They are rotten* gone.] Probably, *rotten* grown. *Sympſon.*
We think *rotten* GONE better than *rotten* GROWN; but a ſtop renders it ſtill better;
They are ſo ripe, they are rotten—gone! *&c.*

Roſ.

Roſ. You love to brag, Sir;
If you proclaim theſe offers at your marriage,
(You are a pretty-timber'd man; take heed!)
They may be taken hold of, and expected,
Yes, if not hop'd for at a higher rate too.
Mir. I will take heed, and thank you for your counſel.—
Father, what think you?
La Ca. 'Tis a merry gentlewoman;
Will make, no doubt, a good wife.
Mir. Not for me:
I marry her, and, happily, get nothing;
In what a ſtate am I then, father? I ſhall ſuffer,
For any thing I hear to th' contrary, *more majorum*;
I were as ſure to be a cuckold, father,
A gentleman of antler——
La Ca. Away, away, fool!
Mir. As I am ſure to fail her expectation.
I had rather get the pox than get her babies!
La Ca. You're much to blame! If this do not affect you,
Pray try the other; ſhe's of a more demure way.
Eel. That I had but the audacity to talk thus!
I love that plain-ſpoken gentlewoman admirably;
And, certain, I could go as near to pleaſe her,
If down-right doing—Sh' has a perilous countenance!
If I could meet one that would believe me,
And take my honeſt meaning without circumſtance—
Mir. You ſhall have your will, Sir; I will try the other;
But 'twill be to ſmall uſe.—I hope, fair lady,
(For, methinks, in your eyes I ſee more mercy)
You will enjoin your lover a leſs penance;
And tho' I'll promiſe much, as men are liberal,
And vow an ample ſacrifice of ſervice,
Yet your diſcretion, and your tenderneſs,
And thriftineſs in love, good huſwife's carefulneſs
To keep the ſtock entire——
Lil. Good Sir, ſpeak louder,

That theſe may witneſs too, you talk of nothing:
I ſhould be loth alone to bear the burthen
Of ſo much indiſcretion.
Mir. Hark ye, hark ye!
Ods-bobs, you're angry, lady!
Lil. Angry? no, Sir;
I never own'd an anger to loſe poorly.
Mir. But you can love, for all this; and delight too,
For all your ſet auſterity, to hear
Of a good huſband, lady?
Lil. You ſay true, Sir;
For, by my troth, I've heard of none theſe ten years,
They are ſo rare; and there are ſo many, Sir,
So many longing women on their knees too,
That pray the dropping-down of theſe good huſbands—
The dropping-down from Heav'n; for they're not bred here—
That you may gueſs at all my hope, but hearing—
Mir. Why may not I be one?
Lil. You were near 'em once, Sir,
When ye came o'er the Alps; thoſe are near Heaven:
But ſince you miſs'd that happineſs, there is no hope of you.
Mir. Can ye love a man?
Lil. Yes, if the man be lovely;
That is, be honeſt, modeſt. I would have him valiant,
His anger ſlow, but certain for his honour;
Travell'd he ſhould be, but thro' himſelf exactly,
For 'tis fairer to know manners well than countries;
He muſt be no vain talker, nor no lover
To hear himſelf talk; they are brags of a wanderer,
Of one finds no retreat for fair behaviour.
Would you learn more?
Mir. Yes.
Lil. Learn to hold your peace then:
Fond girls are got with tongues, women with tempers.
Mir. Women, with I know what; but let that vaniſh:
Go thy way, good wife Bias! Sure, thy huſband
Muſt

Muſt have a ſtrong philoſopher's ſtone, he will ne'er
pleaſe thee elſe.
Here's a ſtarcht piece of auſterity! Do you hear, father?
Do you hear this moral lecture?
La Ca. Yes, and like it.
Mir. Why, there's your judgment now; there's an
old bolt ſhot!
This thing muſt have the ſtrangeſt obſervation,
(Do you mark me, father?) when ſhe is married once,
The ſtrangeſt cuſtom too of admiration
On all ſhe does and ſpeaks, 'twill be paſt ſufferance;
I muſt not lie with her in common language,
Nor cry, "Have at thee, Kate!' I ſhall be hiſs'd then;
Nor eat my meat without the ſauce of ſentences,
Your powder'd beef and problems, a rare diet!
My firſt ſon monſieur Ariſtotle, I know it,
Great maſter of the metaphyſicks, or ſo;
The ſecond, Solon, and the beſt law-ſetter;
And I muſt look Egyptian god-fathers,
Which will be no ſmall trouble: My eldeſt daughter
Sappho, or ſuch a fidling kind of poeteſs,
And brought up, *invitâ Minervâ*, at her needle;
My dogs muſt look their names too, and all Spartan,
Lelaps, Melampus; no more Fox and Baudiface.
I married to a ſullen ſet of ſentences?
To one that weighs her words and her behaviours
In the gold weights of diſcretion? I'll be hang'd firſt.
La Ca. Prithee reclaim thyſelf.
Mir. Pray ye, give me time then:
If they can ſet me any thing to play at,
That ſeems fit for a gameſter, have at the faireſt!
'Till then ſee more, and try more[13]!
La Ca. Take your time then;

[13] *'Till I ſee more, and try more.*] The ſenſe here ſeems to indicate a ſlight corruption; which, however, makes a material difference: We would read,

Pray ye, give me time then:
If they can ſet me any thing to play at,
That ſeems fit for a gameſter, have at the faireſt!
'Till then *ſee more, and try more!*
La Ca. *Take your time then.*

I'll bar you no fair liberty. Come, gentlemen;
And, ladies, come; to all, once more, a welcome!
And now let's in to ſupper. [*Exit.*

Mir. How doſt like 'em?

Pinac. They're fair enough, but of ſo ſtrange behaviours——

Mir. Too ſtrange for me: I muſt have thoſe have mettle,
And mettle to my mind. Come, let's be merry.

Bel. Bleſs me from this woman! I would ſtand the cannon,
Before ten words of hers.

De Ga. Do you find him now?
Do you think he will be ever firm?

Ori. I fear not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, and Belleur.

Mir. NE'ER tell me of this happineſs; 'tis nothing!
The ſtate they bring with being ſought-to, ſcurvy!
I had rather make mine own play, and I will do.
My happineſs is in mine own content,
And the deſpiſing of ſuch glorious trifles*,
As I have done a thouſand more. For my humour,
Give me a good free fellow, that ſticks to me,
A jovial fair companion; there's a beauty!
For women, I can have too many of them;
Good women too, as the age reckons 'em,
More than I have employment for.

Pinac. You're happy.

Mir. My only fear is, that I muſt be forc'd,
Againſt my nature, to conceal myſelf:

* Glorious *trifles.*] i. e. VAIN *trifles.* The word occurs twice again, in the ſame ſenſe, in this act, p. 203, lines 2 and 24. So the French often uſe *gloire* and *glorieux.*

Health

Health and an able body are two jewels.

Pinac. If either of theſe two women were offer'd to me now,
I would think otherwiſe, and do accordingly;
Yes, and recant my hereſies, I would, Sir,
And be more tender of opinion,
And put a little of my travell'd liberty
Out of the way, and look upon 'em ſeriouſly.
Methinks, this grave-carried wench——

Bel. Methinks, the other,
The home-ſpoken gentlewoman, that deſires to be fruitful,
That treats of the full manage of the matter,
(For there lies all my aim) that wench, methinks,
If I were but well ſet on, for ſhe is a fable[14],
If I were but hounded right, and one to teach me:
She ſpeaks to th' matter, and comes home to th' point!
Now do I know I have ſuch a body to pleaſe her,
As all the kingdom cannot fit her with, I'm ſure on't,
If I could but talk myſelf into her favour.

Mir. That's eaſily done.

Bel. That's eaſily ſaid; 'would 'twere done!
You ſhould ſee then how I would lay about me.
If I were virtuous, it would never grieve me,
Or any thing that might juſtify my modeſty;
But when my nature is prone to do a charity,
And my calf's tongue will not help me[15]——

[14] ——*for ſhe is* a fable.] The glaring nonſenſe of this paſſage ſtrikes at firſt ſight. I ſhall give the reader what I imagine was the original lection, and leave it to him whether it muſt ſtand or fall:

——*for ſhe is* affable. *Sympſon.*

Sympſon's conjecture is ingenious, though we can't think the preſent reading *glaring nonſenſe*; and the next line ſeems to enforce it. The whole paſſage ſhould be in a parentheſis, thus,

——*that wench, methinks,*
If I were but well ſet on—(for ſhe is a fable,
If I were but hounded right, and one to teach me)—
She ſpeaks, &c.

[15] And *my calf's tongue.*] *And* ought evidently to be changed into *Then.* *Sympſon.*

Leaving the ſentence broken, as it ought to be, *And* is right, and moſt ſpirited.

Mir. Will you go to 'em?
They can't but take it courteouſly.
Pinac. I'll do my part,
Tho' I am ſure 'twill be the hardeſt I e'er play'd yet;
A way I never tried too, which will ſtagger me;
And, if it do not ſhame me, I am happy.
Mir. Win 'em, and wear 'em; I give up my intereſt.
Pinac. What ſay you, monſieur Belleur?
Bel. 'Would I could ſay,
Or ſing, or any thing that were but handſome!
I would be with her preſently!
Pinac. Yours is no venture;
A merry, ready wench.
Bel. A vengeance ſquibber!
She'll fleer me out of faith too.
Mir. I'll be near thee;
Pluck up thy heart; I'll ſecond thee at all brunts.
Be angry, if ſhe abuſe thee, and beat her a little;
Some women are won that way.
Bel. Pray be quiet,
And let me think: I am reſolv'd to go on;
But how I ſhall get off again——
Mir. I am perſuaded
Thou wilt ſo pleaſe her, ſhe'll go near to raviſh thee.
Bel. I would 'twere come to that once! Let me pray a little.
Mir. Now for thine honour, Pinac! Board me this modeſty,
Warm but this frozen ſnow-ball, 'twill be a conqueſt
(Altho' I know thou art a fortunate wencher,
And haſt done rarely in thy days) above all thy ventures.
Bel. You will be ever near?
Mir. At all neceſſities;
And take thee off, and ſet thee on again, boy,
And cheriſh thee, and ſtroke thee.
Bel. Help me out too;
For I know I ſhall ſtick i'th' mire. If ye ſee us cloſe once,
Be gone, and leave me to my fortune, ſuddenly,
For I am then determin'd to do wonders.
Farewell,

Farewell, and fling an old ſhoe[16]. How my heart throbs!
'Would I were drunk! Farewell, Pinac! Heav'n ſend us
A joyful and a merry meeting, man!

Pinac. Farewell,
And chear thy heart up! and remember, Belleur,
They are but women.

Bel. I had rather they were lions. [*Exe. Bel. & Pinac.*

Mir. About it; I'll be with ye inſtantly.

Enter Oriana.

Shall I ne'er be at reſt? no peace of conſcience?
No quiet for theſe creatures? am I ordain'd
To be devour'd quick by theſe ſhe-cannibals?
Here's another they call handſome; I care not for her,
I ne'er look after her: When I am half tippled,
It may be I ſhould turn her, and peruſe her;
Or, in my want of women, I might call for her;
But to be haunted when I have no fancy,
No maw to th' matter—Now! why do you follow me?

Ori. I hope, Sir, 'tis no blemiſh to my virtue;
Nor need you, out of ſcruple, aſk that queſtion,
If you remember you, before your travel,
The contract you tied to me: 'Tis my love, Sir,
That makes me ſeek you, to confirm your memory;
And that being fair and good, I cannot ſuffer.
I come to give you thanks too.

Mir. For what, prithee?

Ori. For that fair piece of honeſty you ſhew'd, Sir,
That conſtant nobleneſs.

Mir. How? for I am ſhort-headed.

Ori. I'll tell ye then; for refuſing that free offer
Of monſieur Nantolet's, thoſe handſome beauties,
Thoſe two prime ladies, that might well have preſt ye,
If not to have broken[17], yet to have bow'd your promiſe.

[16] *Fling an old ſhoe*] *i. e.* In order to produce good luck. It is a ſaying not yet obſolete. *R.*

[17] *If not to have broken, yet to have bow'd your promiſe.*] Butler probably had this place in his head when he wrote theſe lines,

'Marriage, at beſt, is but a vow,
'Which all men either break or bow.' *Sympſon.*

I know it was for my ſake, for your faith ſake;
You ſlipt 'em off; your honeſty compell'd ye;
And let me tell ye, Sir, it ſhew'd moſt handſomely.
Mir. And let me tell thee, there was no ſuch matter;
Nothing intended that way, of that nature:
I have more to do with my honeſty than to fool it,
Or venture it in ſuch leak barks as women.
I put 'em off becauſe I lov'd 'em not,
Becauſe they are too queaſy for my temper,
And not for thy ſake, nor the contract ſake,
Nor vows nor oaths; I have made a thouſand of 'em;
They are things indifferent, whether kept or broken;
Mere venial ſlips, that grow not near the conſcience:
Nothing concerns thoſe tender parts; they are trifles:
For, as I think, there was never man yet hop'd for
Either conſtancy or ſecrecy, from a woman,
Unleſs it were an aſs ordain'd for ſufferance;
Nor to contract with ſuch can be a tial [18];
So let them know again; for 'tis a juſtice,
And a main point of civil policy,
Whate'er we ſay or ſwear, they being reprobates,
Out of the ſtate of faith, we're clear of all ſides,
And 'tis a curious blindneſs to believe us.
Ori. You do not mean this, ſure?
Mir. Yes, ſure, and certain;
And hold it poſitively, as a principle,
As ye are ſtrange things, and made of ſtrange fires and fluxes,
So we're allow'd as ſtrange ways to obtain ye,
But not to hold; we're all created errant.
Ori. You told me other tales.
Mir. I not deny it;
I've tales of all ſorts for all ſorts of women,
And proteſtations likewiſe of all ſizes,

[18] *Can be a* tial.] Mr. Theobald makes a *query* about *tial* in his margin; as it is a word I don't know any where to be found, I have, with Mr. Seward, taken the freedom to alter it. *Sympſon.*

Mr. Sympſon changes *tial* to *tie*: We have retained the old word, and think it is intelligible, though there be no other authority for it.

As

As they have vanities to make us coxcombs:
If I obtain a good turn, ſo it is,
I'm thankful for it; if I be made an aſs,
The 'mends are in mine own hands, or the ſurgeon's,
And there's an end on't.

Ori. Do not you love me then?

Mir. As I love others; heartily I love thee;
When I am high and luſty, I love thee cruelly:
After I've made a plenteous meal, and ſatisfied
My ſenſes with all delicates, come to me,
And thou ſhalt ſee how I love thee.

Ori. Will not you marry me?

Mir. No, certain, no, for any thing I know yet:
I muſt not loſe my liberty, dear lady,
And, like a wanton ſlave, cry for more ſhackles.
What ſhould I marry for? do I want any thing?
Am I an inch the further from my pleaſure?
Why ſhould I be at charge to keep a wife of mine own,
When other honeſt married mens' will eaſe me,
And thank me too, and be beholden to me?
Thou think'ſt I'm mad for a maidenhead; thou art cozen'd:
Or, if I were addicted to that diet,
Can you tell me where I ſhould have one? Thou art eighteen now,
And if thou haſt thy maidenhead yet extant,
Sure, 'tis as big as cods-head; and thoſe grave diſhes
I never love to deal withal. Doſt thou ſee this book here?
Look over all theſe ranks; all theſe are women,
Maids, and pretenders to maidenheads; theſe are my conqueſts;
All theſe I ſwore to marry, as I ſwore to thee,
With the ſame reſervation, and moſt righteouſly:
Which I need not have done neither; for, alas, they made no ſcruple,
And I enjoy'd 'em at my will, and left 'em:
Some of 'em are married ſince, and were as pure maids again,

Nay,

Nay, o' my conſcience, better than they were bred for;
The reſt, fine ſober women.

Ori. Are you not aſham'd, Sir?

Mir. No, by my troth, Sir; there's no ſhame belongs to it;
I hold it as commendable to be wealthy in pleaſure,
As others do in rotten ſheep and paſture!

Enter De Gard.

Ori. Are all my hopes come to this? Is there no faith,
No troth, nor modeſty, in men?

De Ga. How now, ſiſter?
Why weeping thus? Did I not propheſy?
Come, tell me why——

Ori. I am not well; pray ye pardon me. [*Exit.*

De Ga. Now, monſieur Mirabell, what ails my ſiſter?
You have been playing the wag with her.

Mir. As I take it,
She is crying for a cod-piece. Is ſhe gone?
Lord, what an age is this! I was calling for ye;
For, as I live, I thought ſhe would have raviſh'd me.

De Ga. You're merry, Sir.

Mir. Thou know'ſt this book, De Gard, this inventory?

De Ga. The debt-book of your miſtreſſes; I remember it.

Mir. Why, this was it that anger'd her; ſhe was ſtark mad
She found not her name here; and cried down-right,
Becauſe I would not pity her immediately,
And put her in my liſt.

De Ga. Sure ſhe had more modeſty.

Mir. Their modeſty is anger to be over-done;
They'll quarrel ſooner for precedence here,
And take it in more dudgeon to be ſlighted,
Than they will in publick meetings; 'tis their natures:
And, alas, I have ſo many to diſpatch yet,
And to provide myſelf for my affairs too,

That,

That, in good faith——

De Ga. Be not too glorious-fooliſh;
Sum not your travels up with vanities;
It ill becomes your expectation [19]!
Temper your ſpeech, Sir! Whether your looſe ſtory
Be true or falſe, (for you're ſo free, I fear it)
Name not my ſiſter in't, I muſt not hear it;
Upon your danger, name her not! I hold her
A gentlewoman of thoſe happy parts and carriage,
A good man's tongue may be right proud to ſpeak her.

Mir. Your ſiſter, Sir? d'ye blench at that? d'ye cavil?
D'ye hold her ſuch a piece ſhe mayn't be play'd withal?
I've had an hundred handſomer and nobler,
Have ſued to me too, for ſuch a courteſy;
Your ſiſter comes i'th' rear. Since ye're ſo angry,
And hold your ſiſter ſuch a ſtrong Recuſant,
I tell ye, I may do it; and, it may be, will too;
It may be, have too; there's my free confeſſion:
Work upon that now!

De Ga. If I thought ye had, I would work,
And work ſuch ſtubborn work ſhould make your heart ake!
But I believe ye, as I ever knew ye,
A glorious talker, and a legend-maker
Of idle tales, and trifles; a depraver
Of your own truth: Their honours fly above ye [20]!
And ſo I take my leave; but with this caution,
Your ſword be ſurer than your tongue! you'll ſmart elſe.

[19] *Your expectation.*] *i. e.* The expectation the world has of you. *Sympſon.*

[20] ——*their honours fly* about *ye.*] But for what? We have here a manifeſt corruption, and the true reading is,

——*honours fly* above *ye*;

i. e. are out of the reach of your tongue, *&c.* *Sympſon.*

Mr. Sympſon, we think, has ſuggeſted the right reading, (which we have placed in the text); but he has not rightly explained his own emendation:

Their honours fly above *you*;

i. e. (not 'out of the reach of your tongue,' but) beyond your malice to impeach, or power to ſubdue.

Mir.

Mir. I laugh at thee, ſo little I reſpect thee!
And I'll talk louder, and deſpiſe thy ſiſter;
Set up a chamber-maid that ſhall out-ſhine her,
And carry her in my coach too, and that will kill her.
Go, get thy rents up, go!

De Ga. You are a fine gentleman! [*Exit.*

Mir. Now have at my two youths; I'll ſee how they do;
How they behave themſelves; and then I'll ſtudy
What wench ſhall love me next, and when I'll looſe her[21]. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Pinac and a Servant.

Pinac. Art thou her ſervant, ſay'ſt thou?

Serv. Her poor creature;
But ſervant to her horſe, Sir.

Pinac. Canſt thou ſhew me
The way to her chamber, or where I may conveniently
See her, or come to talk to her?

Serv. That I can, Sir;
But the queſtion is, whether I will or no.

Pinac. Why, I'll content thee.

Serv. Why, I'll content thee then; now you come to me.

Pinac. There's for your diligence.

Serv. There's her chamber, Sir,
And this way ſhe comes out; ſtand you but here, Sir,
You have her at your proſpect, or your pleaſure.

Pinac. Is ſhe not very angry?

Serv. You'll find that quickly:
May-be ſhe'll call you ſaucy ſcurvy fellow,
Or ſome ſuch familiar name; may-be ſhe knows you,
And will fling a piſs-pot at you, or a pantofle,
According as you are in acquaintance: If ſhe like you,
May-be ſhe'll look upon you; may-be no;

[21] *And when I'll* loſe *her.*] Edit. 1652 reads, *And when I'll* looſe *her*, which we have followed.

And

And two months hence call for you.

Pinac. This is fine.
She's monſtrous proud then?

Serv. She's a little haughty;
Of a ſmall body, ſhe has a mind well mounted.
Can you ſpeak Greek?

Pinac. No, certain.

Serv. Get you gone then!
And talk of ſtars, and firmaments, and fire-drakes?
Do you remember who was Adam's ſchoolmaſter,
And who taught Eve to ſpin? She knows all theſe,
And will run you over the beginning o' th' world
As familiar as a fidler. Can you
Sit ſeven hours together, and ſay nothing?
Which ſhe will do, and, when ſhe ſpeaks, ſpeak oracles,
Speak things that no man underſtands, nor herſelf neither.

Pinac. Thou mak'ſt me wonder!

Serv. Can you ſmile?

Pinac. Yes, willingly;
For naturally I bear a mirth about me.

Serv. She'll ne'er endure you then; ſhe's never merry;
If ſhe ſee one laugh, ſhe'll ſwoon paſt *aqua vitæ*.
Never come near her, Sir; if you chance to venture,
And talk not like a doctor, you are damn'd too.
I've told you enough for your crown, and ſo good ſpeed you! [*Exit.*

Pinac. I have a pretty taſk, if ſhe be thus curious,
As, ſure, it ſeems ſhe is! If I fall off now,
I ſhall be laugh'd at fearfully; if I go forward,
I can but be abus'd, and that I look for;
And yet I may hit right, but 'tis unlikely.
Stay! in what mood and figure ſhall I attempt her?
A careleſs way? No, no, that will not waken her;
Beſides, her gravity will give me line ſtill,
And let me loſe myſelf; yet this way often
Has hit, and handſomely. A wanton method?
Ay, if ſhe give it leave to ſink into her conſideration;

But

But there's the doubt: If it but ſtir her blood once,
And creep into the crannies of her fancy,
Set her a-gog—But if ſhe chance to ſlight it,
And by the pow'r of her modeſty fling it back,
I ſhall appear the arrant'ſt raſcal to her,
The moſt licentious knave—for I ſhall talk lewdly.
To bear myſelf auſterely? rate my words?
And fling a general gravity about me,
As if I meant to give laws? But this I cannot do,
This is a way above my underſtanding:
Or, if I could, 'tis odds ſhe'll think I mock her;
For ſerious and ſad things are ever ſtill ſuſpicious.
Well, I'll ſay ſomething:
But learning I have none, and leſs good manners,
Eſpecially for ladies. Well; I'll ſet my beſt face.

Enter Lillia and Petella.

I hear ſome coming. This is the firſt woman
I ever fear'd yet, the firſt face that ſhakes me.

Lil. Give me my hat, Petella; take this veil off,
This ſullen cloud; it darkens my delights.
Come, wench, be free, and let the muſick warble;
Play me ſome luſty meaſure.

Pinac. This is ſhe, ſure,
The very ſame I ſaw, the very woman,
The gravity I wonder'd at. Stay, ſtay;
Let me be ſure. Ne'er truſt me, but ſhe danceth!
Summer is in her face now, and ſhe ſkippeth.
I'll go a little nearer.

Lil. Quicker time, fellows!
I cannot find my legs yet. Now, Petella!

Enter Mirabell.

Pinac. I am amaz'd! I'm founder'd in my fancy!

Mir. Ha! ſay you ſo? Is this your gravity?
This the auſterity you put upon you?
I'll ſee more o' this ſport.

Lil. A ſong now!
Call in for a merry, and a light ſong;

And

And ſing it with a liberal ſpirit.

Enter a Man.

Man. Yes, madam.

Lil. And be not amaz'd, ſirrah, but take us for your own company.

Let's walk ourſelves: Come, wench. 'Would we had a man or two!

Pinac. Sure, ſhe has ſpied me, and will abuſe me dreadfully;

She has put on this for the purpoſe; yet I will try her.—

Madam, I would be loth my rude intruſion,

Which I muſt crave a pardon for——

Lil. Oh, you are welcome,

You are very welcome, Sir! we want ſuch a one,

Strike up again. I dare preſume you dance well.

Quick, quick, Sir, quick! the time ſteals on.

Pinac. I would talk with you.

Lil. Talk as you dance.

Mir. She'll beat him off his legs firſt.

This is the fineſt maſk!

Lil. Now, how do you, Sir?

Pinac. You have given me a ſhrewd heat.

Lil. I'll give you a hundred.

Come, ſing now, ſing; for I know you ſing well;

I ſee you have a ſinging face.

Pinac. A fine modeſty!

If I could, ſhe'd never give me breath.—

Madam, 'would I might ſit and recover.

Lil. Sit here, and ſing now;

Let's do things quickly, Sir, and handſomely.

Sit cloſe, wench, cloſe. Begin, begin! [*Song.*

Pinac. I'm leſſon'd.

Lil. 'Tis very pretty, i'faith. Give me ſome wine now.

Pinac. I would fain ſpeak to you.

Lil. You ſhall drink firſt, believe me.

Here's to you a luſty health.

Pinac. I thank you, lady.—

'Would

'Would I were off again! I ſmell my miſery:
I was never put to this rack! I ſhall be drunk too.
Mir. If thou be'ſt not a right one, I have loſt mine aim much:
I thank Heav'n, that I have 'ſcap'd thee! To her, Pinac;
For thou'rt as ſure to have her, and to groan for her—
I'll ſee how my other youth does; this ſpeeds trimly.
A fine grave gentlewoman, and worth much honour!
Lil. Now, how do you like me, Sir? [*Exit Mir.*
Pinac. I like you rarely.
Lil. You ſee, Sir, tho' ſometimes we're grave and ſilent,
And put on ſadder diſpoſitions,
Yet we're compounded of free parts, and ſometimes too
Our lighter, airy, and our fiery mettles
Break out, and ſhew themſelves: And what think you of that, Sir?
Pinac. Good lady, ſit, (for I am very weary)
And then I'll tell you.
Lil. Fy! a young man idle?
Up, and walk; be ſtill in action;
The motions of the body are fair beauties:
Beſides, 'tis cold. Odds-me, Sir, let's walk faſter!
What think you now of the lady Felicia?
And Bella-Fronte, the duke's fair daughter? ha?
Are they not handſome things? There is Duarta,
And brown Olivia——
Pinac. I know none of 'em.
Lil. But brown muſt not be caſt away, Sir. If young Lelia
Had kept herſelf till this day from a huſband,
Why, what a beauty, Sir! You know Iſmena,
The fair gem of Saint Germans?
Pinac. By my troth, I do not.
Lil. And then, I know, you muſt hear of Briſac,
How unlike a gentleman——
Pinac. As I live, I have heard nothing.
Lil. Strike me another galliard!

Pinac.

Pinac. By this light, I cannot!
In troth, I have ſprain'd my leg, madam.
Lil. Now ſit you down, Sir,
And tell me why you came hither? why you choſe me out?
What is your buſineſs? your errand? Diſpatch, diſpatch!
May-be you are ſome gentleman's man, (and I miſtook you)
That have brought me a letter, or a haunch of veniſon,
Sent me from ſome friend of mine.
Pinac. Do I look like a carrier?
You might allow me, what I am, a gentleman.
Lil. Cry you mercy, Sir! I ſaw you yeſterday:
You're new come out of travel; I miſtook you.
And how do all our impudent friends in Italy?
Pinac. Madam, I came with duty, and fair courteſy,
Service, and honour to you.
Lil. You came to jeer me!
You ſee I'm merry, Sir; I've chang'd my copy:
None of the ſages now, and pray you proclaim it;
Fling on me what aſperſion you ſhall pleaſe, Sir,
Of wantonneſs, or wildneſs; I look for it;
And tell the world, I am an hypocrite,
Maſk in a forc'd and borrow'd ſhape, I expect it;
But not to have you believ'd: For, mark you, Sir,
I have won a nobler eſtimation,
A ſtronger tie by my diſcretion
Upon opinion (howe'er you think I forc'd it)
Than either tongue or act[22] of yours can ſlubber,
And, when I pleaſe, I will be what I pleaſe, Sir,
So I exceed not mean[23]; and none ſhall brand it,
Either with ſcorn or ſhame, but ſhall be ſlighted.

[22] *Tongue or* art *of yours.*] The ſenſe is, *than either* what you can *ſay* or *do* can ſully. But haply this cannot be made out of the words as they ſtand, and therefore I would read,

Tongue or act *of yours.*

So Mr. Theobald had wrote in his margin. *Act* and *art*, through our Authors' plays, are frequently confounded. *Sympſon.*

[23] *Exceed not* mean.] *i. e.* Moderation, diſcretion.

Pinac. Lady, I come to love you.
Lil. Love yourſelf, Sir;
And when I want obſervers, I'll ſend for you.
Heigh-ho! my fit's almoſt off; for we do all by fits, Sir.
If you be weary, ſit till I come again to you. [*Exit.*
Pinac. This is a wench of a dainty ſpirit; but
Hang me if I know yet either what to think
Or make of her; ſhe had her will of me,
And baited me abundantly, I thank her;
And, I confeſs, I never was ſo blurted[24],
Nor ever ſo abus'd; I muſt bear my own ſins.
You talk of travels; here's a curious country!
Yet I will find her out, or forſwear my faculty. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Roſalura and Oriana.

Roſ. Ne'er vex yourſelf, nor grieve; you are a fool then.
Ori. I'm ſure I'm made ſo: Yet, before I ſuffer
Thus like a girl, and give him leave to triumph——
Roſ. You ſay right; for as long as he perceives you
Sink under his proud ſcornings, he'll laugh at you:
For me, ſecure yourſelf; and for my ſiſter,
I partly know her mind too: Howſoever,
To obey my father, we have made a tender
Of our poor beauties to the travell'd monſieur,
Yet two words to a bargain! He ſlights us
As ſkittiſh things, and we ſhun him as curious.
May-be, my free behaviour turns his ſtomach,
And makes him ſeem to doubt a looſe opinion:

[24] ——*I never was ſo* blurred,
Nor ever ſo abus'd.] Edit. 1652 reads, *blurted.* Mr. Sympſon, diſliking both words, is inclined to ſubſtitute *flurted*; but *blurted* is certainly the right word. It is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in Edw. III. See Capell's Proluſions, p. 81.
'Oh, that I were ſome other countryman!
'This day hath ſet deriſion on the French,
'And all the world will *blurt* and ſcorn at us.' *R.*

I muſt

I muſt be ſo ſometimes, tho' all the world ſaw it.

Ori. Why ſhould not you? Are not* minds only meaſur'd?

As long as here you ſtand ſecure——

Roſ. You ſay true;

As long as mine own conſcience makes no queſtion,
What care I for report? that woman's miſerable,
That's good or bad for their tongues' ſake. Come, let's retire.
And get my veil, wench. By my troth, your ſorrow,
And the conſideration of mens' humorous maddings,
Have put me into a ſerious contemplation.

Enter Mirabell and Belleur.

Ori. Come, 'faith, let's ſit, and think.

Roſ. That's all my buſineſs.

Mir. Why ſtand'ſt thou peeping here? Thou great ſlug, forward!

Bel. She is there; peace!

Mir. Why ſtand'ſt thou here then,
Sneaking, and peaking, as thou wouldſt ſteal linen?
Haſt thou not place and time?

Bel. I had a rare ſpeech
Studied, and almoſt ready; and your violence
Has beat it out of my brains.

Mir. Hang your rare ſpeeches!
Go me on like a man.

Bel. Let me ſet my beard up.
How has Pinac perform'd?

Mir. H'has won already:
He ſtands not thrumming of caps thus.

Bel. Lord, what ſhould I ail!
What a cold I have over my ſtomach; 'would I had ſome hum[25]!

* *Are* our *minds only meaſur'd?*] The ſenſe ſeems to require, *Are* not *minds only meaſur'd?*

[25] *'Would I had ſome* hum.] Mr. Theobald, doubtful of this term, queries whether *rum* ought not to ſupply its place. I once thought *mum* was the more likely to be the true reading, but am convinced (ſo precarious, however likely, are all conjectural emendations) that the

Certain I have a great mind to be at her,
A mighty mind.
Mir. On, fool!
Bel. Good words, I beſeech you;
For I will not be abus'd by both.
Mir. Adieu, then,
(I will not trouble you; I ſee you are valiant)
And work your own way.
Bel. Hiſt, hiſt! I will be rul'd;
I will, i'faith; I will go preſently:
Will you forſake me now, and leave me i'th' ſuds?
You know, I am falſe-hearted this way; I beſeech you,
Good ſweet Mirabell (I'll cut yout throat if you leave me,
Indeed I will!) ſweet-heart!
Mir. I will be ready,
Still at thine elbow; take a man's heart to thee,
And ſpeak thy mind; the plainer ſtill the better.
She is a woman of that free behaviour,
Indeed, that common courteſy, ſhe cannot deny thee;
Go bravely on.
Bel. Madam—keep cloſe about me,
Still at my back.—Madam, ſweet madam—
Roſ. Ha!
What noiſe is that? what ſaucy ſound to trouble me?
Mir. What ſaid ſhe?
Bel. I am ſaucy.
Mir. 'Tis the better.
Bel. She comes; muſt I be ſaucy ſtill?
Mir. More ſaucy.
Roſ. Still troubled with theſe vanities? Heaven bleſs us!
What are we born to? Would you ſpeak with any of my people?

---

text is right upon credit of Ben Jonſon in his Devil's an Aſs, vol. iv. p. 256.

'Chimney-ſweepers and carmen, are got,
'To their tobacco, ſtrong-waters, *hum*,
'Meath, and obarni.' *Sympſon.*

Hum, the common cant for ſtrong liquor. See Beggars' Buſh.

Go

Go in, Sir; I am buſy.
Bel. This is not ſhe, ſure:
Is this two children at a birth? I'll be hang'd then!
Mine was a merry gentlewoman, talk'd daintily,
Talk'd of thoſe matters that befitted women;
This is a parcel-prayer-book; I'm ſerv'd ſweetly!
And now I am to look too; I was prepar'd for th' other way.
Roſ. Do you know that man?
Ori. Sure, I have ſeen him, lady.
Roſ. Methinks 'tis pity ſuch a luſty fellow
Should wander up and down, and want employment.
Bel. She takes me for a rogue!—You may do well, madam,
To ſtay this wanderer, and ſet him at work, forſooth;
He can do ſomething that may pleaſe your ladyſhip;
I have heard of women that deſire good breedings,
Two at a birth, or ſo.
Roſ. The fellow's impudent.
Ori. Sure, he is craz'd.
Roſ. I have heard of men too that have had good manners;
Sure, this is want of grace! Indeed, 'tis great pity
The young man has been bred ſo ill; but this lewd age
Is full of ſuch examples.
Bel. I am founder'd,
And ſome ſhall rue the ſetting of me on!
Mir. Ha! ſo bookiſh, lady? is it poſſible?
Turn'd holy at the heart too? I'll be hang'd then.
Why, this is ſuch a feat, ſuch an activity,

Enter Servant, with a veil.

Such faſt and looſe—A veil too for your knavery?
O Dio, Dio!
Roſ. What do you take me for, Sir?
Mir. An hypocrite, a wanton, a diſſembler,
Howe'er you ſeem, and thus you're to be handled;
(Mark me, Belleur) and this you love, I know it.
Roſ. Stand off, bold Sir!
Mir. You wear good clothes to this end,

Jewels; love feaſts, and maſks.

Roſ. Ye're monſtrous ſaucy!

Mir. All this to draw on fools; and thus, thus, lady,
Ye're to be lull'd.

Bel. Let her alone, I'll ſwinge ye elſe,
I will, i'faith! for tho' I cannot ſkill o'this matter
Myſelf, I will not ſee another do it before me,
And do it worſe.

Roſ. Away! you're a vain thing!
You've travell'd far, Sir, to return again
A windy and poor bladder! You talk of women,
That are not worth the favour of a common one,
The grace of her grew in an hoſpital?
Againſt a thouſand ſuch blown fooleries,
I'm able to maintain good womens' honours,
Their freedoms, and their fames, and I will do it—

Mir. Sh'has almoſt ſtruck me dumb too.

Roſ. And declaim
Againſt your baſe malicious tongues, your noiſes,
For they are nothing elſe. You teach behaviours?
Or touch us for our freedoms[26]? Teach yourſelves manners,
Truth and ſobriety, and live ſo clearly
That our lives may ſhine in ye; and then taſk us.
It ſeems, ye're hot; the ſuburbs will ſupply ye:
Good women ſcorn ſuch gameſters, ſo I'll leave ye!
I am ſorry to ſee this: 'Faith, Sir, live fairly. [*Exit.*

Mir. This woman, if ſhe hold on, may be virtuous;
'Tis almoſt poſſible: We'll have a new day.

Bel. Ye brought me on, ye forc'd me to this foolery:
I'm ſham'd, I'm ſcorn'd, I'm flurted! yes, I am ſo!
Tho' I cannot talk to a woman like your worſhip,
And uſe my phraſes, and my learned figures,
Yet I can fight with any man.

Mir. Fy!

Bel. I can, Sir;
And I will fight.

[26] *Or* touch *us for our freedoms.*] On conſidering the turn of this ſpeech, it ſeems probable we ſhould ſubſtitute *taſk* for *touch*: 'You 'teach, or *taſk*?'—'*Teach* yourſelves, and then *taſk* us.'

Mir.

Mir. With whom?
Bel. With you, with any man;
For all men now will laugh at me.
Mir. Prithee be moderate.
Bel. And I'll beat all men. Come!
Mir. I love thee dearly.
Bel. I will beat all that love; love has undone me!
Never tell me! I will not be a hiſtory.
Mir. Thou art not.
Bel. 'Sfoot, I will not! Give me room,
And let me ſee the proudeſt of ye jeer me;
And I'll begin with you firſt.
Mir. Prithee, Belleur!
If I do not ſatisfy thee——
Bel. Well, look you do.
But, now I think on't better, 'tis impoſſible!
I muſt beat ſomebody; I am maul'd myſelf,
And I ought in juſtice——
Mir. No, no, no; ye're cozen'd:
But walk, and let me talk to thee.
Bel. Talk wiſely,
And ſee that no man laugh, upon no occaſion;
For I ſhall think then 'tis at me.
Mir. I warrant thee.
Bel. Nor no more talk of this.
Mir. Doſt think I'm maddiſh?
Bel. I muſt needs fight yet; for I find it concerns me:
A pox on't! I muſt fight.
Mir. I'faith, thou ſhalt not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter De Gard and Lugier.

De Ga. I KNOW you are a ſcholar, and can do wonders.

Lug. There's no great ſcholarſhip belongs to this, Sir;
What I am, I am: I pity your poor ſiſter,
And heartily I hate theſe travellers,
Theſe gim-cracks, made of mops * and motions:
There's nothing in their houſes here but hummings;
A bee has more brains. I grieve and vex too [27]
The inſolent licentious carriage
Of this out-facing fellow Mirabell;
And I am mad to ſee him prick his plumes up.

De Ga. His wrongs you partly know.

Lug. Do not you ſtir, Sir;
Since he has begun with wit, let wit revenge it:
Keep your ſword cloſe; we'll cut his throat a new way.
I am aſham'd the gentlewoman ſhould ſuffer
Such baſe lewd wrongs.

De Ga. I will be rul'd; he ſhall live,
And left to your revenge.

Lug. Ay, ay, I'll fit him:
He makes a common ſcorn of handſome women;

* Mops.] *Mopping* and *mowing*, and *mops* and *mows*, are uſed by Shakeſpeare for wild and extravagant behaviour.

[27] ——— *I grieve and* vex *too*
The inſolent licentious carriage.] *Vex* here is a neutral verb, and is uſed ſo a little lower:
Mir. ——— *now* vex, *ladies*,
Envy, and vex, *and rail.*
The text here I have not altered either as to pointing or reading, though I once thought the whole ſhould thus have run,
——— *I grieve and* vex *too.*
The inſolent licentious carriage
Of this out-facing fellow, Mirabell,
I'm mad to ſee; to ſee him *prick his plumes up.* *Sympſon.*
Our Authors often uſe *neutral* verbs *actively*. *Vex* here ſignifies *to vex* AT.

Modeſty

Modeſty and good manners are his may-games;
He takes up maidenheads with a new commiſſion;
The church-warrant's out of date. Follow my counſel,
For I am zealous in the cauſe.

De Ga. I will, Sir,
And will be ſtill directed; for the truth is,
My ſword will make my ſiſter ſeem more monſtrous:
Beſides, there is no honour won on reprobates.

Lug. You are i'th' right. The ſlight h' has ſhew'd my pupils
Sets me a-fire too. Go; I'll prepare your ſiſter,
And, as I told you——

De Ga. Yes; all ſhall be fit, Sir.

Lug. And ſeriouſly, and handſomely.

De Ga. I warrant you.

Lug. A little counſel more. [*Whiſpers.*

De Ga. 'Tis well.

Lug. Moſt ſtately!
See that obſerv'd; and then I.

De Ga. I have you every way.

Lug. Away then, and be ready.

De Ga. With all ſpeed, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Lillia, Roſalura, and Oriana.

Lug. We'll learn to travel too, may-be, beyond him.
Good day, fair beauties!

Lil. You have beautified us,
We thank you, Sir; you have ſet us off moſt gallantly
With your grave precepts.

Roſ. We expected huſbands
Out of your documents and taught behaviours,
Excellent huſbands; thought men would run ſtark mad on us,
Men of all ages, and all ſtates; we expected
An inundation of deſires and offers,
A torrent of trim ſuitors; all we did,
Or ſaid, or purpos'd, to be ſpells about us,
Spells to provoke——

Lil. You have provok'd us finely!
We follow'd your directions, we did rarely,

We

We were ſtately, coy, demure, careleſs, light, giddy,
And play'd at all points: This, you ſwore, would carry.
Roſ. We made love, and contemn'd love; now ſeem'd holy,
With ſuch a reverent put-on reſervation
Which could not miſs, according to your principles;
Now gave more hope again; now cloſe, now public,
Still up and down, we beat it like a billow;
And ever thoſe behaviours you read to us,
Subtle, and new: But all this will not help us!
Lil. They help to hinder us of all acquaintance,
They've frighted off all friends! What am I better
For all my learning, if I love a dunce,
A handſome dunce? to what uſe ſerves my reading?
You ſhould have taught me what belongs to horſes,
Dogs, dice, hawks, banquets, maſks, free and fair meetings,
To have ſtudied gowns and dreſſings.
Lug. Ye're not mad, ſure!
Roſ. We ſhall be, if we follow your encouragements:
I'll take mine own way now!
Lil. And I my fortune;
We may live maids elſe till the moon drop mill-ſtones.
I ſee, your modeſt women are taken for monſters;
A dowry of good breeding is worth nothing.
Lug. Since ye take it ſo to th' heart, pray ye give me leave yet,
And you ſhall ſee how I'll convert this heretic:
Mark how this Mirabell——
Lil. Name him no more;
For, tho' I long for a huſband, I hate him,
And would be married ſooner to a monkey,
Or to a Jack of Straw[28], than ſuch a juggler.

[28] *A Jack of Straw.*] In Shakeſpeare's Merry Wives of Windſor, act v. ſcene iv. Falſtaff ſays, 'See now, how wit may be made a 'Jack a lent, when 'tis upon ill employment.' Upon which Mr. Steevens obſerves, that 'a *Jack o' Lent* appears to have been ſome 'puppet which was thrown at in Lent, like Shrove-tide cocks;' and, among other inſtances to prove it, produces this paſſage from our Author. *R.*

A *man of ſtraw* is a phraſe in uſe at this day.

Roſ.

Roſ. I am of that mind too; he is too nimble,
And plays at faſt and looſe too learnedly,
For a plain-meaning woman; that's the truth on't.
Here's one too, that we love well, would be angry;
[*Pointing to Oriana.*
And reaſon why. No, no, we will not trouble you,
Nor him at this time: May he make you happy!
We'll turn ourſelves looſe now, to our fair fortunes;
And the down-right way——

Lil. The winning way we'll follow;
We'll bait that men may bite fair, and not be frighted;
Yet we'll not be carried ſo cheap neither; we'll have ſome ſport,
Some mad-morris or other for our money, tutor.

Lug. 'Tis like enough: Proſper your own devices!
Ye're old enough to chuſe: But, for this gentlewoman,
So pleaſe her give me leave——

Ori. I ſhall be glad, Sir,
To find a friend whoſe pity may direct me.

Lug. I'll do my beſt, and *faithfully deal for ye*;
But then ye muſt be rul'd.

Ori. In all, I vow to you.

Roſ. Do, do: He has a lucky hand ſometimes, I'll aſſure you;
And hunts the recovery of a loſt lover deadly.

Lug. You muſt away ſtraight.

Ori. Yes.

Lug. And I'll inſtruct you:
Here you can know no more.

Ori. By your leave, ſweet ladies;
And all our fortunes arrive at our own wiſhes!

Lil. Amen, amen!

Lug. I muſt borrow your man.

Lil. Pray take him;
He is within: To do her good, take any thing,
Take us and all.

Lug. No doubt, ye may find takers;
And ſo we'll leave ye to your own diſpoſes.

Lil. Now, which way, wench? [*Exe. Lug. and Ori.*

Roſ.

Roſ. We'll go a brave way, fear not;
A ſafe and ſure way too; and yet a bye-way.
I muſt confeſs, I have a great mind to be married.
Lil. So have I too a grudging of good-will that way;
And would as fain be diſpatch'd. But this monſieur Quickſilver——
Roſ. No, no; we'll bar him, bye and main: Let him trample;
There is no ſafety in his ſurquedry [29]:
An army-royal of women are too few for him;
He keeps a journal of his gentleneſs,
And will go near to print his fair diſpatches,
And call it his triumph over time and women:
Let him paſs out of memory! What think you
Of his two companions?
Lil. Pinac, methinks, is reaſonable;
A little modeſty he has brought home with him,
And might be taught, in time, ſome handſome duty.
Roſ. They ſay, he is a wencher too.
Lil. I like him better;
A free light touch or two becomes a gentleman,
And ſets him ſeemly off: So he exceed not,
But keep his compaſs clear, he may be look'd at.
I would not marry a man that muſt be taught,
And conjur'd up with kiſſes; the beſt game
Is play'd ſtill by the beſt gameſters.
Roſ. Fy upon thee!
What talk haſt thou?
Lil. Are not we alone, and merry?
Why ſhould we be aſham'd to ſpeak what we think? Thy gentleman,
The tall fat fellow, he that came to ſee thee——
Roſ. Is't not a goodly man?
Lil. A wondrous goodly!
H' has weight enough, I warrant thee: Mercy upon me,
What a ſerpent wilt thou ſeem under ſuch a St. George!
Roſ. Thou art a fool! Give me a man brings mettle,
Brings ſubſtance with him, needs no broths to *lare* him.

29 *Surquedry.*] See note 52 on Monſieur Thomas.

Theſe

Theſe little fellows ſhew like fleas in boxes,
Hop up and down, and keep a ſtir to vex us:
Give me the puiſſant pike; take you the ſmall ſhot.
Lil. Of a great thing, I have not ſeen a duller;
Therefore, methinks, ſweet ſiſter——
Roſ. Peace, he's modeſt;
A baſhfulneſs; which is a point of grace, wench:
But, when theſe fellows come to moulding, ſiſter,
To heat, and handling—As I live, I like him;
And, methinks, I could form him.

Enter Mirabell.

Lil. Peace! the fire-drake.
Mir. Bleſsye, ſweet beauties, ſweet incomparable ladies,
Sweet wits, ſweet humours! Bleſs you, learned lady!
And you, moſt holy nun! Bleſs your devotions!
Lil. And bleſs your brains, Sir, your moſt pregnant brains, Sir!
They are in travel; may they be deliver'd
Of a moſt hopeful Wild-Gooſe!
Roſ. Bleſs your manhood!
They ſay you are a gentleman of action,
A fair-accompliſh'd man, and a rare engineer;
You have a trick to blow up maidenheads,
A ſubtle trick, they ſay abroad.
Mir. I have, lady.
Roſ. And often glory in their ruins.
Mir. Yes, forſooth;
I have a ſpeedy trick, pleaſe you to try it:
My engine will diſpatch you inſtantly.
Roſ. I would I were a woman, Sir, fit for you,
As there be ſuch, no doubt, may engine you too;
May, with a counter-mine, blow up your valour.
But, in good faith, Sir, we are both too honeſt;
And, the plague is, we cannot be perſuaded:
For, look you, if we thought it were a glory
To be the laſt of all your lovely ladies——
Mir. Come, come; leave prating: This has ſpoil'd your market!

This

This pride, and puft-up heart, will make ye faſt, ladies,
Faſt, when ye're hungry too.
Roſ. The more our pain, Sir.
Lil. The more our health, I hope too.
Mir. Your behaviours
Have made men ſtand amaz'd; thoſe men that lov'd ye;
Men of fair ſtates and parts. Your ſtrange converſions [30]
Into I know not what, nor how, nor wherefore;
Your ſcorns of thoſe that came to viſit ye;
Your ſtudied whim-whams, and your fine ſet faces:
What have theſe got ye? Proud and harſh opinions!
A travell'd monſieur was the ſtrangeſt creature,
The wildeſt monſter to be wonder'd at;
His perſon made a public ſcoff, his knowledge
(As if he had been bred 'mongſt bears or bandogs)
Shunn'd and avoided; his converſation ſnuff'd at:
What harveſt brings all this?
Roſ. I pray you proceed, Sir.
Mir. Now ye ſhall ſee in what eſteem a traveller,
An underſtanding gentleman, and a monſieur,
Is to be held; and to your griefs confeſs it,
Both to your griefs and galls!
Lil. In what, I pray ye, Sir?
We would be glad to underſtand your excellence.
Mir. Go on, ſweet ladies; it becomes ye rarely!
For me, I have bleſt me from ye; ſcoff on ſeriouſly,
And note the man ye mock'd. You, lady Learning,
Note the poor traveller, that came to viſit ye,
That flat unfurniſh'd fellow; note him throughly!
You may chance to ſee him anon.
Lil. 'Tis very likely.
Mir. And ſee him courted by a travell'd lady,
Held dear, and honour'd, by a virtuous virgin;

---

[30] ——— *ſtrange* conventions

Into I know not what, &c.] Mr. Theobald too here has affix'd his query in the margin. I make no doubt but our Authors have ſuffer'd only at the preſs, and that the original reading was,

——— *ſtrange* converſions. *Sympſon.*

May-

May-be, a beauty not far ſhort of yours neither;
It may be, clearer.
Lil. Not unlikely.
Mir. Younger;
As killing eyes as yours, a wit as poignant;
May-be, a ſtate to that may top your fortune:
Enquire how ſhe thinks of him, how ſhe holds him;
His good parts, in what precious price already;
Being a ſtranger to him, how ſhe courts him;
A ſtranger to his nation too, how ſhe dotes on him;
Enquire of this; be ſick to know: Curſe, lady,
And keep your chamber; cry, and curſe! A ſweet one,
A thouſand in yearly land, well bred, well friended,
Travell'd, and highly follow'd for her faſhions!
Lil. Bleſs his good fortune, Sir.
Mir. This ſcurvy fellow,
I think they call his name Pinac, this ſerving-man
That brought you veniſon, as I take it, madam,
Note but this ſcab! 'Tis ſtrange, that this coarſe creature,
That has no more ſet-off but his jugglings,
His travell'd tricks——
Lil. Good Sir, I grieve not at him,
Nor envy not his fortune: Yet I wonder!
He's handſome, yet I ſee no ſuch perfection.
Mir. 'Would I had his fortune! for it is a woman
Of that ſweet-temper'd nature, and that judgment,
Beſides her ſtate, that care, clear underſtanding,
And ſuch a wife to bleſs him——
Roſ. Pray you whence is ſhe?
Mir. Of England, and a moſt accompliſh'd lady;
So modeſt that mens' eyes are frighted at her,
And ſuch a noble carriage—How now, ſirrah?

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, the great Engliſh lady——
Mir. What of her, Sir?
Boy. Has newly left her coach, and coming this way,
Where

Where you may ſee her plain: Monſieur Pinac
The only man that leads her.

Enter Pinac, Mariana, and attendants.

Mir. He's much honour'd;
'Would I had ſuch a favour! Now vex, ladies,
Envy, and vex, and rail!
Roſ. You are ſhort of us, Sir.
Mir. Bleſs your fair fortune, Sir!
Pinac. I nobly thank you.
Mir. Is ſhe married, friend?
Pinac. No, no.
Mir. A goodly lady;
A ſweet and delicate aſpect! Mark, mark, and wonder!
Haſt thou any hope of her?
Pinac. A little.
Mir. Follow cloſe then;
Loſe not that hope.
Pinac. To you, Sir. [*Mariana courtſies to him.*
Mir. Gentle lady!
Roſ. She's fair, indeed.
Lil. I've ſeen a fairer; yet
She's well.
Roſ. Her cloaths ſit handſome too.
Lil. She dreſſes prettily.
Roſ. And, by my faith, ſhe's rich; ſhe looks ſtill ſweeter.
A well-bred woman, I warrant her.
Lil. Do you hear, Sir?
May I crave this gentlewoman's name?
Pinac. Mariana, lady.
Lil. I will not ſay, I owe you a quarrel, monſieur,
For making me your ſtale! A noble gentleman
Would have had more courteſy, at leaſt more faith,
Than to turn off his miſtreſs at firſt trial:
You know not what reſpect I might have ſhew'd you;
I find you have worth.
Pinac. I cannot ſtay to anſwer you;
You ſee my charge. I am beholding to you

For

For all your merry tricks you put upon me,
Your bobs, and baſe accounts: I came to love you,
To wooe you, and to ſerve you; I am much indebted to you
For dancing me off my legs, and then for walking me,
For telling me ſtrange tales I never heard of,
More to abuſe me; for miſtaking me,
When you both knew I was a gentleman,
And one deſerv'd as rich a match as you are!

Lil. Be not ſo bitter, Sir.

Pinac. You ſee this lady:
She's young enough, and fair enough, to pleaſe me;
A woman of a loving mind, a quiet,
And one that weighs the worth of him that loves her;
I am content with this, and bleſs my fortune:
Your curious wits, and beauties——

Lil. Faith, ſee me once more.

Pinac. I dare not trouble you.

Lil. May I ſpeak to your lady?

Pinac. I pray you content yourſelf: I know you're bitter,
And, in your bitterneſs, you may abuſe her;
Which, if ſhe comes to know, (for ſhe underſtands you not)
It may breed ſuch a quarrel to your kindred,
And ſuch an indiſcretion fling on you too
(For ſhe is nobly friended)——

Lil. I could eat her!

Pinac. Reſt as ye are, a modeſt noble gentlewoman,
And afford your honeſt neighbours ſome of your prayers. [*Exe. Pin. Mar. and attendants.*

Mir. What think you now?

Lil. Faith, ſhe's a pretty whiting;
Sh'has got a pretty catch too!

Mir. You are angry,
Monſtrous angry now, grievouſly angry;
And the pretty heart does ſwell now!

Lil. No, in troth, Sir.

Mir. And it will cry anon, 'a pox upon it!'

And it will curſe itſelf, and eat no meat, lady;
And it will fight[31]!

Lil. Indeed, you are miſtaken;
It will be very merry.

Roſ. Why, Sir, do you think
There are no more men living, nor no handſomer,
Than he, or you? By this light, there be ten thouſand,
Ten thouſand thouſand! Comfort yourſelf, dear monſieur!
Faces, and bodies, wits, and all abiliments[32]:
There are ſo many we regard 'em not.

Enter Belleur and two Gentlemen.

Mir. That ſuch a noble lady—I could burſt now!
So far above ſuch trifles——

Bel. You did laugh at me;
And I know why ye laugh'd!

1 *Gent.* I pray ye be ſatisfied!
If we did laugh, we had ſome private reaſon,
And not at you.

2 *Gent.* Alas, we know you not, Sir.

Bel. I'll make you know me! Set your faces ſoberly;
Stand this way, and look ſad; I'll be no may-game!
Sadder, demurer yet!

Roſ. What's the matter?
What ails this gentleman?

Bel. Go off now backward, that I may behold ye:
And not a ſimper, on your lives! [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Lil. He's mad, ſure.

Bel. Do you obſerve me too?

Mir. I may look on you.

Bel. Why do you grin? I know your mind.

Mir. You do not.

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[31] *And it will* fight.] Mr. Sympſon for *fight* ſubſtitutes *figh*, becauſe the word *merry* occurs in Lillia's anſwer; and thus 'the ſentence, ſays 'he, is ſet ſound by reſtoring of the *antitheſis*.' We have not adopted his variation, becauſe the text is ſenſe, and ſpirited.

[32] *Abiliments.*] Probably we ſhould read, *habiliments*; unleſs *abiliments* formerly ſignified *capacity*, or *accompliſhments*.

You're

You're ſtrangely humorous: Is there no mirth, nor pleaſure,
But you muſt be the object?
Bel. Mark, and obſerve me: Where-ever I am nam'd,
The very word ſhall raiſe a general ſadneſs,
For the diſgrace this ſcurvy woman did me,
This proud pert thing! Take heed you laugh not at me;
Provoke me not; take heed!
Roſ. I would fain pleaſe you;
Do any thing to keep you quiet.
Bel. Hear me:
'Till I receive a ſatisfaction
Equal to the diſgrace and ſcorn you gave me,
You are a wretched woman; till thou woo'ſt me,
And I ſcorn thee as much, as ſeriouſly
Jeer and abuſe thee; aſk, what Gill thou art,
Or any baſer name; I will proclaim thee,
I will ſo ſing thy virtue, ſo be-paint thee——
Roſ. Nay, good Sir, be more modeſt.
Bel. Do you laugh again?—
Becauſe you are a woman, you are lawleſs,
And out of compaſs of an honeſt anger.
Roſ. Good Sir, have a better belief of me.
Lil. Away, dear ſiſter. [*Exeunt ladies.*
Mir. Is not this better now, this ſeeming madneſs,
Than falling out with your friends?
Bel. Have I not frighted her?
Mir. Into her right wits, I warrant thee: Follow this humour,
And thou ſhalt ſee how proſperouſly 'twill guide thee.
Bel. I'm glad I've found a way to wooe yet; I was afraid once
I never ſhould have made a civil ſuitor.
Well, I'll about it ſtill. [*Exit.*
Mir. Do, do, and proſper.
What ſport do I make with theſe fools; what pleaſure feeds me,
And fats my ſides at their poor innocence!

Enter Lugier.

Wooing and wiving! hang it! give me mirth,
Witty and dainty mirth! I ſhall grow in love, ſure,
With mine own happy head. Who's this? To me, Sir?
What youth is this?

Lug. Yes, Sir, I would ſpeak with you,
If your name be monſieur Mirabell.

Mir. You have hit it:
Your buſineſs, I beſeech you?

Lug. This it is, Sir;
There is a gentlewoman hath long time affected you,
And lov'd you dearly.

Mir. Turn over, and end that ſtory;
'Tis long enough: I have no faith in women, Sir.

Lug. It ſeems ſo, Sir: I do not come to wooe for her,
Or ſing her praiſes, tho' ſhe well deſerve 'em;
I come to tell you, you've been cruel to her,
Unkind and cruel, falſe of faith, and careleſs;
Taking more pleaſure in abuſing her,
Wreſting her honour to your wild diſpoſes,
Than noble in requiting her affection:
Which, as you are a man, I muſt deſire you
(A gentleman of rank) not to perſiſt in,
No more to load her fair name with your injuries.

Mir. Why, I beſeech you, Sir?

Lug. Good Sir, I'll tell you,
And I'll be ſhort; I'll tell you, 'cauſe I love you;
Becauſe I'd have you ſhun the ſhame may follow.
There is a nobleman, new come to town, Sir,
A noble and a great man, that affects her,
(A countryman of mine, a brave Savoyan,
Nephew to th' duke) and ſo much honours her,
That 'twill be dangerous to purſue your old way,
To touch at any thing concerns her honour,
Believe, moſt dangerous: Her name is Oriana,
And this great man will marry her. Take heed, Sir;
For howſoe'er her brother, a ſtaid gentleman,
Lets things paſs upon better hopes, this lord, Sir,

Is

Is of that fiery and that poignant metal,
(Eſpecially provok'd on by affection)
That 'twill be hard—But you are wiſe.
Mir. A lord, Sir?
Lug. Yes, and a noble lord.
Mir. 'Send her good fortune!
This will not ſtir her lord?—A baroneſs?
Say you ſo, ſay you ſo? By'r lady, a brave title!
Top, and top-gallant now! 'Save her great ladyſhip!
I was a poor ſervant of hers, I muſt confeſs, Sir,
And in thoſe days I thought I might be jovy,
And make a little bold to call in to her;
But, *baſta*! now, I know my rules and diſtance:
Yet, if ſhe want an uſher, ſuch an implement,
One that is throughly pac'd, a clean-made gentleman,
Can hold a hanging up with approbation,
Plant his hat formally, and wait with patience,
I do beſeech you, Sir——
Lug. Sir, leave your ſcoffing,
And, as you are a gentleman, deal fairly:
I have given you a friend's counſel; ſo I'll leave you.
Mir. But, hark ye, hark ye, Sir! Is't poſſible
I may believe what you ſay?
Lug. You may chooſe, Sir.
Mir. No baits? no fiſh-hooks, Sir? no gins? no nooſes?
No pitfalls to catch puppies?
Lug. I tell you certain:
You may believe; if not, ſtand to the danger! [*Exit.*
Mir. A lord of Savoy, ſays he? the duke's nephew?
A man ſo mighty? By'r lady, a fair marriage!
By my faith, a handſome fortune! I muſt leave prating;
For, to confeſs the truth, I have abus'd her,
For which I ſhould be ſorry, but that will ſeem ſcurvy.
I muſt confeſs ſhe was, ever ſince I knew her,
As modeſt as ſhe was fair; I am ſure ſhe lov'd me;
Her means good, and her breeding excellent;
And for my ſake ſhe has refus'd fair matches:
I may play the fool finely.—Stay! who are theſe?

Enter De Gard, Oriana, and attendants.

'Tis ſhe, I am ſure; and that the lord, it ſhould ſeem:
He carries a fair port, is a handſome man too.
I do begin to feel I am a coxcomb.

Ori. Good my lord, chuſe a nobler; for I know
I am ſo far below your rank and honour,
That what you can ſay this way, I muſt credit
But ſpoken to beget yourſelf ſport. Alas, Sir,
I am ſo far off from deſerving you,
My beauty ſo unfit for your affection,
That I am grown the ſcorn of common railers,
Of ſuch injurious things, that, when they cannot
Reach at my perſon, lie with my reputation.
I'm poor, beſides.

De Ga. You are all wealth and goodneſs;
And none but ſuch as are the ſcum of men,
The ulcers of an honeſt ſtate, ſpite-weavers,
That live on poiſon only, like ſwoln ſpiders,
Dare once profane ſuch excellence, ſuch ſweetneſs.

Mir. This man ſpeaks lodd indeed.

De Ga. Name but the men, lady;
Let me but know theſe poor and baſe depravers,
Lay but to my revenge their perſons open,
And you ſhall ſee how ſuddenly, how fully,
For your moſt beauteous ſake, how direfully,
I'll handle their deſpites. Is this thing one?
Be what he will——

Mir. Sir!

De Ga. Dare your malicious tongue, Sir——

Mir. I know you not, nor what you mean.

Ori. Good my lord!

De Ga. If he, or any he——

Ori. I beſeech your honour!
This gentleman's a ſtranger to my knowledge;
And, no doubt, Sir, a worthy man.

De Ga. Your mercy!
But, had he been a tainter of your honour,
A blaſter of thoſe beauties reign within you—

But

But we ſhall find a fitter time. Dear lady,
As ſoon as I have freed you from your guardian,
And done ſome honour'd offices unto you,
I'll take you, with thoſe faults the world flings on you,
And dearer than the whole world I'll eſteem you!
[*Exeunt.*

Mir. This is a thundring lord; I'm glad I 'ſcap'd him.
How lovingly the wench diſclaim'd my villainy!
I am vex'd now heartily that he ſhall have her;
Not that I care to marry, or to loſe her,
But that this bilbo-lord ſhall reap that maidenhead
That was my due; that he ſhall rig and top her!
I'd give a thouſand crowns now, he might miſs her.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Nay, if I bear your blows, and keep your counſel,
You have good luck, Sir. I'll teach you to ſtrike lighter.

Mir. Come hither, honeſt fellow: Canſt thou tell me
Where this great lord lies? this Savoy lord? Thou met'ſt him;
He now went by thee, certain.

Serv. Yes, he did, Sir;
I know him, and I know you're fool'd.

Mir. Come hither;
Here's all this, give me truth.

Serv. Not for your money,
(And yet that may do much) but I have been beaten,
And by the worſhipful contrivers beaten, and I'll tell you.
This is no lord, no Savoy lord.

Mir. Go forward.

Serv. This is a trick, and put upon you groſly
By one Lugier: The lord is monſieur De Gard, Sir,
An honeſt gentleman, and a neighbour here:
Their ends you underſtand better than I, ſure.

Mir. Now I know him;

Know him now plain!

Serv. I have diſcharg'd my choler[33]; ſo God be wi' you, Sir! [*Exit.*

Mir. What a purblind puppy was I! Now I remember him;
All the whole caſt on's face, tho' it were umber'd,
And maſk'd with patches. What a dunder-whelp,
To let him domineer thus! How he ſtrutted,
And what a load of lord he clapt upon him!
'Would I'd him here again! I would ſo bounce him,
I would ſo thank his lordſhip for his lewd plot——
Do they think to carry it away, with a great band made of bird-pots,
And a pair of pin-buttock'd breeches?—Ha! 'tis he
Again; he comes, he comes, he comes! have at him.

Enter De Gard, Oriana, &c.

My Savoy lord, [*ſinging.*] why doſt thou frown on me?
And will that favour never ſweeter be?
Wilt thou, I ſay, for ever play the fool?
De Gard, be wiſe, and, Savoy, go to ſchool!
My lord De Gard, I thank you for your antick;
My lady bright, that will be ſometimes frantick;
You worthy train that wait upon this pair,
'Send you more wit, and them a bouncing baire[34]!
And ſo I take my humble leave of your honours.
[*Exit.*

De Ga. We are diſcover'd, there's no remedy.
Lillia-Bianca's man, upon my life,
In ſtubbornneſs, becauſe Lugier corrected him——
A ſhameleſs ſlave[35]! plague on him for a raſcal!

[33] *I have diſcharged my* colours.] As it appears that the Servant betrays the plot out of reſentment from having been beaten, Mr. Sympſon properly reads, *I have diſcharged my* CHOLER.

[34] *And* they *a bouncing* baire.] It is clear that for *they* we ſhould read *them*; but we know not what to make of the word *baire*.

[35] *A ſhameleſs* ſlave's plague *on him for a raſcal.*] What a *ſhameleſs ſlave's plague* means, is poſſibly as much unknown to the reader as myſelf. I diſpute not but the Poet gave the line thus,

A ſhameleſs ſlave! *plague on him for a raſcal.* *Sympſon.*

Ori.

Ori. I was in a perfect hope. The bane on't is now,
He will make mirth on mirth, to perſecute us.
De Ga. We muſt be patient; I am vex'd to th' proof too.
I'll try once more; then if I fail, here's one ſpeaks.
Ori. Let me be loſt, and ſcorn'd firſt!
De Ga. Well, we'll conſider.
Away, and let me ſhift; I ſhall be hooted elſe.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Lugier, Lillia, and Servants.

Lug. FAINT not, but do as I direct ye; truſt me.
Believe me too, for what I have told you, lady,
As true as you are Lillia, is authentic;
I know it, I have found it: 'Tis a poor courage
Flies off for one repulſe. Theſe travellers
Shall find, before we have done, a home-ſpun wit,
A plain French underſtanding, may cope with 'em.
They've had the better yet, thank your ſweet ſquire here!
And let 'em brag. You would be reveng'd?
Lil. Yes, ſurely.
Lug. And married too?
Lil. I think ſo.
Lug. Then be counſell'd;
You know how to proceed. I've other irons
Heating as well as yours, and I will ſtrike
Three blows with one ſtone home. Be rul'd, and happy;
And ſo I leave you. Now's the time. [*Exit.*
Lil. I'm ready,

If

If he do come to do me[36].

Serv. Will you ſtand here,
And let the people think you're God knows what, miſtreſs?
Let boys and prentices preſume upon you?

Lil. Prithee hold thy peace.

Serv. Stand at his door that hates you?

Lil. Prithee leave prating.

Serv. Pray you go to th' tavern: I'll give you a pint of wine there.
If any of the mad-cap gentlemen ſhould come by,
That take up women upon ſpecial warrant,
You were in a wiſe caſe now.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, Mariana, Prieſt, and attendants.

Lil. Give me the garland;
And wait you here.

Mir. She is here to ſeek thee, ſirrah:
I told thee what would follow; ſhe is mad for thee!
Shew, and advance.—So early ſtirring, lady?
It ſhews a buſy mind, a fancy troubled.
A willow garland too? Is't poſſible?
'Tis pity ſo much beauty ſhould lie muſty;
But 'tis not to be help'd now.

Lil. The more's my miſery.
Good fortune to you, lady, you deſerve it;
To me, too-late repentance, I have ſought it.
I do not envy, tho' I grieve a little,
You are miſtreſs of that happineſs, thoſe joys,
That might have been, had I been wife—But fortune—

[36] —*do come to* do *me*.] This unmeaning place I would reform thus,

If he do come to dor *me.*

The *dor* and to *dor* are common in our Authors, and Ben Jonſon's writings. Thus in the Lovers' Progreſs, the ſecond play after this, act i. ſcene i. Malfort ſays to Leon,

——*I would not*
Receive the dor.—— *Sympſon.*

Poſſibly *do* is an accidental interpolation of the printer or tranſcriber: The meaſure, as well as ſenſe, is better without it; and Sympſon's alteration is hard and unplauſible. The *dor*, as a ſubſtantive, is common; but we remember no inſtance of its being uſed as a verb, *to dor*.

Pinac,

Pinac. She underſtands you not; pray you do not trouble her!
And do not croſs me like a hare thus; 'tis as ominous.
Lil. I come not to upbraid your levity,
(Tho' you made ſhow of love, and tho' I lik'd you)
To claim an intereſt, (we are yet both ſtrangers;
But what we might have been, had you perſever'd, Sir!)
To be an eye-ſore to your loving lady:
This garland ſhews, I give myſelf forſaken,
(Yet ſhe muſt pardon me, 'tis moſt unwillingly!)
And all the power and intereſt I had in you
(As, I perſuade myſelf, ſomewhat you lov'd me!)
Thus patiently I render up, I offer
To her that muſt enjoy you, and ſo bleſs you!
Only, I heartily deſire this courteſy,
And would not be denied, to wait upon you
This day, to ſee you tied, then no more trouble you.
Pinac. It needs not, lady.
Lil. Good Sir, grant me ſo much.
Pinac. 'Tis private, and we make no invitation.
Lil. My preſence, Sir, ſhall not proclaim it public.
Pinac. May-be, 'tis not in town.
Lil. I have a coach, Sir,
And a moſt ready will to do you ſervice.
Mir. Strike, now or never! make it ſure! I tell thee,
She'll hang herſelf, if ſhe have thee not.
Pinac. Pray you, Sir,
Entertain my noble miſtreſs: Only a word or two
With this importunate woman, and I'll relieve you.—
Now you ſee what your flings are, and your fancies,
Your ſtates, and your wild ſtubbornneſs; now you find
What 'tis to gird and kick at mens' fair ſervices,
To raiſe your pride to ſuch a pitch and glory,
That goodneſs ſhews like gnats, ſcorn'd under you,
'Tis ugly, naught; a ſelf-will in a woman,
Chain'd to an over-weening thought, is peſtilent,
Murders fair Fortune firſt, then fair Opinion:
There ſtands a pattern, a true patient pattern,

Humble,

Humble, and ſweet.

Lil. I can but grieve my ignorance.
Repentance, ſome ſay too, is the beſt ſacrifice;
For ſure, Sir, if my chance had been ſo happy
(As I confeſs I was mine own deſtroyer)
As to have arriv'd at you, (I will not propheſy,
But certain, as I think) I ſhould have pleas'd you;
Have made you as much wonder at my courteſy,
My love, and duty, as I have diſhearten'd you.
Some hours we have of youth, and ſome of folly;
And being free-born maids, we take a liberty,
And, to maintain that, ſometimes we ſtrain highly.

Pinac. Now you talk reaſon.

Lil. But being yoak'd and govern'd,
Married, and thoſe light vanities purg'd from us,
How fair we grow! how gentle, and how tender,
We twine about thoſe loves that ſhoot up with us!
A ſullen woman fear, that talks not to you;
She has a ſad and darken'd ſoul, loves dully:
A merry and a free wench, give her liberty,
Believe her, in the lighteſt form ſhe appears to you,
Believe her excellent, tho' ſhe deſpiſe you;
Let but theſe fits and flaſhes paſs, ſhe'll ſhew to you
As jewels rubb'd from duſt, or gold new burniſh'd:
Such had I been, had you believ'd!

Pinac. Is't poſſible?

Lil. And to your happineſs I dare aſſure you,
If true love be accounted ſo. Your pleaſure,
Your will, and your command, had tied my motions:
But that hope's gone. I know you are young and giddy,
And, 'till you have a wife can govern with you,
You ſail upon this world's ſea[37], light and empty;
Your bark in danger daily. 'Tis not the name neither
Of wife can ſteer you, but the noble nature,

[37] *You ſail upon this* wold-*ſea.*] The reader, I dare ſay, will be pleaſed to ſee this dark place ſo well cleared up. The text, with only the trifling addition of a letter, is from the copy of 1652, which repreſents the line thus,

You ſail upon this world-*ſea, light and empty.* *Sympſon.*

The

The diligence, the care, the love, the patience;
She makes the pilot, and preſerves the huſband,
That knows and reckons every rib he's built on.
But this I tell you, to my ſhame.
Pinac. I admire you;
And now am ſorry that I aim beyond you.
Mir. So, ſo, ſo! fair and ſoftly! She is thine own, boy;
She comes now without lure.
Pinac. But that it muſt needs
Be reckon'd to me as a wantonneſs,
Or worſe, a madneſs, to forſake a bleſſing,
A bleſſing of that hope——
Lil. I dare not urge you:
And yet, dear Sir——
Pinac. 'Tis moſt certain, I had rather,
If 'twere in my own choice—for you're my country-woman,
A neighbour, here born by me; ſhe a ſtranger,
And who knows how her friends——
Lil. Do as you pleaſe, Sir;
If you be faſt, not all the world—I love you,
It is moſt true, and clear, I would perſuade you;
And I ſhall love you ſtill.
Pinac. Go, get before me:
So much you have won upon me—do it preſently;
Here's a prieſt ready—I'll have you.
Lil. Not now, Sir;
No, you ſhall pardon me!—Advance your lady;
I dare not hinder you moſt high preferment:
'Tis honour enough for me I have unmaſk'd you.
Pinac. How's that?
Lil. I've caught you, Sir! Alas, I am no ſtates-woman,
Nor no great traveller, yet I have found you:
I've found your lady too, your beauteous lady;
I've found her birth and breeding too, her diſcipline,
Who brought her over, and who kept your lady,
And, when he laid her by, what virtuous nunnery

Receiv'd

Receiv'd her in; I've found all theſe! Are you blank now?
Methinks, ſuch travell'd wiſdoms ſhould not fool thus;
Such excellent indiſcretions——

Mir. How could ſhe know this?

Lil. 'Tis true, ſhe's Engliſh born, but moſt part French now,
And ſo I hope you'll find her, to your comfort.
Alas, I am ignorant of what ſhe coſt you!
The price of theſe hir'd clothes I do not know, gentlemen!
Thoſe jewels are the brokers, how you ſtand bound for 'em!

Pinac. Will you make this good?

Lil. Yes, yes; and to her face, Sir,
That ſhe's an Engliſh whore! a kind of fling-duſt,
One of your London light o'loves, a right one!
Came over in thin pumps, and half a petticoat,
One faith [38], and one ſmock, with a broken haberdaſher:
I know all this without a conjurer.
Her name is Jumping-Joan, an ancient ſin-weaver
She was firſt a lady's chambermaid, there ſlipp'd,
And broke her leg above the knee; departed,
And ſet up ſhop herſelf; ſtood the fierce conflicts
Of many a furious term; there loſt her colours,
And laſt ſhipp'd over hither.

Mir. We're betray'd!

Lil. Do you come to fright me with this myſtery?
To ſtir me with a ſtink none can endure, Sir?
I pray you proceed; the wedding will become you!
Who gives the lady? you? An excellent father!
A careful man, and one that knows a beauty!
Send you fair ſhipping, Sir! and ſo I'll leave you.
Be wiſe and manly, then I may chance to love you! [*Ex.*

Mir. As I live, I'm aſham'd this wench has reach'd me,
Monſtrous aſham'd! but there's no remedy.

[38] *One* faith, *and one ſmock.*] The word *faith* ſeems a corruption here.

This

This ſkew'd-ey'd carrion——

Pinac. This I ſuſpected ever.
Come, come, uncaſe; we have no more uſe of you;
Your cloaths muſt back again.

Mariana. Sir, you ſhall pardon me;
'Tis not our Engliſh uſe to be degraded.
If you will viſit me, and take your venture,
You ſhall have pleaſure for your properties:
And ſo, ſweetheart—— [*Exit.*

Mir. Let her go, and the devil go with her!
We have never better luck with theſe preludiums.
Come, be not daunted; think ſhe's but a woman,
And, let her have the devil's wit, we'll reach her!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Roſalura and Lugier.

Roſ. You have now redeem'd my good opinion, tutor,
And you ſtand fair again.

Lug. I can but labour,
And ſweat in your affairs. I am ſure Belleur
Will be here inſtantly, and uſe his anger,
His wonted harſhneſs.

Roſ. I hope he will not beat me.

Lug. No, ſure, he has more manners. Be you ready?

Roſ. Yes, yes, I am; and am reſolv'd to fit him,
With patience to out-do all he can offer.
But how does Oriana?

Lug. Worſe, and worſe ſtill;
There is a ſad houſe for her; ſhe is now,
Poor lady, utterly diſtracted.

Roſ. Pity!
Infinite pity! 'Tis a handſome lady.
That Mirabell's a beaſt, worſe than a monſter,
If this affliction work not.

Enter Lillia-Bianca.

Lil. Are you ready?

Belleur

Belleur is coming on, here, hard behind me:
I have no leiſure to relate my fortune;
Only I wiſh you may come off as handſomely.
Upon the ſign, you know what. [*Exit.*
Roſ. Well, well; leave me!

Enter Belleur.

Bel. How now?
Roſ. You're welcome, Sir.
Bel. 'Tis well ye have manners!
That court'ſy again, and hold your countenance ſtaidly!
That look's too light; take heed! ſo, ſit ye down now;
And, to confirm me that your gall is gone,
Your bitterneſs diſpers'd, (for ſo I'll have it)
Look on me ſtedfaſtly, and, whatſoe'er I ſay to you,
Move not, nor alter in your face; you're gone then!
For if you do expreſs the leaſt diſtaſte,
Or ſhew an angry wrinkle, (mark me, woman!
We are now alone) I will ſo conjure thee,
The third part of my execution
Cannot be ſpoke.
Roſ. I am at your diſpoſe, Sir.
Bel. Now riſe, and wooe me a little; let me hear that faculty:
But touch me not; nor do not lie, I charge you!
Begin now.
Roſ. If ſo mean and poor a beauty
May ever hope the grace——
Bel. You cog, you flatter!
Like a lewd thing, you lie! 'May hope that grace?'
Why, what grace canſt thou hope for? Anſwer not;
For if thou doſt, and lieſt again, I'll ſwinge thee!
Do not I know thee for a peſtilent woman?
A proud at both ends? Be not angry,
Nor ſtir not, o'your life!
Roſ. I am counſell'd, Sir.
Bel. Art thou not now (confeſs, for I'll have the truth out)
As much unworthy of a man of merit,

Or

Or any of ye all, nay, of mere man,
Tho' he were crooked, cold, all wants upon him,
Nay, of any diſhoneſt thing that bears that figure,
As devils are of mercy?

Roſ. We are unworthy.

Bel. Stick to that truth, and it may chance to ſave thee.

And is it not our bounty that we take ye?
That we are troubled, vex'd, or tortur'd with ye,
Our mere and ſpecial bounty?

Roſ. Yes.

Bel. Our pity,
That for your wickedneſs we ſwinge ye ſoundly;
Your ſtubbornneſs, and your ſtout hearts, we belabour ye?
Anſwer to that!

Roſ. I do confeſs your pity.

Bel. And doſt not thou deſerve in thine own perſon,
Thou impudent, thou pert—Do not change countenance!

Roſ. I dare not, Sir.

Bel. For if you do——

Roſ. I'm ſettled.

Bel. Thou wagtail, peacock, puppy, look on me;
I am a gentleman.

Roſ. It ſeems no leſs, Sir.

Bel. And dareſt thou in thy ſurquedry——

Roſ. I beſeech you!
It was my weakneſs, Sir, I did not view you,
I took not notice of your noble parts,
Nor call'd your perſon [39], nor your proper faſhion.

Bel. This is ſome amends yet.

Roſ. I ſhall mend, Sir, daily,

---

39 *Nor* called *your perſon, nor your proper faſhion.*] If the paſſage was deſigned to be imperfect by the Poet, 'tis to no purpoſe to undertake the correction of it; if not, probably we ſhould alter *called* into ſomething like *ſkill'd, i. e.* Had no knowledge of, or did not know your perſon, *&c.* was ſo proper. *Sympſon.*

Called ſeems erroneous; yet we do not like *ſkill'd. Mark'd* would come nearer to the ſenſe of the paſſage.

And ſtudy to deſerve.
Bel. Come a little nearer!
Canſt thou repent thy villainy?
Roſ. Moſt ſeriouſly.
Bel. And be aſham'd?
Roſ. I am aſhamed.
Bel. Cry!
Roſ. It will be hard to do, Sir.
Bel. Cry now inſtantly;
Cry monſtrouſly, that all the town may hear thee;
Cry ſeriouſly, as if thou hadſt loſt thy monkey;
And, as I like thy tears——
Roſ. Now!

Enter Lillia, and four women laughing.

Bel. How! how! do you jeer me?
Have you broke your bounds again, dame?
Roſ. Yes, and laugh at you,
And laugh moſt heartily.
Bel. What are theſe? whirlwinds?
Is hell broke looſe, and all the furies? flutter'd!
Am I greas'd once again?
Roſ. Yes, indeed are you;
And once again you ſhall be, if you quarrel!
Do you come to vent your fury on a virgin?
Is this your manhood, Sir?
1 *Wom.* Let him do his beſt;
Let's ſee the utmoſt of his indignation;
I long to ſee him angry. Come; proceed, Sir.
Hang him, he dares not ſtir; a man of timber!
2 *Wom.* Come hither to fright maids with thy bull-faces?
To threaten gentlewomen? Thou a man? a may-pole!
A great dry pudding!
3 *Wom.* Come, come, do your worſt, Sir;
Be angry if thou dar'ſt.
Bel. The Lord deliver me!
4 *Wom.* Do but look ſcurvily upon this lady,
Or give us one foul word—We are all miſtaken;

This

This is ſome mighty dairy-maid in man's cloaths.
Lil. I am of that mind too.
Bel. What will they do to me?
Lil. And hir'd to come and abuſe us: A man has manners;
A gentleman, civility and breeding.
Some tinker's trull, with a beard glew'd on.
1 *Wom.* Let's ſearch him,
And as we find him——
Bel. Let me but depart from ye,
Sweet Chriſtian women!
Lil. Hear the thing ſpeak, neighbours.
Bel. 'Tis but a ſmall requeſt: If e'er I trouble ye,
If e'er I talk again of beating women,
Or beating any thing that can but turn to me;
Of ever thinking of a handſome lady
But virtuouſly and well, of ever ſpeaking
But to her honour—This I'll promiſe ye,
I will take rhubarb, and purge choler mainly,
Abundantly I'll purge.
Lil. I'll ſend you broths, Sir.
Bel. I will be laugh'd at, and endure it patiently;
I will do any thing!
Roſ. I'll be your bail then.
When you come next to wooe, pray you come not boiſterouſly,
And furniſh'd like a bear-ward.
Bel. No, in truth, forſooth.
Roſ. I ſcented you long ſince.
Bel. I was to blame ſure;
I will appear a gentleman.
Roſ. 'Tis the beſt for you,
For a true noble gentleman's a brave thing.
Upon that hope, we quit you. You fear ſeriouſly?
Bel. Yes, truly do I; I confeſs I fear you,
And honour you, and any thing!
Roſ. Farewell then!
Wom. And when you come to wooe next, bring more mercy! [*Exeunt Roſ. and Women.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

Bel. A dairy-maid! a tinker's trull! Heav'n bleſs me!
Sure, if I had provok'd 'em, they had quarter'd me.
I am a moſt ridiculous aſs, now I perceive it;
A coward, and a knave too.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the mad gentleman;
Let's ſet our faces right.

Bel. No, no; laugh at me,
And laugh aloud.

2 *Gent.* We are better manner'd, Sir.

Bel. I do deſerve it; call me patch, and puppy,
And beat me, if you pleaſe.

1 *Gent.* No, indeed; we know you.

Bel. Death, do as I would have ye!

2 *Gent.* You are an aſs then,
A coxcomb, and a calf!

Bel. I am a great calf.
Kick me a little now: Why, when? Sufficient.
Now laugh aloud, and ſcorn me; ſo God b'ye!
And ever when ye meet me, laugh.

1 *Gent.* We will, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Nantolet, La Caſtre, De Gard, Lugier, and Mirabell.

Mir. Your patience, gentlemen! Why do ye bait me?

Nant. Is't not a ſhame you are ſo ſtubborn-hearted,
So ſtony and ſo dull, to ſuch a lady,
Of her perfections, and her miſery?

Lug. Does ſhe not love you? Does not her diſtraction
For your ſake only, her moſt-pitied lunacy
Of all but you, ſhew ye? Does it not compel ye?

Mir. Soft and fair, gentlemen; pray ye proceed temperately.

Lug. If you have any feeling, any ſenſe in you,
The leaſt touch of a noble heart——

La Ca. Let him alone;

It

It is his glory that he can kill beauty.
You bear my ſtamp, but not my tenderneſs;
Your wild unſavory courſes ſet that in you!
For ſhame, be ſorry, tho' you cannot cure her;
Shew ſomething of a man, of a fair nature.

Mir. You make me mad!

De Ga. Let me pronounce this to you;
You take a ſtrange felicity in ſlighting
And wronging women, which my poor ſiſter feels now;
Heav'n's hand be gentle on her! Mark me, Sir,
That very hour ſhe dies, (there's ſmall hope otherwiſe)
That minute, you and I muſt grapple for it;
Either your life or mine!

Mir. Be not ſo hot, Sir;
I am not to be wrought on by theſe policies,
In truth, I am not! nor do I fear the tricks,
Or the high-ſounding threats, of a Savoyan.
I glory not in cruelty, (ye wrong me)
Nor grow up water'd with the tears of women.
This let me tell ye, howſoe'er I ſhew to ye,
Wild, as ye pleaſe to call it, or ſelf-will'd,
When I ſee cauſe I can both do and ſuffer,
Freely, and feelingly, as a true gentleman.

Enter Roſalura and Lillia.

Roſ. Oh, pity, pity! thouſand, thouſand pities!

Lil. Alas, poor ſoul! ſhe'll die! ſhe is grown ſenſeleſs;
She will not know, nor ſpeak now.

Roſ. Die for love?
And love of ſuch a youth? I'd die for a dog firſt!
He that kills me, I'll give him leave to eat me!
I'll know men better, ere I ſigh for any of 'em.

Lil. Ye have done a worthy act, Sir, a moſt famous;
Ye've kill'd a maid the wrong way; ye're a conqueror!

Roſ. A conqueror? a cobler! Hang him, ſowter!
Go hide thyſelf, for ſhame! go loſe thy memory!
Live not 'mongſt men; thou art a beaſt, a monſter,
A blatant beaſt!

Lil. If you have yet any honeſty,

Or ever heard of any, take my counſel;
Off with your garters, and ſeek out a bough,
A handſome bough; for I would have you hang like a gentleman;
And write ſome doleful matter to the world,
A warning to hard-hearted men.
Mir. Out, kitlings!
What catterwauling's here! what gibing!
D'you think my heart is ſoften'd with a black ſantis[41]?
Shew me ſome reaſon.

Enter Oriana on a bed.

Roſ. Here then, here is a reaſon.
Nant. Now, if ye be a man, let this ſight ſhake ye!
La Ca. Alas, poor gentlewoman! Do you know me, lady?
Lug. How ſhe looks up, and ſtares!
Ori. I know you very well;
You are my godfather; and that's the monſieur.
De Ga. And who am I?
Ori. You are Amadis de Gaul, Sir.
Oh, oh, my heart! Were ye never in love, ſweet lady?
And do you never dream of flowers and gardens?
I dream of walking fires: Take heed! It comes now.
Who's that? Pray ſtand away. I've ſeen that face ſure.
How light my head is!
Roſ. Take ſome reſt.
Ori. I cannot;
For I muſt be up tomorrow to go to church,
And I muſt dreſs me, put my new gown on,
And be as fine to meet my love! Heigh-ho!
Will not you tell me where my love lies buried?
Mir. He is not dead. Beſhrew my heart, ſhe ſtirs me!
Ori. He's dead to me.
Mir. Is't poſſible my nature
Should be ſo damnable, to let her ſuffer?
Give me your hand.

[41] *Black ſantis.*] This expreſſion alſo occurs in the Mad Lover, vol. iii. p. 275. It ſeems to mean ſome *dirge* or *howl* at funerals.

Ori.

Ori. How ſoft you feel, how gentle!
I'll tell you your fortune, friend.
Mir. How ſhe ſtares on me!
Ori. You have a flattering face, but 'tis a fine one;
I warrant you may have a hundred ſweethearts.
Will ye pray for me? I ſhall die tomorrow;
And will ye ring the bells?
Mir. I'm moſt unworthy,
I do confeſs, unhappy. Do you know me?
Ori. I would I did!
Mir. Oh, fair tears, how ye take me!
Ori. Do ye weep too? You have not loſt your lover?
You mock me; I'll go home and pray.
Mir. Pray you pardon me;
Or, if it pleaſe you to conſider juſtly,
Scorn me, for I deſerve it; ſcorn and ſhame me,
Sweet Oriana!
Lil. Let her alone; ſhe trembles:
Her fits will grow more ſtrong, if ye provoke her.
La Ca. Certain ſhe knows you not, yet loves to ſee you.
How ſhe ſmiles now!

Enter Belleur.

Bel. Where are ye? Oh, why don't you laugh? Come, laugh at me!
Why a devil art thou ſad, and ſuch a ſubject,
Such a ridiculous ſubject, as I am
Before thy face?
Mir. Prithee put off this lightneſs;
This is no time for mirth, nor place; I've us'd too much on't:
I have undone myſelf, and a ſweet lady,
By being too indulgent to my foolery,
Which truly I repent. Look here!
Bel. What ails ſhe?
Mir. Alas, ſhe's mad.
Bel. Mad?
Mir. Yes, too ſure; for me too.

Bel. Doſt thou wonder at that? By this good light,
they're all ſo;
They're coz'ning mad, they're brawling mad, they're
proud mad;
They're all, all mad. I came from a world of mad
women,
Mad as March hares: Get 'em in chains, then deal
with 'em.
There's one that's mad; ſhe ſeems well, but ſhe is
dog-mad.
Is ſhe dead, doſt think?
Mir. Dead? Heav'n forbid!
Bel. Heav'n further it!
For, 'till they be key-cold dead, there's no truſting of
'em.
Whate'er they ſeem, or howſoe'er they carry it,
'Till they be chap-faln, and their tongues at peace,
Nail'd in their coffins ſure, I'll ne'er believe 'em.
Shall I talk with her?
Mir. No, dear friend, be quiet,
And be at peace a while.
Bel. I'll walk aſide,
And come again anon. But take heed to her:
You ſay ſhe is a woman?
Mir. Yes.
Bel. Take great heed;
For if ſhe do not cozen thee, then hang me.
Let her be mad, or what ſhe will, ſhe'll cheat thee!
[*Exit.*
Mir. Away, wild fool! How vile this ſhews in him
now!
Now take my faith, (before ye all I ſpeak it)
And with it my repentant love.
La Ca. This ſeems well.
Mir. Were but this lady clear again, whoſe ſorrows
My very heart melts for, were ſhe but perfect,
(For thus to marry her would be two miſeries)
Before the richeſt and the nobleſt beauty,
France, or the world could ſhew me, I would take her:
As

As ſhe now is, my tears and prayers ſhall wed her.
De Ga. This makes ſome ſmall amends.
Roſ. She beckons to you:
To us too, to go off.
Nant. Let's draw aſide all.
[*Exeunt omnes præter Oriana and Mirabell.*
Ori. Oh, my beſt friend! I would fain——
Mir. What? She ſpeaks well,
And with another voice.
Ori. But I am fearful,
And ſhame a little ſtops my tongue——
Mir. Speak boldly.
Ori. Tell you, I'm well, I'm perfect well; (pray you mock not)
And that I did this to provoke your nature;
Out of my infinite and reſtleſs love,
To win your pity. Pardon me!
Mir. Go forward:
Who ſet you on?
Ori. None, as I live, no creature;
Not any knew, or ever dream'd what I meant.
Will you be mine?
Mir. 'Tis true, I pity you;
But when I marry you, you muſt be wiſer.
Nothing but tricks? devices?
Ori. Will you ſhame me?
Mir. Yes, marry, will I.—Come near, come near! a miracle!
The woman's well; ſhe was only mad for marriage,
Stark mad to be ſton'd to death; give her good counſel.
Will this world never mend? Are you caught, damſel?

Enter Belleur, La Caſtre, Lugier, Nantolet, De Gard, Roſalura, and Lillia.

Bel. How goes it now?
Mir. Thou art a kind of prophet;
The woman's well again, and would have gull'd me;
Well, excellent well, and not a taint upon her.
Bel. Did not I tell you? Let 'em be what can be,
Saints,

Saints, devils, any thing, they will abuſe us.
Thou wert an aſs to believe her ſo long, a coxcomb;
Give 'em a minute, they'll abuſe whole millions.

Mir. And am not I a rare phyſician, gentlemen,
That can cure deſperate mad minds?

De Ga. Be not inſolent.

Mir. Well, go thy ways: From this hour I diſclaim thee,
Unleſs thou haſt a trick above this; then I'll love thee.
You owe me for your cure. Pray have a care of her,
For fear ſhe fall into relapſe. Come, Belleur;
We'll ſet up bills to cure diſeaſed virgins.

Bel. Shall we be merry?

Mir. Yes.

Bel. But I'll no more projects:
If we could make 'em mad, it were ſome maſtery!

[*Exeunt.*

Lil. I'm glad ſhe's well again.

Roſ. So am I, certain.
Be not aſham'd.

Ori. I ſhall never ſee a man more.

De Ga. Come, you're a fool! had you but told me this trick,
He ſhould not have gloried thus.

Lug. He ſhall not long neither.

La Ca. Be rul'd, and be at peace: You have my conſent,
And what power I can work with.

Nant. Come, leave bluſhing;
We are your friends: An honeſt way compell'd you.
Heav'n will not ſee ſo true a love unrecompenc'd.
Come in, and ſlight him too.

Lug. The next ſhall hit him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter De Gard and Lugier.

De Ga. 'TWILL be diſcover'd.

Lug. That's the worſt can happen:
If there be any way to reach, and work upon him,
Upon his nature ſuddenly, and catch him—That he loves,
Tho' he diſſemble it and would ſhew contrary,
And will at length relent, I'll lay my fortune;
Nay, more, my life.

De Ga. Is ſhe won?

Lug. Yes, and ready,
And my deſignments ſet.

De Ga. They're now for travel;
All for that game again; they have forgot wooing.

Lug. Let 'em; we'll travel with 'em.

De Ga. Where's his father?

Lug. Within; he knows my mind too, and allows it,
Pities your ſiſter's fortune moſt ſincerely;
And has appointed, for our more aſſiſtance,
Some of his ſecret friends.

De Ga. 'Speed the plough!

Lug. Well ſaid:
And be you ſerious too.

De Ga. I ſhall be diligent.

Lug. Let's break the ice for one, the reſt will drink too
(Believe me, Sir) of the ſame cup: My young gentlewomen
Wait but who ſets the game a-foot; tho' they ſeem ſtubborn,
Reſerv'd, and proud now, yet I know their hearts,
Their pulſes how they beat, and for what cauſe, Sir,
And how they long to venture their abilities

In

In a true quarrel. Huſbands they muſt and will have,
Or nunneries, and thin collations
To cool their bloods. Let's all about our buſineſs;
And, if this fail, let Nature work!

De Ga. You've arm'd me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mirabell, Nantolet, and La Caſtre.

La Ca. Will you be wilful then?

Mir. Pray, Sir, your pardon;
For I muſt travel. Lie lazy here,
Bound to a wife? chain'd to her ſubtleties,
Her humours, and her wills, which are mere fetters?
To have her to-day pleas'd, to-morrow peeviſh,
The third day mad, the fourth rebellious?
You ſee, before they're married, what *moriſcoes*,
What maſks and mummeries they put upon us:
To be tied here, and ſuffer their *lavalto's?*

Nant. 'Tis your own ſeeking.

Mir. Yes, to get my freedom.
Were they as I could wiſh 'em——

La Ca. Fools, and meacocks,
To endure what you think fit to put upon 'em!
Come, change your mind.

Mir. Not before I have chang'd air, father.
When I know women worthy of my company,
I will return again and wait upon 'em;
'Till then, dear Sir, I'll ramble all the world over[42],
And run all hazards, miſery, and poverty,
So I eſcape the dangerous bay of matrimony!

Enter Belleur and Pinac.

Pinac. Are you reſolv'd?

Mir. Yes, certain; I will out again.

[42] *I'll* amble *all the world over.*] We have ventured to inſert *ramble*, which is a much better word here than *amble*, and probably the right.

Pinac.

Pinac. We are for you, Sir; we are your ſervants once more:
Once more we'll ſeek our fortune in ſtrange countries;
Ours is too ſcornful for us.
Bel. Is there ne'er a land
That you have read, or heard of, (for I care not how far it be,
Nor under what peſtiferous ſtar it lies)
A happy kingdom, where there are no women?
Nor have been ever? nor no mention
Of any ſuch lewd things, with lewder qualities?
For thither would I travel; where 'tis felony
To confeſs he had a mother; a miſtreſs, treaſon.
La Ca. Are you for travel too?
Bel. For any thing,
For living in the moon, and ſtopping hedges,
Ere I ſtay here to be abus'd, and baffled.
Nant. Why did you not break your minds to me? they are my daughters;
And ſure I think I ſhould have that command over 'em,
To ſee 'em well beſtow'd. I know ye are gentlemen,
Men of fair parts and ſtates; I know your parents;
And had ye told me of your fair affections——
Make but one trial more, and let me ſecond ye.
Bel. No; I'll make hob-nails firſt, and mend old kettles!
Can you lend me an armour of high proof, to appear in,
And two or three field-pieces to defend me?
The king's guard are mere pigmies.
Nant. They'll not eat you.
Bel. Yes, and you too, and twenty fatter monſieurs,
If their high ſtomachs hold: They came with chopping-knives,
To cut me into rounds and ſirloins [43], and ſo powder me.
Come, ſhall we go?

[43] *To cut me into* rands *and ſirloins.*] As we can annex no meaning to the word *rands* in this paſſage, we have inſerted *rounds*. A *round* of beef is almoſt as common a phraſe as a *ſirloin*.

Nant.

Nant. You cannot be ſo diſcourteous,
If ye intend to go, as not to viſit 'em,
And take your leaves.

Mir. That we dare do, and civilly,
And thank 'em too.

Pinac. Yes, Sir, we know that honeſty [44].

Bel. I'll come i'th' rear, forty foot off, I'll aſſure you,
With a good gun in my hand; I'll no more Amazons,
I mean no more of their frights: I'll make my three legs,
Kiſs my hand twice, and if I ſmell no danger,
If the interview be clear, may-be I'll ſpeak to her;
I'll wear a privy coat too, and behind me,
To make thoſe parts ſecure, a bandog [45].

La Ca. You are a merry gentleman.

Bel. A wary gentleman, I do aſſure you;
I have been warn'd, and muſt be arm'd.

La Ca. Well, ſon,
Theſe are your haſty thoughts; when I ſee you are bent to it,
Then I'll believe, and join with you; ſo we'll leave ye.
There is a trick will make ye ſtay. [*Exit.*

Nant. I hope ſo. [*Exit.*

Mir. We have won immortal fame now, if we leave 'em,

Pinac. You have, but we have loſt.

Mir. Pinac, thou'rt cozen'd;
I know they love you; and to gain you handſomely,
Not to be thought to yield, they would give millions:

---

[44] *Honeſty.*] *i. e.* Good-breeding, good-manners. *Sympſon.*

[45] *Bandog.*] This word has often occurred before. It is frequently to be met with in our old writers, as a term of reproach; as in Maſſinger's Virgin Martyr, act ii. ſcene ii.

'Sirrah! *bandog!*'

It appears to have been the name of a dog of the fierce kind; thus in the ſame play, act iv. ſcene ii.

'What *bandogs* but you two would worry a woman?'

And again, act v. ſcene i.

'*Bandogs* (kept three days hungry) worried
'A thouſand Britiſh raſcals, *&c.*' *R.*

It ſeems in this place to ſignify ſome part of dreſs which had derived its name from the dog; tho' it may mean literally a *bandog.*

Their

Their father's willingneſs, that muſt needs ſhew you.
Pinac. If I thought ſo——
Mir. You ſhall be hang'd, you recreant!
Would you turn renegado now?
Bel. No; let's away, boys,
Out of the air and tumult of their villainies.
Tho' I were married to that graſhopper,
And had her faſt by th' legs, I ſhould think ſhe would cozen me.

Enter a young Factor.

Fac. Monſieur Mirabell, I take it?
Mir. You're i'th' right, Sir.
Fac. I am come to ſeek you, Sir; I have been at your father's,
And underſtanding you were here——
Mir. You're welcome.
May I crave your name?
Fac. Foſs, Sir, and your ſervant.
That you may know me better, I am factor
To your old merchant, Leverdure.
Mir. How does he?
Fac. Well, Sir, I hope; he is now at Orleans,
About ſome buſineſs.
Mir. You are once more welcome.
Your maſter's a right honeſt man, and one
I am much beholding to, and muſt very ſhortly
Trouble his love again.
Fac. You may be bold, Sir.
Mir. Your buſineſs, if you pleaſe now?
Fac. This it is, Sir.
I know you well remember, in your travel,
A Genoa merchant——
Mir. I remember many.
Fac. But this man, Sir, particularly; your own benefit
Muſts needs imprint him in you; one Alberto,
A gentleman you ſav'd from being murder'd
A little from Bologna:

I was

I was then myſelf in Italy, and ſupplied you,
Tho' haply, you have forgot me now.
Mir. No, I remember you,
And that Alberto too; a noble gentleman.
More to remember were to thank myſelf, Sir.
What of that gentleman?
Fac. He's dead.
Mir. I'm ſorry.
Fac. But on his death-bed, leaving to his ſiſter
All that he had, beſide ſome certain jewels,
(Which, with a ceremony, he bequeath'd to you,
In grateful memory) he commanded ſtrictly
His ſiſter, as ſhe lov'd him and his peace,
To ſee thoſe jewels ſafe and true deliver'd,
And, with them, his laſt love. She, as tender to
Obſerve this will, not truſting friend nor ſervant
With ſuch a weight, is come herſelf to Paris,
And at my maſter's houſe.
Mir. You tell me a wonder.
Fac. I tell you a truth, Sir.. She is young and handſome,
And well attended; of much ſtate and riches;
So loving and obedient to her brother,
That, on my conſcience, if he had given her alſo,
She would moſt willingly have made her tender.
Mir. May not I ſee her?
Fac. She deſires it heartily.
Mir. And preſently?
Fac. She's now about ſome buſineſs,
Paſſing accounts of ſome few debts here owing,
And buying jewels of a merchant.
Mir. Is ſhe wealthy?
Fac. I would you had her, Sir, at all adventure:
Her brother had a main ſtate.
Mir. And fair too?
Fac. The prime of all thoſe parts of Italy,
For beauty and for courteſy.
Mir. I muſt needs ſee her.
Fac. 'Tis all her buſineſs, Sir. You may now ſee her;

But

But tomorrow will be fitter for your viſitation,
For ſhe is not yet prepar'd.
Mir. Only her ſight, Sir;
And, when you ſhall think fit, for further viſit.
Fac. Sir, you may ſee her, and I'll wait your coming.
Mir. And I'll be with ye inſtantly. I know the houſe;
Mean time, my love, and thanks, Sir!,
Fac. Your poor ſervant! [*Exit.*
Pinac. Thou haſt the ſtrangeſt luck! What was that Alberto?
Mir. An honeſt noble merchant, 'twas my chance
To reſcue from ſome rogues had almoſt ſlain him.
And he in kindneſs to remember this!
Bel. Now we ſhall have you
(For all your proteſtations, and your forwardneſs)
Find out ſtrange fortunes in this lady's eyes,
And new enticements to put off your journey;
And who ſhall have honour then?
Mir. No, no, never fear it:
I muſt needs ſee her, to receive my legacy.
Bel. If it be tied up in her ſmock, Heav'n help thee!
May not we ſee too?
Mir. Yes, afore we go:
I muſt be known myſelf ere I be able
To make thee welcome. Wouldſt thou ſee more women?
I thought you had been out of love with all.
Bel. I may be,
(I find that) with the leaſt encouragement;
Yet I deſire to ſee whether all countries
Are naturally poſſeſs'd with the ſame ſpirits,
For if they be, I'll take a monaſtery,
And never travel; for I had rather be a friar,
And live mew'd up, than be a fool, and flouted.
Mir. Well, well, I'll meet you anon, then tell you more, boys;
However, ſtand prepar'd, preſt for our journey [46];

[46] *Preſt.*] Prepar'd, ready. *Sympſon.*
So in The Four P's, by John Heywood, (Dodſley's Collection, vol. i. p. 95),

For certain, we ſhall go, I think, when I have ſeen her,
And view'd her well.

Pinac. Go, go, and we'll wait for ye;
Your fortune directs ours.

Bel. You ſhall find us i'th' tavern,
Lamenting in ſack and ſugar [47] for our loſſes.
If ſhe be right Italian, and want ſervants,
You may prefer the propereſt man: How I could
Worry a woman now!

Pinac. Come, come, leave prating;
You may have enough to do, without this boaſting.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lugier, De Gard, Roſalura, and Lillia-Bianca.

Lug. This is the laſt adventure.

De Ga. And the happieſt,
As we hope too.

Roſ. We ſhould be glad to find it.

Lil. Who ſhall conduct us thither?

Lug. Your man is ready,
For I muſt not be ſeen; no, nor this gentleman;
That may beget ſuſpicion; all the reſt
Are people of no doubt. I would have ye, ladies,
Keep your old liberties, and do as we inſtruct ye.
Come, look not pale, ye ſhall not loſe your wiſhes,

' Who may not play one day in a week
' May think his thrift far to ſeek.
' Deviſe what paſtime that ye think beſt,
' And make ye ſure to finde me *preſt*.' *R.*

47 Sack and ſugar.] ' *Sugar and ſack* was a favourite liquor in Shake-
' ſpeare's time: In a letter deſcribing queen Elizabeth's entertainment
' at Killingworth-caſtle, 1575, by R. L. [Langham] bl. l. 12mo, the
" writer ſays, (p. 86.) ' Sipt I no more *ſak and ſuger* than I do
" Malmzey, I ſhould not bluſh ſo much a dayz as I doo.' And in
' another place, deſcribing a minſtrell, who, being ſomewhat iraſcible,
' had been offended by the company, he adds, ' at laſt, by ſum en-
" treaty, and many fair woords, with *ſak and ſuger*, we ſweeten him
" again.' P. 52.' Dr. Percy's note on the Firſt Part of
Henry IV. act ii. ſcene iv. *R.*

Nor

Nor beg 'em neither, but be yourſelves, and happy.
Roſ. I tell you true, I cannot hold off longer,
Nor give no more hard language.
De Ga. You ſhall not need.
Roſ. I love the gentleman, and muſt now ſhew it:
Shall I beat a proper man out of heart?
Lug. There's none adviſes you.
Lil. 'Faith, I repent me too.
Lug. Repent, and ſpoil all;
Tell what you know, you had beſt!
Lil. I'll tell what I think;
For if he aſk me now, if I can love him,
I'll tell him, yes, I can. The man's a kind man,
And out of his true honeſty affects me.
Altho' he play'd the fool, which I requited,
Muſt I ſtill hold him at the ſtaff's end?
Lug. You are two ſtrange women.
Roſ. We may be, if we fool ſtill.
Lug. Dare ye believe me?
Follow but this advice I have ſet you in now,
And if ye loſe—Would ye yield now ſo baſely?
Give up without your honours ſav'd?
De Ga. Fy, ladies!
Preſerve your freedom ſtill,
Lil. Well, well, for this time.
Lug. And carry that full ſtate——
Roſ. That's as the wind ſtands;
If it begin to chop about, and ſcant us,
Hang me, but I know what I'll do! Come, direct us;
I make no doubt, we ſhall do handſomely.
De Ga. Some part o'th' way we'll wait upon you, ladies;
The reſt your man ſupplies.
Lug. Do well, I'll honour ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Factor and Mirabell, Oriana, and two merchants.

Fac. Look you, Sir, there ſhe is; you ſee how buſy.

Methinks you are infinitely bound to her, for her journey.

Mir. How gloriouſly ſhe ſhews! She is a tall woman.

Fac. Of a fair ſize, Sir. My maſter not being at home,
I have been ſo out of my wits to get her company!
I mean, Sir, of her own fair ſex, and faſhion——

Mir. Afar off, ſhe is moſt fair too.

Fac. Near, moſt excellent.—
At length, I have entreated two fair ladies,
(And happily you know 'em) the young daughters
Of monſieur Nantolet——

Mir. I know 'em well, Sir.
What are thoſe? jewels?

Fac. All.

Mir. They make a rich ſhow?

Fac. There is a matter of ten thouſand pounds too
Was owing here: You ſee thoſe merchants with her;
They have brought it in now.

Mir. How handſomely her ſhape ſhews!

Fac. Thoſe are ſtill neat; your Italians are moſt curious.
Now ſhe looks this way.

Mir. Sh'has a goodly preſence!
How full of courteſy! Well, Sir, I'll leave you;
And if I may be bold to bring a friend or two,
Good noble gentlemen——

Fac. No doubt, you may, Sir;
For you have moſt command.

Mir. I have ſeen a wonder! [*Exit.*

Ori. Is he gone?

Fac. Yes.

Ori. How?

Fac. Taken to the utmoſt:
A wonder dwells about him.

Ori. He did not gueſs at me?

Fac. No; be ſecure, you ſhew another woman.
He is gone to fetch his friends.

Ori. Where are the gentlewomen?

Fac.

Fac. Here, here; now they are come,
Sit ſtill, and let them ſee you.

Enter Roſalura, Lillia, and Servant.

Roſ. Pray you, where's my friend, Sir?
Fac. She is within, ladies; but here's another gentlewoman,
A ſtranger to this town: So pleaſe you viſit her,
'Twill be well taken.
Lil. Where is ſhe?
Fac. There, above, ladies.
Serv. Bleſs me! what thing is this? Two pinacles
Upon her pate! Is't not a glode to catch woodcocks?
Roſ. Peace, you rude knave!
Serv. What a bouncing bum ſhe has too!
There's ſail enough for a carrack [48].
Roſ. What is this lady?
For, as I live, ſhe's a goodly woman.
Fac. Gueſs, gueſs.
Lil. I have not ſeen a nobler preſence.
Serv. 'Tis a luſty wench! Now could I ſpend my forty-pence,
With all my heart, to have but one fling at her,
To give her but a ſwaſhing blow [49].
Lil. You raſcal!
Serv. Ay, that's all a man has for's good will: 'Twill be long enough
Before you cry, 'Come, Anthony, and kiſs me.'
Lil. I'll have you whipt.
Roſ. Has my friend ſeen this lady?
Fac. Yes, yes, and is well known to her.
Roſ. I much admire her preſence.
Lil. So do I too;
For, I proteſt, ſhe is the handſomeſt,
The rareſt, and the neweſt to mine eye,
That ever I ſaw yet.
Roſ. I long to know her;

[48] *Carrack.*] See note 4 on the Elder Brother.
[49] *A* waſhing *blow.*] Surely we ſhould read, *ſwaſhing.*

My friend ſhall do that kindneſs.
Ori. So ſhe ſhall, ladies:
Come, pray you come up.
Roſ. Oh me!
Lil. Hang me, if I knew her!
Were I a man myſelf, I ſhould now love you;
Nay, I ſhould dote.
Roſ. I dare not truſt mine eyes;
For, as I live, you are the ſtrangeſt alter'd——
I muſt come up to know the truth.
Serv. So muſt I, lady;
For I am a kind of unbeliever too.
Lil. Get you gone, ſirrah;
And what you have ſeen be ſecret in; you are paid elſe!
No more of your long tongue.
Fac. Will ye go in, ladies,
And talk with her? Theſe ventures will come ſtraight.
Away with this fellow.
Lil. There, ſirrah; go, diſport you.
Serv. I would the trunk-hos'd woman would go with me! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, and Belleur.

Pinac. Is ſhe ſo glorious handſome?
Mir. You would wonder;
Our women look like gipſies, like Gills to her;
Their cloaths and faſhions beggarly, and bankrupt,
Baſe, old, and ſcurvy.
Bel. How looks her face?
Mir. Moſt heavenly;
And the becoming motion of her body
So ſets her off!
Bel. Why, then we ſhall ſtay.
Mir. Pardon me,
That's more than I know; if ſhe be that woman
She appears to be——

Bel.

Bel. As 'tis impoſſible.
Mir. I ſhall then tell you more.
Pinac. Did you ſpeak to her?
Mir. No, no, I only ſaw her, ſhe was buſy:
Now I go for that end; and mark her, gentlemen,
If ſhe appear not to you one o'th' ſweeteſt,
The handſomeſt, the faireſt, in behaviour——
We ſhall meet the two wenches there too; they come to viſit her,
To wonder, as we do.
Pinac. Then we ſhall meet 'em.
Bel. I had rather meet two bears.
Mir. There you may take your leaves, diſpatch that buſineſs,
And, as ye find their humours——
Pinac. Is your love there too?
Mir. No, certain; ſhe has no great heart to ſet out again.
This is the houſe; I'll uſher you.
Bel. I'll bleſs me,
And take a good heart, if I can.
Mir. Come, nobly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Factor, Roſalura, Lillia, and Oriana.

Fac. They are come in. Sit you two off as ſtrangers;

Enter Boy.

There, lady. Where's the boy? Be ready, ſirrah,
And clear your pipes; the muſic now; they enter.
[*Muſic.*

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, and Belleur.

Pinac. What a ſtate ſhe keeps! How far off they ſit from her!
How rich ſhe is! Ay, marry, this ſhews bravely!
Bel. She is a luſty wench, and may allure a good man;

But if ſhe have a tongue, I'll not give two-pence for her.
There ſits my fury; how I ſhake to ſee her!
Fac. Madam, this is the gentleman.
Mir. How ſweet ſhe kiſſes!
She has a ſpring dwells on her lips, a Paradiſe!
This is the legacy.

SONG.

From the honour'd dead I bring
Thus his love and laſt off'ring.
Take it nobly, 'tis your due,
From a friendſhip ever true.
From a faith, &c.

Ori. Moſt noble Sir,
This from my now-dead brother, as his love,
And grateful memory of your great benefit;
From me my thanks, my wiſhes, and my ſervice.
'Till I am more acquainted, I am ſilent;
Only I dare ſay this, you are truly noble.
Mir. What ſhould I think?
Pinac. Think you've a handſome fortune:
'Would I had ſuch another!
Roſ. Ye are well met, gentlemen;
We hear ye are for travel?
Pinac. You hear true, lady;
And come to take our leaves.
Lil. We'll along with ye:
We ſee you're grown ſo witty by your journey,
We cannot chuſe but ſtep out too. This lady
We mean to wait upon as far as Italy.
Bel. I'll travel into Wales, amongſt the mountains,
In hope they cannot find me[50].
Roſ. If you go further,
So good and free ſociety we hold ye,
We'll jog along too.
Pinac. Are you ſo valiant, lady?
Lil. And we'll be merry, Sir, and laugh.

[50] *I hope they cannot find me.*] So all former editions.

Pinac.

Pinac. It may be
We'll go by ſea.
Lil. Why, 'tis the only voyage;
I love a ſea-voyage, and a bluſtring tempeſt;
And let all ſplit!
Pinac. This is a dainty damſel!
I think 'twill tame you. Can you ride poſt?
Lil. Oh, excellently! I am never weary that way:
A hundred mile a-day is nothing with me.
Bel. I'll travel under ground. Do you hear, ſweet lady?
I find it will be dangerous for a woman.
Roſ. No danger, Sir, I warrant; I love to be under.
Bel. I ſee ſhe will abuſe me all the world over!
But ſay we paſs thro' Germany, and drink hard?
Roſ. We'll learn to drink and ſwagger too.
Bel. She'll beat me!
Lady, I'll live at home.
Roſ. And I'll live with thee;
And we'll keep houſe together.
Bel. I'll keep hounds firſt;
And thoſe I hate right heartily.
Pinac. I go for Turky;
And ſo it may be up into Perſia.
Lil. We cannot know too much; I'll travel with you.
Pinac. And you'll abuſe me?
Lil. Like enough.
Pinac. 'Tis dainty!
Bel. I will live in a bawdy-houſe.
Roſ. I dare come to you.
Bel. Say, I'm diſpos'd to hang myſelf?
Roſ. There I'll leave you.
Bel. I am glad I know how to avoid you.
Mir. May I ſpeak yet?
Fat. She beckons to you.
Mir. Lady, I could wiſh I knew to recompence,
Even with the ſervice of my life, thoſe pains,

And

And thoſe high favours you have thrown upon me:
'Till I be more deſertful in your eye,
And 'till my duty ſhall make known I honour you,
Nobleſt of women, do me but this favour
To accept this back again, as a poor teſtimony.
Ori. I muſt have you too with 'em; elſe the will,
That ſays they muſt reſt with you, is infring'd, Sir;
Which, pardon me, I dare not do.
Mir. Take me then;
And take me with the trueſt love.
Ori. 'Tis certain,
My brother lov'd you dearly, and I ought
As dearly to preſerve that love: But, Sir,
Tho' I were willing, theſe are but your ceremonies.
Mir. As I have life, I ſpeak my ſoul!
Ori. I like you:
But how you can like me, without I've teſtimony,
A ſtranger to you——
Mir. I'll marry you immediately;
A fair ſtate I dare promiſe you.
Bel. Yet ſhe'll cozen thee.
Ori. 'Would ſome fair gentleman durſt promiſe for you!
Mir. By all that's good——

Enter La Caſtre, Nantolet, Lugier, and De Gard.

All. And we'll make up the reſt, lady.
Ori. Then, Oriana takes you. Nay, ſhe has caught you!
If you ſtart now, let all the world cry ſhame on you!
I have out-travell'd you.
Bel. Did not I ſay ſhe would cheat thee?
Mir. I thank you! I am pleas'd you have deceiv'd me,
And willingly I ſwallow it, and joy in't:
And yet, perhaps, I know you. Whoſe plot was this?
Lug. He's not aſham'd that caſt it: He that executed,
Follow'd your father's will.
Mir. What a world's this!

Nothing

Nothing but craft and cozenage?
Ori. Who begun, Sir?
Mir. Well; I do take thee upon mere compaſſion;
And I do think I ſhall love thee. As a teſtimony,
I'll burn my book, and turn a new leaf over.
But theſe fine cloaths you ſhall wear ſtill.
Ori. I obey you, Sir, in all.
Nant. And how, how, daughters? What ſay you to theſe gentlemen?
What ſay ye, gentlemen, to the girls?
Pinac. By my troth—if ſhe can love me.
Lil. How long?
Pinac. Nay, if once you love——
Lil. Then take me,
And take your chance.
Pinac. Moſt willingly! You are mine, lady;
And if I uſe you not, that you may love me——
Lil. A match, i'faith.
Pinac. Why, now you travel with me.
Roſ. How that thing ſtands!
Bel. It will, if you urge it[51].
Bleſs your five wits!
Roſ. Nay, prithee ſtay; I'll have thee.
Bel. You muſt aſk me leave firſt.
Roſ. Wilt thou uſe me kindly,
And beat me but once a week?
Bel. If you deſerve no more.
Roſ. And wilt thou get me with child?
Bel. Doſt thou aſk me ſeriouſly?
Roſ. Yes, indeed do I.
Bel. Yes, I will get thee with child. Come preſently,
An' 't be but in revenge; I'll do thee that courteſy.
Will, if thou wilt fear God, and me, have at thee!
Roſ. I'll love you, and I'll honour you.

[51] Bell. *It will, if ye urge it.*] The want of a negative makes Belleur ſay juſt the contrary to what he deſign'd,
It will not *if ye urge it.* *Sympſon.*
The inſertion of the negative reverſes what the Poets moſt clearly intended to ſay.

Bel.

Bel. I am pleas'd then.

Mir. This Wild-Gooſe Chaſe is done; we have won o'both ſides.
Brother, your love, and now to church of all hands;
Let's loſe no time.

Pinac. Our travelling lay by.

Bel. No more for Italy; for the Low Countries[52], I.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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[52] ——— *lay by.*

Bell. *No more for Italy, for the Low-Countries.*] The reading, which the preſent edition exhibits, is Mr. Theobald's, and an happy one it is, as it both completes the ſenſe, and keeps up the ſolemn cuſtom of not only the play-wrights of our Authors, but theſe of our preſent time, *viz.* of making each drama conclude in a jingle. *Sympſon.*

A ſtrong reaſon for ſuppoſing the *I* was loſt at the preſs, is, that the firſt edition has a comma at the end of this play,

——— *for the Low Countries,*

OF THE
COMEAY
BRANCH
OF THE
LATIC

A WIFE FOR A MONTH.

Rugio.— He points to the Tomb.
Marco.— That is the place he honours. Act III.

J. J. Barnolet del. J. Collyer sculp.

A WIFE FOR A MONTH.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner aſcribe this Play wholly to Fletcher; and the Prologue ſpeaks of the Author in the ſingular number. It was firſt printed in the folio of 1647. *We do not know that it ever received any alterations; nor has it been performed in the courſe of many years paſt. And indeed, notwithſtanding the noble flights of poetry with which this Tragi-Comedy abounds, the ſubject is of ſuch a nature as muſt neceſſarily preclude its repreſentation on the modern theatre.*

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

YOU'RE welcome, gentlemen; and 'would our feaſt
Were ſo well ſeaſon'd, to pleaſe ev'ry gueſt!
Ingenuous appetites, I hope we ſhall,
And their examples may prevail in all.
Our noble friend, who writ this, bid me ſay,
He'd rather dreſs, upon a triumph-day,
My lord-mayor's feaſt, and make him ſauces too,
Sauce for each ſev'ral mouth, nay further go,
He'd rather build up thoſe invincible pies
And caſtle-cuſtards that affright all eyes,
Nay eat 'em all and their artillery,
Than dreſs for ſuch a curious company
One ſingle diſh: Yet he has pleas'd ye too,
And you've confeſs'd he knew well what to do:
Be hungry as you were wont to be, and bring
Sharp ſtomachs to the ſtories he ſhall ſing,
And he dare yet, he ſays, prepare a table
Shall make you ſay, well dreſt, and he well able.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Alphonſo, *king of Naples.*
Frederick, *brother to Alphonſo, and uſurper of his kingdom.*
Sorano, *a lord, brother to Evanthe, Frederick's inſtrument.*
Valerio, *a noble young lord, ſervant, afterward married to Evanthe.*
Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, } *three honeſt court lords.*
Rugio, *an honeſt lord, friend to Alphonſo.*
Marco, *a friar, Alphonſo's friend.*
Podramo, *a neceſſary creature to Sorano.*
Tony, *Frederick's knaviſh fool.*
Caſtruccio, *captain of the citadel, an honeſt man.*
Cupid *and* Graces, *with other maſquers.*
Lawyer.
Phyſician.
Captain.
Cutpurſe.

Citizens, and Attendants.

WOMEN.

Queen, *wife to Frederick, a virtuous lady.*
Evanthe, *ſiſter to Sorano, the chaſte wife of Valerio*; or A Wife for a Month.
Caſſandra, *an old bawd, waiting-woman to Evanthe.*

Ladies, and City Wives.

SCENE, NAPLES.

A WIFE

A WIFE FOR A MONTH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Frederick, Sorano, Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, and attendants.

Sorano. WILL your Grace ſpeak?

Fred. Let me alone, Sorano:
Altho' my thoughts ſeem ſad, they're welcome to me.

Sor. You know I'm private as your ſecret wiſhes,
Ready to fling my ſoul upon your ſervice [1],
Ere your command be on't.

Fred. Bid thoſe depart.

Sor. You muſt retire, my lords.

Cam. What new deſign
Is hammering in his head now?

Cle. Let's pray heartily
None of our heads meet with't: My wife's old,
That's all my comfort.

Men. Mine's ugly, that I am ſure on,
And I think honeſt too; 'twould make me ſtart elſe.

Cam. Mine's troubled in the country with a fever,
And ſome few infirmities elſe. He looks again;
Come, let's retire: Certain 'tis ſome ſhe-buſineſs [2],

[1] *Ready to fling my ſoul,* &c.] Sorano's readineſs to aſſiſt his maſter's amours is equal to, and as infamous as, that of Pandarus, in Shakeſpeare's Troilus and Creſſida. *R.*

[2] ——*Certain 'tis ſome ſhe buſineſs,*
This new lord's employed.] Mr. Sympſon, without authority, or notice, reads,
This new lord's employ'd in;

'This new lord's employ'd. [*Exeunt lords.*
Val. I'll not be far off,
Becauſe I doubt the cauſe. [*Retires.*
Fred. Are they all gone?
Sor. All but your faithful ſervant.
Fred. I would tell thee,
But 'tis a thing thou canſt not like.
Sor. Pray you ſpeak it:
Is it my head? I have it ready for you, Sir:
Is't any action in my power? my wit?
I care not of what nature, nor what follows.
Fred. I am in love.
Sor. That's the leaſt thing of a thouſand,
The eaſieſt to atchieve.
Fred. But with whom, Sorano?
Sor. With whom you pleaſe, you muſt not be denied, Sir.
Fred. Say, it be with one of thy kinſwomen?
Sor. Say, with all;
I ſhall more love your Grace, I ſhall more honour you;
And 'would I had enough to ſerve your pleaſure!
Fred. Why, 'tis thy ſiſter then, the fair Evanthe;
I'll be plain with thee.
Sor. I'll be as plain with you, Sir;
She brought not her perfections to the world,
To lock them in a caſe, or hang 'em by her;
The uſe is all ſhe breeds 'em for; ſhe's yours, Sir.
Fred. Doſt thou mean ſeriouſly?
Sor. I mean my ſiſter;
And if I had a dozen more, they were all yours.
Some aunts I have, they have been handſome women;
My mother's dead indeed; and ſome few couſins,
That are now ſhooting up, we ſhall ſee ſhortly.
Fred. No; 'tis Evanthe.
Sor. I've ſent my man unto her,

which proves he did not underſtand the Poet. Camillo, a *good* man, is intended to ſay, 'Certainly 'tis ſome illicit amour, as this [*bad*] lord 'is employ'd.' *J. N.*

Upon

Upon ſome buſineſs to come preſently [3],
Hither ſhe ſhall come; your Grace dare ſpeak unto her?
Large golden promiſes, and ſweet language, Sir,
You know what they work; ſhe's a complete courtier:
Beſides, I'll ſet in.

Fred. She waits upon my queen:
What jealouſy and anger may ariſe,
Incenſing her——

Sor. You have a good ſweet lady,
A woman of ſo even and ſtill a temper,
She knows not anger: Say, ſhe were a fury,
I'd thought you had been abſolute, the great king,
The fountain of all honours, place[4], and pleaſures,
Your will and your commands unbounded alſo:
Go, get a pair of beads and learn to pray, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, your ſervant ſtays.

Sor. Bid him come hither,
And bring the lady with him. [*Exit Serv.*

Fred. I will wooe her;
And either loſe myſelf, or win her favour.

Sor. She's coming in.

Fred. Thy eyes ſhoot thro' the door;
They are ſo piercing, that the beams they dart
Give new light to the room!

Enter Podramo and Evanthe.

Evan. Whither doſt thou go?
This is the king's ſide, and his private lodgings;
What buſineſs have I here?

Pod. My lord ſent for you.

Evan. His lodgings are below; you are miſtaken!

---

[3] ——— *preſently*
Hither, *ſhe ſhall come.*] *Hither, i. e.* into your apartments. But Sorano could not ſay that he had *ſent for her* to come *thither*. The *comma* therefore ſhould be, as I have put it, after *preſently*. *Sympſon.*
Either reading comes to the ſame thing.

[4] *The fountain of all honours,* plays *and pleaſures.*] The variation in the text was propoſed by Mr. Sympſon.

We left them at the ſtair-foot.

Pod. Good ſweet madam!

Evan. I am no counſellor, nor important ſuitor,
Nor have no private buſineſs thro' theſe chambers,
To ſeek him this way. O' my life, thou'rt drunk,
Or worſe than drunk, hir'd to convey me hither
To ſome baſe end! Now I look on thee better,
Thou haſt a bawdy face, and I abhor thee,
A beaſtly bawdy face! I'll go no further.

Sor. Nay, ſhrink not back; indeed you ſhall, good ſiſter.
Why do you bluſh? the good king will not hurt you;
He honours you, and loves you.

Evan. Is this the buſineſs?

Sor. Yes, and the beſt you ever will arrive at,
If you be wiſe.

Evan. My father was no bawd, Sir;
Nor of that worſhipful ſtock, as I remember.

Sor. You are a fool!

Evan. You're that I ſhame to tell you!

Fred. Gentle Evanthe!

Evan. The gracious Queen, Sir,
Is well and merry, Heav'n be thanked for it;
And, as I think, ſhe waits you in the garden.

Fred. Let her wait there; I talk not of her garden;
I talk of thee, ſweet flower.

Evan. Your grace is pleaſant,
To miſtake a nettle for a roſe.

Fred. No roſe,
Nor lily, nor no glorious hyacinth,
Are of that ſweetneſs, whiteneſs, tenderneſs,
Softneſs, and ſatisfying bleſſedneſs,
As my Evanthe.

Evan. Your grace ſpeaks very feelingly:
I would not be a handſome wench in your way, Sir,
For a new gown.

Fred. Thou art all handſomeneſs;
Nature will be aſham'd to frame another
Now thou art made; th'haſt robb'd her of her cunning:

Each

Each ſeveral part about thee is a beauty.
Sor. D' you hear this, ſiſter?
Evan. Yes, unworthy brother!
But all this will not do.
Fred. But love, Evanthe,
Thou ſhalt have more than words, wealth, eaſe, and honours,
My tender wench.
Evan. Be tender of my credit,
And I ſhall love you, Sir, and I ſhall honour you.
Fred. I love thee to enjoy thee, my Evanthe,
To give thee the content of love.
Evan. Hold, hold, Sir,
You are too fleet: I have ſome buſineſs this way,
Your Grace can ne'er content.
Sor. You ſtubborn toy!
Evan. Good my lord Bawd, I thank you!
Fred. Thou ſhalt not go. Believe me, ſweet Evanthe,
So high I will advance thee for this favour,
So rich and potent I will raiſe thy fortune,
And thy friends mighty——
Evan. Good your Grace, be patient;
I ſhall make the worſt honourable wench that ever was,
Shame your diſcretion, and your choice.
Fred. Thou ſhalt not.
Evan. Shall I be rich, do you ſay, and glorious,
And ſhine above the reſt, and ſcorn all beauties,
And mighty in command?
Fred. Thou ſhalt be any thing.
Evan. Let me be honeſt too, and then I'll thank you.
Have you not ſuch a title to beſtow too?
If I prove otherwiſe, I'd know but this, Sir;
Can all the power you have, or all the riches,
But tie mens' tongues up from diſcourſing of me,
Their eyes from gazing at my glorious folly,
Time that ſhall come, from wond'ring at my impudence,
And they that read my wanton life, from curſes?

Can you do this? have you this magick in you?
This is not in your power, tho' you be a prince, Sir,
No more than evil is in holy angels,
Nor I, I hope. Get wantonneſs confirm'd
By act of parliament an honeſty,
And ſo receiv'd by all, I'll hearken to you.
Heav'n guide your Grace!

Fred. Evanthe, ſtay a little!
I'll no more wantonneſs; I'll marry thee.

Evan. What ſhall the Queen do?

Fred. I'll be divorc'd from her.

Evan. Can you tell why? What has ſhe done againſt you?
Has ſhe contriv'd a treaſon 'gainſt your perſon?
Abus'd your bed? Does diſobedience urge you?

Fred. That's all one; 'tis my will.

Evan. 'Tis a moſt wicked one,
A moſt abſurd one, and will ſhew a monſter!
I'd rather be a whore, and with leſs ſin,
To your preſent luſt, than queen to your injuſtice.
Yours is no love, Faith and Religion fly it,
Nor has no taſte of fair affection in it.
Some helliſh flame abuſes your fair body,
And helliſh furies blow it. Look behind you:
Divorce you from a woman of her beauty,
Of her integrity, her piety,
Her love to you, to all that honours you,
Her chaſte and virtuous love? are theſe fit cauſes?
What will you do to me, when I have cloy'd you?
You may find time out in eternity,
Deceit and violence in heav'nly juſtice,
Life in the grave, and death among the bleſs'd,
Ere ſtain or brack in her ſweet reputation.

Sor. You've fool'd enough; be wiſe now, and a woman!
You've ſhew'd a modeſty ſufficient,
If not too much, for court.

Evan. You've ſhew'd an impudence

A more

A more experienc'd bawd would bluſh and ſhake at!
You'll make my kindred mighty?

Fred. Prithee hear me!

Evan. I do, Sir, and I count it a great offer.

Fred. Any of thine.

Evan. 'Tis like enough you may clap honour on them,
But how 'twill ſit, and how men will adore it,
Is ſtill the queſtion. I'll tell you what they'll ſay, Sir,
What the report will be, and 'twill be true too;
(And it muſt needs be comfort to your maſter[6]!)
'Theſe are the iſſues of her impudence.'
I'll tell your Grace, ſo dear I hold the queen,
So dear that honour that ſhe nurs'd me up in,
I'd firſt take to me, for my luſt, a Moor,
One of your galley-ſlaves, that cold and hunger,
Decrepid miſery, had made a mock-man,
Than be your queen!

Fred. You're bravely reſolute.

Evan. I'd rather be a leper, and be ſhunn'd,
And die by pieces, rot into my grave,
Leaving no memory behind to know me,
Than be a high whore to eternity!

Fred. You have another gameſter, I perceive by ye;
You durſt not ſlight me elſe.

Sor. I'll find him out;
Tho' he lie next thy heart hid, I'll diſcover him;
And, ye proud peat, I'll make you curſe your inſolence!

Val. Tongue of an angel, and the truth of Heav'n,
How am I bleſt! [*Exit.*

Sor. Podramo, go in haſte
To my ſiſter's gentlewoman; (you know her well)
And bid her ſend her miſtreſs preſently

[6] *And it muſt needs be comfort to your* maſter.] Who was Frederick's maſter? Preferment had been promis'd to her kindred; by whom her brother Soranzo is chiefly intended, who was pandar and *miniſter* of Frederick's luſts. I read therefore,

And it muſt needs be comfort to your miniſter. *Seward.*

Undoubtedly, Evanthe turns to *Soranzo*, and addreſſes this line to him. *J. N.*

The leſſer cabinet ſhe keeps her letters in,
And ſuch-like toys, and bring it to me inſtantly.
Away!

Pod. I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Enter the Queen, with two ladies.

Sor. The Queen!

Fred. Let's quit the place; ſhe may grow jealous.
[*Exeunt Fred. and Sorano.*

Queen. So ſuddenly departed! what's the reaſon?
Does my approach diſpleaſe his Grace? are my eyes
So hateful to him? or my converſation
Infected, that he flies me? Fair Evanthe!
Are you there? then I ſee his ſhame.

Evan. 'Tis true, madam,
'T has pleaſed his goodneſs to be pleaſant with me.

Queen. 'Tis ſtrange to find thy modeſty in this place!
Does the king offer fair? does thy face take him?
Ne'er bluſh, Evanthe, 'tis a very ſweet one.
Does he rain gold, and precious promiſes,
Into thy lap? will he advance thy fortunes?
Shalt thou be mighty, wench?

Evan. Never mock, madam;
'Tis rather on your part to be lamented,
At leaſt reveng'd. I can be mighty, lady,
And glorious too, glorious and great as you are.

Queen. He'll marry thee?

Evan. Who would not be a queen, madam?

Queen. 'Tis true, Evanthe, 'tis a brave ambition,
A golden dream, that may delude a good mind.
What ſhall become of me?

Evan. You muſt learn to pray;
Your age and honour will become a nunnery.

Queen. Wilt thou remember me? [*Weeps.*

Evan. She weeps!—Sweet lady,
Upon my knees I aſk your ſacred pardon,
For my rude boldneſs; and know, my ſweet miſtreſs,
If e'er there were ambition in Evanthe,

It

It was and is to do you faithful duties.
'Tis true I have been tempted by the king,
And with no few and potent charms, to wrong ye,
To violate the chaſte joys of your bed;
And, thoſe not taking hold, to uſurp your ſtate:
But ſhe that has been bred up under ye,
And daily fed upon your virtuous precepts,
Still growing ſtrong by example of your goodneſs,
Having no errant motion from obedience,
Flies from theſe vanities, as mere illuſions,
And, arm'd with honeſty, defies all promiſes!
In token of this truth, I lay my life down
Under your ſacred foot, to do you ſervice.

Queen. Riſe, my true friend, thou virtuous bud of beauty!
Thou virgins' honour, ſweetly blow and flouriſh!
And that rude nipping wind that ſeeks to blaſt thee,
Or taint thy root, be curs'd to all poſterity!
To my protection from this hour I take ye;
Yes, and the king ſhall know——

Evan. Give his heat way, madam,
And 'twill go out again; he may forget all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, and Menallo.

Cam. What have we to do with the times? we can't cure 'em.
Let 'em go on: When they are ſwoln with ſurfeits,
They'll burſt and ſtink; then all the world ſhall ſmell 'em.

Cle. A man may live a bawd, and be an honeſt man.

Men. Yes, and a wiſe man too; it is a virtuous calling.

Cam. To his own wife eſpecially, or to his ſiſter,
The nearer to his own blood, ſtill the honeſter:
There want ſuch honeſt men; 'would we had more of 'em!

Men. To be a villain is no ſuch rude matter.

Cam. No, if he be a neat one, and a perfect;
Art makes all excellent. What is it, gentlemen,

In

In a good cauſe to kill a dozen coxcombs,
That blunt rude fellows call good patriots?
Nothing, nor ne'er look'd after.

Men. 'Tis e'en as much,
As eaſy too, as honeſt, and as clear,
To raviſh matrons, and deflower coy wenches:
But here they are ſo willing, 'tis a compliment.

Cle. To pull down churches with pretenſion
To build 'em fairer, may be done with honour;
And all this time believe no God.

Cam. I think ſo;
'Tis faith enough if they name him in their angers,
Or on their rotten tombs [7] engrave an angel.
Well, brave Alphonſo, how happy had we been,
If thou hadſt reign'd!

Men. 'Would I had his diſeaſe,
Tied, like a leproſy, to my poſterity,
So he were right again!

Cle. What is his malady?

Cam. Nothing but ſad and ſilent melancholy,
Laden with griefs and thoughts, no man knows why neither.
The good Brandino, father to the princes [8],
Uſed all the art and induſtry that might be,
To free Alphonſo from this dull calamity,
And ſeat him in his rule; he was his eldeſt,
And nobleſt too, had not fair Nature ſtopt in him,
For which cauſe this was choſen to inherit,
Frederick the younger.

Cle. Does he uſe his brother
With that reſpect and honour that befits him?

Cam. He is kept privately, as they pretend,
To give more eaſe and comfort to his ſickneſs;
But he has honeſt ſervants, the grave Rugio,
And friar Marco, that wait upon his perſon,
And in a monaſtery he lives.

7 *Or* on *their rotten* tombs *engrave an angel.*] Mr. Sympſon wiſhes to read, O'ER *their rotten* BONES; but we ſee no need of change.

8 ——*father to the* princeſs.] Altered in 1750.

Men.

Men. 'Tis full of ſadneſs,
To ſee him when he comes to his father's tomb,
(As once a day that is his pilgrimage,
Whilſt in devotion the choir ſings an anthem)
How piouſly he kneels, and, like a virgin
That ſome croſs fate had cozen'd of her love,
Weeps 'till the ſtubborn marble ſweats with pity,
And to his groans the whole choir bears a chorus!

Enter Frederick, Sorano with the cabinet, and Podramo.

Cam. So do I too. The king, with his contrivers!
This is no place for us. [*Exeunt lords.*
Fred. This is a jewel!
Lay it aſide. What paper's that?
Pod. A letter;
But 'tis a woman's, Sir, I know by the hand,
And the falſe orthography; they write old Saxon.
Fred. May-be her ghoſtly mother's that inſtructs her.
Sor. No, 'tis a couſin's, and came up with a great cake.
Fred. What's that?
Sor. A pair of gloves the ducheſs gave her;
For ſo the outſide ſays.
Fred. That other paper?
Sor. A charm for the tooth-ach; here's nothing but ſaints and croſſes.
Fred. Look in that box; methinks, that ſhould hold ſecrets.
Pod. 'Tis paint, and curls of hair; ſhe'gins to exerciſe.
A glaſs of water too; I would fain taſte it,
But I am wickedly afraid 'twill ſilence me;
Never a conduit-pipe to convey this water?
Sor. Theſe are all rings, deaths'-heads, and ſuch *memento's*,
Her grandmother and worm-eaten aunts left to her,
To tell her what her beauty muſt arrive at.
Fred. That, that?
Pod. They're written ſongs, Sir, to provoke young ladies.

Lord,

Lord, here's a prayer-book! how theſe agree!
Here's a ſtrange union!
Sor. Ever by a ſurfeit
You have a julep ſet, to cool the patient.
Fred. Thoſe, thoſe?
Sor. They're verſes: 'To the bleſt Evanthe.'
Fred. Thoſe may diſcover.
Read them out, Sorano.

To the bleſt Evanthe.

Let thoſe complain that feel Love's cruelty,
And in ſad legends write their woes;
With roſes gently h'has corrected me,
My war is without rage or blows:
My miſtreſs' eyes ſhine fair on my deſires,
And hope ſprings up inflam'd with her new fires.

No more an exile will I dwell,
With folded arms, and ſighs all day,
Reck'ning the torments of my hell,
And flinging my ſweet joys away:
I am call'd home again to quiet peace,
My miſtreſs ſmiles, and all my ſorrows ceaſe.

Yet what is living in her eye,
Or being bleſt with her ſweet tongue,
If theſe no other joys imply?
A golden gyve [9], a pleaſing wrong:
To be your own but one poor Month, I'd give
My youth, my fortune, and then leave to live!

Fred. This is my rival; that I knew the hand now!
Sor. I know it, I have ſeen it; 'tis Valerio's,
That hopeful gentleman's that was brought up
With you, and, by your charge, nouriſh'd and fed
At the ſame table, with the ſame allowance.
Fred. And all this courteſy to ruin me?
Croſs my deſires? H'had better have fed humblier,
And ſtood at greater diſtance from my fury!

9 *Gyve.*] See note 38 on Beggars' Buſh.

Go

Go for him quickly, find him inſtantly,
Whilſt my impatient heart ſwells high with choler!
Better have lov'd Deſpair, and ſafer kiſs'd her!
[*Exeunt Sorano and Podramo.*

Enter Evanthe and Caſſandra.

Evan. Thou old weak fool! doſt thou know to what end,
To what betraying end, he got this caſket?
Durſt thou deliver him, without my ring,
Or a command from mine own mouth, that cabinet
That holds my heart? You unconſid'rate aſs,
You brainleſs idiot!

Caſ. I ſaw you go with him,
At the firſt word commit your perſon to him,
And make no ſcruple; he's your brother's gentleman,
And, for any thing I know, an honeſt man;
And might not I upon the ſame ſecurity
Deliver him a box?

Evan. A bottle-head!

Fred. You ſhall have cauſe to chafe, as I will handle it.

Evan. I'd rather th'hadſt deliver'd me to pirates,
Betray'd me to uncurable diſeaſes,
Hung up my picture in a market-place [10],
And ſold me to vile bawds [11]!

Caſ. As I take it, madam,
Your maidenhead lies not in that cabinet;
You have a cloſer, and you keep the key too:
Why are you vex'd thus?

Evan. I could curſe thee wickedly,
And wiſh thee more deform'd than age can make thee!

[10] *Hung up my picture*, &c.] This ſeems to allude to a cuſtom which formerly was frequent at Naples, of hanging up the pictures of the moſt celebrated courtezans in the publick parts of the town, to ſerve as direction where they lived. See Mrs. Behn's play of the Rover, or Baniſhed Cavaliers, where the ſcene is laid in the ſame place. *R.*

[11] *And ſold me to* wild *bawds.*] This may poſſibly be right, but had any of the copies run thus, *to* vild *bawds*, I ſhould have made no ſcruple to prefer it as better. *Sympſon.*

There can be no doubt of the Author's writing *vilde*, which word, modernized, is *vile*.

Perpetual

Perpetual hunger, and no teeth to ſatisfy it [12],
Wait on thee ſtill, nor ſleep be found to eaſe it!
Thoſe hands that gave the caſket, may the palſy
For ever make unuſeful, ev'n to feed thee!
Long winters, that thy bones may turn to iſicles
No hell can thaw again, inhabit by thee!
Is thy care like thy body, all one crookedneſs?
How ſcurvily thou crieſt now! like a drunkard!
I'll have as pure tears from a dirty ſpout.
Do, ſwear thou didſt this ignorantly, ſwear it,
Swear and be damn'd, thou half witch!

Caſ. Theſe are fine words!
Well, madam, madam!

Evan. 'Tis not well, thou mummy!
'Tis impudently, baſely done, thou dirty——

Fred. Has your young ſanctity done railing, madam,
Againſt your innocent 'ſquire? Do you ſee this ſonnet,
This loving ſcript? d'you know from whence it came too?

Evan. I do, and dare avouch it pure and honeſt.

Fred. You've private viſitants, my noble lady,
That in ſweet numbers court your goodly virtues,
And to the height of adoration.

Evan. Well, Sir,
There's neither hereſy nor treaſon in it.

Fred. A prince may beg at the door, whilſt theſe feaſt with ye;
A favour or a grace [13], from ſuch as I am,

[12] *Perpetual hunger, and no* teeth *to ſatisfy it.*] That a perſon may be *perpetually hungry* whether he has *teeth* or no is very evident; may we not then wiſh that, inſtead of *teeth*, the Poets had wrote,

——*No* meat *to ſatisfy it.* *Sympſon.*

[13] *A favour or a grace* from *ſuch as I am,*
Courſe common things.] The ſenſe here is eaſy enough, but the expreſſion labours. I would read,
A favour or a grace, for *ſuch as I am*
Courſe common things——You're welcome, &c.
i. e. ſuch courſe common things as I am are not worthy of a grace, *&c.* *Sympſon.*

We ſee no difficulty here, either of *ſenſe* or *expreſſion.*

Enter

Enter Valerio and Podramo.

Coarſe common things—You're welcome! Pray come near, Sir:
D'you know this paper?
Val. I'm betray'd!—I do, Sir;
'Tis mine, my hand and heart. If I die for her,
I am thy martyr, Love, and time ſhall honour me.
Caſ. You ſaucy Sir, that came in my lady's name
For her gilt cabinet, you cheating Sir too,
You ſcurvy uſher, with as ſcurvy legs,
And a worſe face, thou poor baſe hanging-holder,
How durſt thou come to me with a lie in thy mouth?
An impudent lie——
Pod. Holla, good Gill! you hobble.
Caſ. A ſtinking lie, more ſtinking than the teller?
To play the pilfering knave? There have been raſcals
Brought up to fetch and carry, like your worſhip,
That have been hang'd for leſs; whipt there are daily;
And if the law will do me right——
Pod. What then, old maggot?
Caſ. Thy mother was carted younger.—I'll have thy hide,
Thy mangy hide, embroider'd with a dog-whip [14],
As it is now with potent pox, and thicker.
Fred. Peace, good antiquity! I'll have your bones elſe
Ground into gunpowder to ſhoot at cats with.
One word more, and I'll blanch thee like an almond:
There's no ſuch cure for the ſhe-falling ſickneſs
As the powder of a dried bawd's ſkin. Be ſilent!—
You're very prodigal of your ſervice here, Sir;
Of your life more, it ſeems.
Val. I repent neither;
Becauſe, your Grace ſhall underſtand, it comes
From the beſt part of love, my pure affection;

[14] ——— *embroider'd with a dog-whip,*
And *it is now*, &c.] Mr. Sympſon, without giving any reaſon, ſingly furniſhes this reading.

And,

And, kindled with chaſte flame, I will not fly from't.
If it be error to deſire to marry,
And marry her that ſanctity would dote on,
I've done amiſs; if it be a treaſon
To graft my ſoul to virtue, and to grow there,
To love the tree that bears ſuch happineſs,
(Conceive me, Sir; this fruit was ne'er forbidden)
Nay, to deſire to taſte too, I am traitor.
Had you but plants enough of this bleſt tree, Sir,
Set round about your court, to beautify it,
Deaths twice ſo many, to diſmay the approachers,
The ground would ſcarce yield graves to noble lovers.

Fred. 'Tis well maintain'd. You wiſh and pray to Fortune,
Here in your ſonnet, (and ſhe has heard your prayers)
So much you dote upon your own undoing,
But one Month to enjoy her as your Wife,
Tho' at the expiring of that time you die for't.

Val. I could wiſh many, many ages, Sir;
To grow as old as Time in her embraces,
If Heav'n would grant it, and you ſmile upon it;
But if my choice were two hours, and then periſh,
I would not pull my heart back.

Fred. You've your wiſh:
Tomorrow I will ſee you nobly married;
Your Month take out in all content and pleaſure;
The firſt day of the following Month you die for't.
Kneel not! not all your prayers can divert me.—
Now mark your ſentence; mark it, ſcornful lady!
If, when Valerio's dead, within twelve hours,
(For that's your lateſt time) you find not out
Another huſband, on the ſame condition
To marry you again, you die yourſelf too!

Evan. Now you are merciful! I thank your Grace!

Fred. If, when you're married, you but ſeek to 'ſcape
Out of the kingdom, you, or ſhe, or both,
Or to infect mens' minds with hot commotions,
You die both inſtantly!—Will you love me now, lady?

My

My tale will now be heard; but now I ſcorn you!

[*Exeunt omnes præter Valerio and Evanthe.*

Evan. Is our fair love, our honeſt, our entire,
Come to this hazard?

Val. 'Tis a noble one,
And I am much in love with Malice for it;
Envy could not have ſtudied me a way,
Nor Fortune pointed out a path to Honour,
Straighter and nobler, if ſhe had her eyes.
When I have once enjoy'd my ſweet Evanthe,
And bleſt my youth with her moſt dear embraces,
I've done my journey here, my day is out:
All that the world has elſe is foolery,
Labour, and loſs of time. What ſhould I live for?
Think but man's life a Month, and we are happy.
I would not have my joys grow old for any thing:
A Paradiſe, as thou art, my Evanthe,
Is only made to wonder at a little,
Enough for human eyes, and then to wander from.
Come, do not weep, ſweet; you diſhonour me!
Your tears and griefs but queſtion my ability,
Whether I dare die. Do you love entirely?

Evan. You know I do.

Val. Then grudge not my felicity.

Evan. I'll to the Queen.

Val. Do any thing that's honeſt;
But, if you ſue to him, in death I hate you! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, and Menallo.

Cam. WAS there ever heard of ſuch a marriage?

Men. Marriage and hanging go by deſtiny;
'Tis the old proverb; now they come together.

Cle. But a Month married, then to loſe his life for't?
I'd have a long Month ſure, that pays the ſoldiers.

Enter Tony, with an urinal.

Cam. Or get all the almanacks burnt, (that were a rare trick)
And have no Month remember'd. How now, Tony?
Whoſe water are you caſting?

Tony. A ſick gentleman's,
Is very ſick, much troubled with the ſtone;
He ſhould not live above a Month, by's urine:
About St. David's Day [15] it will go hard with him;
He'll then be troubled with a pain in his neck too.

Men. A peſtilent fool! When wilt thou marry, Tony?

Tony. When I mean to be hang'd; and 'tis the ſurer contract.

Cle. What think you of this marriage of Valerio's?

Tony. They have given him a hot cuſtard,
And mean to burn his mouth with't. Had I known
He had been given to die honourably,
I would have help'd him to a wench, a rare one,
Should have kill'd him in three weeks, and ſav'd the ſentence.

Cam. There be them would have ſpar'd ten days of that too.

Tony. It may be ſo; you've women of all virtues:
There be ſome guns that I could bring him to,
Some mortar-pieces that are plac'd i'th' ſuburbs,
Would tear him into quarters in two hours;
There be alſo of the race of the old cockatrices,
That would diſpatch him with once looking on him.

Men. What Month wouldſt thou chuſe, Tony,
If thou hadſt the like fortune?

Tony. I would chuſe
A mull'd ſack Month, to comfort my belly; for ſure
My back would ake for it; and, at the Month's end,
I'd be moſt diſmally drunk, and ſcorn the gallows.

Men. I would chuſe March, for I would come in like a lion.

[15] This Play acted about the latter end of January. *Theobald.*

Tony.

Tony. But you'd go out like a lamb, when you went to hanging.

Cam. I would take April, take the ſweet o'th' year,
And kiſs my wench upon the tender flowrets,
Tumble on every green, and, as the birds ſung,
Embrace, and melt away my ſoul in pleaſure.

Tony. You'd go a-maying gaily to the gallows.

Cle. Prithee tell us ſome news.

Tony. I'll tell ye all I know:
You may be honeſt, and poor fools, as I am,
And blow your fingers' ends.

Cam. That's no news, fool.

Tony. You may be knaves then when you pleaſe, ſtark knaves,
And build fair houſes; but your heirs ſhall have none of 'em.

Men. Theſe are undoubted.

Tony. Truth's not worth the hearing!
I'll tell you news then: There was a drunken ſailor,
That got a mermaid with-child as ſhe went a-milking,
And now ſhe ſues him in the bawdy-court for't;
The infant monſter is brought up in Fiſh-ſtreet.

Cam. Ay, this is ſomething!

Tony. I'll tell you more; there was a fiſh taken,
A monſtrous fiſh, with a ſword by's ſide, a long ſword,
A pike in's neck, and a gun in's noſe, a huge gun,
And letters of mart in's mouth, from the duke of Florence.

Cle. This is a monſtrous lie!

Tony. I do confeſs it:
Do you think I'd tell you truths, that dare not hear 'em?
You're honeſt things, we courtiers ſcorn to converſe with. [*Exit.*

Cam. A plaguy fool! But let's conſider, gentlemen,
Why the Queen ſtrives not to oppoſe this ſentence;
The kingdom's honour ſuffers in this cruelty.

Men. No doubt the Queen, tho' ſhe be virtuous,
Winks at the marriage; for by that only means
The king's flame leſſens to the youthful lady,

If not goes out; within this Month, I doubt not,
She hopes to rock aſleep his anger alſo.
Shall we go ſee the preparation?
'Tis time, for ſtrangers come to view the wonder.
Cam. Come, let's away. Send my friends happier weddings! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen and Evanthe.

Queen. You ſhall be merry; come, I'll have it ſo:
Can there be any nature ſo unnoble,
Or anger ſo inhuman, to purſue this?
Evan. I fear there is.
Queen. Your fears are poor and fooliſh.
Tho' he be haſty, and his anger death,
His will like torrents not to be reſiſted,
Yet law and juſtice go along to guide him;
And what law, or what juſtice, can he find
To juſtify his will? what act or ſtatute,
By human or divine eſtabliſhment,
Left to direct us, that makes marriage death?
Honeſt fair wedlock? 'Twas given for encreaſe,
For preſervation of mankind, I take it;
He muſt be more than man then that dare break it.
Come, dreſs you handſomely; you ſhall have my jewels,
And put a face on that contemns baſe fortune;
'Twill make him more inſult to ſee you fearful:
Outlook his anger.
Evan. Oh, my Valerio!
Be witneſs my pure mind, 'tis thee I grieve for!
Queen. But ſhew it not. I would ſo crucify him
With an innocent neglect of what he can do,
A brave ſtrong pious ſcorn, that I would ſhake him!
Put all the wanton Cupids in thine eyes,
And all the graces on that nature gave thee;
Make up thy beauty to that height of excellence,
(I'll help thee, and forgive thee) as if Venus
Were now again to catch the God of War,
In his moſt rugged anger. When thou haſt him
(As 'tis impoſſible he ſhould reſiſt thee)

And

And kneeling at thy conquering feet for mercy,
Then ſhew thy virtue, then again deſpiſe him,
And all his power; then, with a look of honour
Mingled with noble chaſtity, ſtrike him dead!
Evan. Good madam, dreſs me;
You arm me bravely.
Queen. Make him know his cruelty
Begins with him firſt; he muſt ſuffer for it;
And that thy ſentence is ſo welcome to thee,
And to thy noble lord, you long to meet it.
Stamp ſuch a deep impreſſion of thy beauty
Into his ſoul, and of thy worthineſs,
That when Valerio and Evanthe ſleep
In one rich earth, hung round about with bleſſings,
He may run mad, and curſe his act. Be luſty;
I'll teach thee how to die too, if thou fear'ſt it.
Evan. I thank your Grace! you have prepar'd me ſtrongly;
And my weak mind——
Queen. Death is unwelcome never,
Unleſs it be to tortur'd minds and ſick ſouls,
That make their own hells; it is ſuch a benefit
When it comes crown'd with honour, ſhews ſo ſweet too!
Tho' they paint it ugly, that's but to reſtrain us,
For every living thing would love it elſe,
Fly boldly to their peace ere Nature call'd 'em;
The reſt we have from labour and from trouble
Is ſome incitement; every thing alike,
The poor ſlave that lies private has his liberty,
As amply as his maſter [16], in that tomb

[16] *The poor ſlave that lies* private *has his liberty,*
As amply as his maſter, in that *tomb,*
The earth as light upon him——] *Private* in its common acceptation would be flat here, but in its original ſenſe *privatus* deprived of life and motion, it gives the proper idea. But why in *that* tomb? No particular tomb had been ſpecified; I read THE *tomb* and add a verb to the next ſentence.

As amply as his maſter, in the *tomb*
The earth's as light upon him. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's interpretation of *private* is a falſe refinement; THE *tomb* may be right; but the addition of the verb flattens the text.

The earth as light upon him, and the flowers
That grow about him ſmell as ſweet, and flouriſh;
But when we love with honour to our ends,
When memory and virtues are our mourners,
What pleaſures there! they're infinite, Evanthe.
Only, my virtuous wench, we want our ſenſes,
That benefit we're barr'd, 'twould make us proud elſe,
And lazy[17] to look up to happier life,
The bleſſings of the people would ſo ſwell us.

Evan. Good madam, dreſs me; you have dreſt my ſoul:
The merrieſt bride I'll be, for all this miſery,
The proudeſt to ſome eyes too.

Queen. 'Twill do better;
Come, ſhrink no more.

Evan. I am too confident. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Frederick and Sorano.

Sor. You're too remiſs and wanton in your angers;
You mould things handſomely, and then neglect 'em:
A pow'rful prince ſhould be conſtant to his power ſtill,
And hold up what he builds; then people fear him.
When he lets looſe his hand, it ſhews a weakneſs,
And men examine or contemn his greatneſs:
A ſcorn of this high kind ſhould have call'd up
A revenge equal, not a pity in you.

Fred. She is thy ſiſter.

Sor. An ſhe were my mother,
Whilſt I conceive 'tis you ſh'has wrong'd, I hate her,
And ſhake her nearneſs off. I ſtudy, Sir,
To ſatisfy your angers that are juſt,
Before your pleaſures.

Fred. I've done that already,
I fear, has pull'd too many curſes on me!

[17] *And* lazy.] The ſenſe demands a word of a ſignification directly oppoſite to that which now occupies the text. *Crazy* is neareſt to the preſent reading, in ſound and trace of letters; but we do not approve it enough to obtrude it with confidence as genuine, though we have no doubt that *lazy* is corrupt.

Sor.

Sor. Curſes, or envies, on Valerio's head
(Would you take my counſel, Sir) they ſhould all light,
And with the weight not only crack his ſcull,
But his fair credit. The exquiſite vexation
I have deviſed, (ſo pleaſe you give way in't,
And let it work) ſhall more afflict his ſoul,
And trench upon that honour that he brags of,
Than fear of death in all the frights he carries.
If you ſit down here, they will both abuſe you,
Laugh at your poor relenting power, and ſcorn you.
What ſatisfaction can their deaths bring to you,
That are prepar'd, and proud to die, and willingly,
And at their ends will thank you for that honour?
How are you nearer the deſire you aim at?
Or if it be revenge your anger covets,
How can their ſingle deaths give you content, Sir?
Petty revenges end in blood, ſlight angers;
A prince's rage ſhould find out new diſeaſes;
Death were a pleaſure too, to pay proud fools with.

Fred. What ſhould I do?

Sor. Add but your power unto me,
Make me but ſtrong by your protection,
And you ſhall ſee what joy, and what delight,
What infinite pleaſure this poor Month ſhall yield him.
I'll make him wiſh he were dead on his marriage-day,
Or bed-rid with old age; I'll make him curſe,
And cry and curſe, give me but power.

Fred. You have it:
Here, take my ring; I am content he pay for't.

Sor. It ſhall be now revenge, as I will handle it!
He ſhall live after this to beg his life too:
Twenty to one, by this thread, as I'll weave it,
Evanthe ſhall be yours.

Fred. Take all authority,
And be moſt happy!

Sor. Good Sir, no more pity! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tony, three Citizens, and three Wives.

1 *Wife.* Good maſter Tony, put me in.

Tony. Where do you dwell?

1 *Wife.* Forſooth, at the ſign of the great ſhoulder of mutton.

Tony. A hungry man would hunt your houſe out inſtantly;
Keep the dogs from your door. Is this lettice ruff your huſband?
A fine ſharp ſallad to your ſign.

2 *Wife.* Will you put me in too?

3 *Wife.* And me, good maſter Tony?

Tony. Put ye all in?
You had beſt come twenty more; you think 'tis eaſy,
A trick of legerdemain, to put ye all in:
'Twould poſe a fellow that had twice my body,
Tho' it were all made into chines and fillets.

2 *Wife.* Put's into the wedding, Sir? we would fain ſee that.

1 *Wife.* And the brave maſque too.

Tony. You two are pretty women:
Are you their huſbands?

2 *Cit.* Yes, for want of better.

Tony. I think ſo too; you would not be ſo mad elſe
To turn 'em looſe to a company of young courtiers,
That ſwarm like bees in May, when they ſee young wenches.
You muſt not ſqueak.

3 *Wife.* No, Sir; we're better tutor'd.

Tony. Nor, if a young lord offer you the courteſy—

2 *Wife.* We know what 'tis, Sir.

Tony. Nor you muſt not grumble,
If you be thruſt up hard; we thruſt moſt furiouſly.

1 *Wife.* We know the worſt.

Tony. Get you two in then quietly,
And ſhift for yourſelves.—We muſt have no old women,
They're out of uſe, unleſs they have petitions;
Beſides, they cough ſo loud, they drown the muſic.—
You would go in too? but there's no place for ye;
I'm ſorry for't; go, and forget your wives;
Or pray they may be able to ſuffer patiently:

You

You may have heirs may prove wiſe aldermen.
Go, or I'll call the guard.
3 Cit. We will get in;
We'll venture broken pates elſe!
Tony. 'Tis impoſſible, [*Exeunt Cit. and Wom.*
You're too ſecurely arm'd. How they flock hither,
And with what joy the women run by heaps
To ſee this marriage! They tickle to think of it;
They hope for every Month a huſband too.
Still how they run, and how the wittols follow 'em,
The weak things that are worn between the legs,
That bruſhing, dreſſing, nor new naps can mend,
How they poſt to ſee their own confuſion!
This is a merry world.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Look to the door, ſirrah;
Thou art a fool, and mayſt do miſchief lawfully.
Tony. Give me your hand! you are my brother fool;
You may both make the law, and mar it preſently.
D'you love a wench?
Fred. Who does not, Fool?
Tony. Not I,
Unleſs you'll give me a longer leaſe to marry her.
Fred. What are all theſe that come? what buſineſs have they?
Tony. Some come to gape, thoſe are my fellow fools;
Some to get home their wives, thoſe be their own fools;
Some to rejoice with thee, thoſe be the time's fools;
And ſome I fear to curſe thee, thoſe are poor fools,

Enter Caſſandra, paſſing over.

A ſet people call them honeſt[18]. Look, look, king, look!

[18] A ſet *people call 'em honeſt.*] Mr. Seward propoſes correcting this place thus,

Yet *people call 'em honeſt.*

I had put in my margin

And yet *people*, &c.

The preference is left to the reader's judgment. *Sympſon.*

A ſet people may ſignify '*formal, preciſe* people that call thoſe poor 'fools honeſt;' or that 'people call thoſe poor fools an honeſt ſet.'

A weather-

A weather-beaten lady new careen'd!

Fred. An old one.

Tony. The glaſſes of her eyes are new rubb'd over,
And the worm-eaten records in her face
Are daub'd up neatly; ſhe lays her breaſts out too,
Like two poach'd eggs[19] that had the yolks ſuck'd out:
They get new heads alſo, new teeth, new tongues,
(For the old are all worn out) and, as 'tis hop'd,
New tails.

Fred. For what?

Tony. For old courtiers;
The young ones are too ſtirring for their travels.

Fred. Go, leave your knav'ry, and help to keep the door well;
I'll have no ſuch preſs.

Tony. Lay thy hand o'thy heart, king!

Fred. I'll have you whipp'd!

Tony. The Fool and thou art parted. [*Exit.*

Fred. Sorano, work, and free me from this ſpell;
'Twixt love and ſcorn, there's nothing felt but hell! [*Exit.*

Enter Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, and ſervants.

Val. Tie on my ſcarf; you are ſo long about me!
Good my lords, help; give me my other cloak;
That hat and feather. Lord, what a taylor's this,
To make me up thus ſtrait; one ſigh would burſt me;
I have not room to breath; come, button, button,
Button, apace!

Cam. I'm glad to ſee you merry, Sir.

Val. 'Twould make you merry, had you ſuch a wife,
And ſuch an age to enjoy her in.

Men. An age, Sir?

Val. A Month's an age to him that is contented;
What ſhould I ſeek for more?—Give me my ſword.—
Ha, my good lords! that every one of you now
Had but a lady of that youth and beauty

[19] *Like to poch'd eggs.*] Mr. Seward concurr'd with me in altering the text. *Sympſon.*

To

To bleſs yourſelves this night with! would ye not?
Pray ye ſpeak uprightly——
Cle. We confeſs you happy,
And we could well wiſh ſuch another banquet;
But on that price, my lord——
Val. 'Twere nothing, elſe;
No man can ever come to aim at Heav'n,
But by the knowledge of a hell.—Theſe ſhoes are heavy,
And, if I ſhould be call'd to dance, they'll clog me;
Get me ſome pumps.—I'll tell you, brave Camillo,
And you, dear friends; the king has honour'd me,
Out of his gracious favour, has much honour'd me,
To limit me my time; for who would live long?
Who would be old? 'tis ſuch a wearineſs,
Such a diſeaſe, that hangs like lead upon us.
As it encreaſes, ſo vexations,
Griefs of the mind, pains of the feeble body,
Rheums, coughs, catarrhs; we're but our living coffins:
Beſides; the fair ſoul's old too[20], it grows covetous;
Which ſhews all honour is departed from us,
And we are earth again!
Cle. You make fair uſe, Sir.
Val. I would not live to learn to lie, Cleanthes,
For all the world; old men are prone to that too.
Thou that haſt been a ſoldier, Menallo,
A noble ſoldier, and defied all danger,
Adopted thy brave arm the heir to victory;
Wouldſt thou live ſo long till thy ſtrength forſook thee?
'Till thou grew'ſt only a long tedious ſtory
Of what thou hadſt been? 'till thy ſword hang by,
And lazy ſpiders fill'd the hilt with cobwebs?
Men. No, ſure, I would not.
Val. 'Tis not fit you ſhould;

[20] *Beſides the fair ſoul's old too,* &c.] So Shakeſpeare has the ſame thought, in his Timon of Athens, act ii. ſcene ii.

'And Nature, as it grows again toward earth,
'Is faſhion'd for the journey dull and heavy.' *R.*

To

To die a young man is to be an angel;
Our great [21] good parts put wings unto our ſouls [22]!—
Pray you tell me, is't a handſome maſque we have?

Cam. We underſtand ſo.

Val. And the young gentlemen dance?

Cle. They do, Sir, and ſome dance well.

Val. They muſt, before the ladies.
We'll have a rouſe before we go to bed, friends,
A luſty one; 'twill make my blood dance too. [*Muſick.*

Cam. Ten [23], if you pleaſe.

Val. And we'll be wondrous merry.
They ſtay ſure! Come; I hear the muſick; forward!
You ſhall have all gloves preſently. [*Exit.*

Men. We attend, Sir,
But firſt we muſt look to the doors, the king has charg'd us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Servants. [*Knocking within.*

1 *Serv.* What a noiſe d'you keep there? Call my fellows o' th' guard!
You muſt ceaſe now until the king be enter'd;
He's gone to the temple now.

2 *Serv.* Look to that back door,
And keep it faſt; they ſwarm like bees about it.

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo; Tony following.

Cam. Keep back thoſe citizens; and let their wives in,
Their handſome wives.

Tony. They've crouded me to verjuice;
I ſweat like a butter-box.

---

[21] *Our* great *good parts.*] Mr. Seward wiſhes to read,
Our YET *good parts.*

[22] ——— *Put wings unto our ſouls:*
We'll have a rouſe before we go to bed, friends,
Pray ye tell me, &c.] The ſecond line is ſurely an accidental interpolation here; but comes in with great propriety ſix lines lower. The former copies exhibit it in *both* places.

[23] *A luſty one, 'twill make my blood dance* too.
Cam. Ten, *if you pleaſe.*] This contemptible punning upon words was the ſin of the times, not of the Poets.

1 *Serv.*

1 *Serv.* Stand further off there.

Men. Take the women aſide, and talk with 'em in private;
Give 'em that they came for.

Tony. The whole court cannot do it;
Beſides, the next maſque, if we uſe 'em ſo,
They'll come by millions to expect our largeſs.
We've broke an hundred heads.

Cle. Are they ſo tender?

Tony. But 'twas behind; before they have all murrions.

Cam. Let in thoſe ladies; make 'em room, for ſhame there!

Tony. They are no ladies; there's one bald before 'em,
A gent. bald; they're curtail'd queans in hired clothes.
They come out of Spain, I think; they're very ſultry.

Men. Keep 'em in breath for an ambaſſador.
Methinks, my noſe ſhakes at their memories.
What bouncing's that? [*Knocks within.*

1 *Cit.* [*within*]. I'm one o'th' muſick, Sir.

2 *Cit.* [*within*]. I've ſweet-meats for the banquet.

Cam. Let 'em in.

Tony. They lie, my lord! they come to ſeek their wives;
Two broken citizens.

Cam. Break 'em more; they are but bruſled yet.
Bold raſcals! offer to diſturb your wives?

Cle. Lock the doors faſt! the muſick; hark! the king comes.

A curtain drawn.

The King, Queen, Valerio, Evanthe, ladies, attendants, Camillo, Cleanthes, Sorano, Menallo.

A MASQUE.

Cupid deſcends, the Graces ſitting by him. Cupid being bound, the Graces unbind him; he ſpeaks.

Cupid. Unbind me, my delight; this night is mine!
Now let me look upon what ſtars here ſhine,

Let

Let me behold the beauties, then clap high
My colour'd wings, proud of my deity.
I'm ſatisfied; bind me again, and faſt;
My angry bow will make too great a waſte
Of beauty elſe. Now call my maſquers in[25],
Call with a ſong, and let the ſports begin;
Call all my ſervants, the effects of love,
And to a meaſure let them nobly move.

[*One of the Graces ſings.*

Come, ye ſervants of proud Love,
Come away:
Fairly, nobly, gently move!
Too long, too long you make us ſtay.
Fancy, Deſire, Delight, Hope, Fear,
Diſtruſt, and Jealouſy, be you too here;
Conſuming Care, and raging Ire,
And Poverty in poor attire,
March fairly in, and laſt Deſpair.
Now full muſick ſtrike the air.

Enter the maſquers[26], *Fancy, Deſire, Delight, Hope, Fear, Diſtruſt, Jealouſy, Care, Ire, Poverty, Deſpair; they dance, after which Cupid ſpeaks.*

Cupid. Away! I've done; the day begins to light.
Lovers, you know your fate; good night, good night!

[*Cupid and the Graces aſcend in the chariot.*

King. Come, to the banquet! when that's ended, Sir,

---

[25] ——— *Now call my maſkers in*
Call with a ſong.] Cupid bids ſome of his attendants call in the maſkers with a ſong; but it ſeems it was to little purpoſe, ſince by the preſent diſpoſition of the ſcene, he ſings the ſong himſelf: To make the god's command of any ſignification or avail, we ought to inſert ſome ſpeaker before, *Come you ſervants*, &c. And who can be more proper than one of the *Graces* who deſcended with him, and waited at his ſide? *Sympſon.*

[26] *Enter the maſkers,—Care, Ire, Deſpair.*] The ſtage direction here is faulty, as it does not ſet down the ſeveral names of the *maſkers* in the foregoing ſong; for upon compariſon we ſhall find, that out of eleven there are but ten reckon'd up, *Poverty* being dropt betwixt *Ire* and *Deſpair*. This obſervation I am not ſingular in, Mr. Theobald having before made the ſame in his margin. *Sympſon.*

I'll

I'll ſee you i' bed, and ſo good night. Be merry;
You've a ſweet bed-fellow.
Val. I thank your Grace,
And ever ſhall be bound unto your nobleneſs.
King. I pray I may deſerve your thanks. Set forward!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter divers monks, Alphonſo going to the tomb, Rugio and friar Marco.

Marco. THE night grows on; lead ſoftly to the tomb,
And ſing not 'till I bid ye; let the muſick
Play gently as he paſſes.
Rug. Oh, fair picture,
That wert the living hope of all our honours!
How are we baniſh'd from the joy we dream'd of!
Will he ne'er ſpeak more?
Mar. 'Tis full three months, lord Rugio,
Since any articulate ſound came from his tongue.
Set him down gently. [*Alphonſo ſits in a chair.*
Rug. What ſhould the reaſon be, Sir?
Mar. As 'tis in nature with thoſe loving huſbands,
That ſympathiſe their wives' pains, and their throes,
When they are breeding, (and 'tis uſual too;
We have it by experience) ſo in him, Sir,
In this moſt noble ſpirit that now ſuffers;
For when his honour'd father good Brandino
Fell ſick, he felt the griefs, and labour'd with them;
His fits, and his diſeaſe he ſtill inherited,
Grew the ſame thing, and, had not Nature check'd him,
Strength and ability, h' had died that hour too.
Rug. Emblem of noble love!
Mar. That very minute
His father's breath forſook him, that ſame inſtant,
(A rare

(A rare example of his piety,
And love paternal) th' organ of his tongue
Was never heard to ſound again; ſo near death
He ſeeks to wait upon his worthy father,
But that we force his meat, he were one body.

Rug. He points to th' tomb.

Mar. That is the place he honours;
A houſe I fear he will not be long out of.
He will to th' tomb: Good my lord, lend your hand.
Now ſing the funeral ſong, and let him kneel,
For then he's pleas'd. [*A ſong.*

Rug. Heav'n lend thy pow'rful hand,
And eaſe this prince!

Mar. He will paſs back again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valerio.

Val. They drink abundantly; I'm hot with wine too,
Luſtily warm. I'll ſteal now to my happineſs;
'Tis midnight, and the ſilent hour invites me:
But ſhe is up ſtill, and attends the queen.
Thou dew of wine and ſleep, hang on their eye-lids,
Steep their dull ſenſes in the healths they drink,
That I may quickly find my lov'd Evanthe!
The king is merry too, and drank unto me;
Sign of fair peace. Oh, this night's bleſſedneſs!
If I had forty heads, I would give all for't.
Is not the end of our ambitions,
Of all our human ſtudies, and our travels,
Of our deſires, th' obtaining of our wiſhes?
Certain, it is; and there man makes his centre.
I have obtain'd Evanthe, I have married her:
Can any fortune keep me from enjoying her?

Enter Sorano.

I have my wiſh; what's left me to accuſe now?
I'm friends with all the world, but thy baſe malice:
Go, glory in thy miſchiefs, thou proud man,
And cry it to the world, th'haſt ruin'd virtue!
How I contemn thee, and thy petty malice!

And

And with what ſcorn I look down on thy practice!
Sor. You'll ſing me a new ſong anon, Valerio,
And wiſh theſe hot words——
Val. I deſpiſe thee, fellow!
Thy threats, or flatt'ries, all I fling behind me!
I have my end, I have thy noble ſiſter,
A name too worthy of thy blood! I've married her,
And will enjoy her too.
Sor. 'Tis very likely.
Val. And that ſhort Month I have to bleſs me with her,
I'll make an age: I'll reckon each embrace
A year of pleaſure, and each night a jubilee,
Ev'ry quick kiſs a ſpring; and when I mean
To loſe myſelf in all delightfulneſs,
Twenty ſweet ſummers I will tie together.
In ſpite of thee, and thy malignant maſter,
I will die old in love, tho' young in pleaſure!
Sor. But that I hate thee deadly, I could pity thee;
Thou art the pooreſt miſerable thing
This day on earth! I'll tell thee why, Valerio:
All thou eſteem'ſt, and build'ſt upon for happineſs,
For joy, for pleaſure, for delight, is paſt thee,
And, like a wanton dream, already vaniſh'd!
Val. Is my love falſe?
Sor. No, ſhe is conſtant to thee;
Conſtant to all thy miſery ſhe ſhall be,
And curſe thee too.
Val. Is my ſtrong body weaken'd,
Charm'd or abus'd with ſubtle drink? Speak, villain!
Sor. Neither; I dare ſpeak, thou art ſtill as luſty
As when thou lov'dſt her firſt, as ſtrong and hopeful.
The Month th'haſt given thee is a Month of miſery,
And where thou think'ſt each hour ſhall yield a pleaſure,
Look for a killing pain, for thou ſhalt find it:
Before thou dieſt, each minute ſhall prepare it,
And ring ſo many knells to ſad afflictions;
The king has giv'n thee a long Month to die in,
And miſerably die!
Val. Undo thy riddle;

I am prepar'd, whatever fate ſhall follow.
Sor. Doſt thou ſee this ring?
Val. I know it too.
Sor. Then mark me:
By virtue of this ring, this I pronounce to thee.
It is the king's will——
Val. Let me know it ſuddenly!
Sor. If thou doſt offer to touch Evanthe's body,
Beyond a kiſs, tho' thou art married to her,
And lawfully, as thou think'ſt, mayſt enjoy her,
That minute ſhe ſhall die!
Val. Oh, devil!
Sor. If thou diſcover this command unto her,
Or to a friend that ſhall importune thee,
And why thou abſtaineſt, and from whoſe will, ye all periſh,
Upon the ſelf-ſame forfeit!—Are you fitted, Sir?
Now, if you love her, you may preſerve her life ſtill;
If not, you know the worſt. How falls your Month out?
Val. This tyranny could never be invented
But in the ſchool of hell, earth is too innocent!
Not to enjoy her when ſhe is my Wife?
When ſhe is willing too?
Sor. She is moſt willing,
And will run mad to miſs; but if you hit her,
Be ſure you hit her home, and kill her with it,
(There are ſuch women that will die with pleaſure)
The ax will follow elſe, that will not fail
To fetch her maidenhead, and diſpatch her quickly;
Then ſhall the world know you're the cauſe of murder,
And as 'tis requiſite, your life ſhall pay for't.
Val. Thou doſt but jeſt; thou canſt not be ſo monſtrous
As thou proclaim'ſt thyſelf; thou art her brother,
And there muſt be a feeling heart within thee
Of her afflictions: Wert thou a ſtranger to us,
And bred amongſt wild rocks, thy nature wild too,
Affection in thee, as thy breeding, cold,

And

And unrelenting as the rocks that nouriſh'd thee,
Yet thou muſt ſhake to tell me this; they tremble
When the rude ſea threatens divorce amongſt 'em,
They that are ſenſeleſs things ſhake at a tempeſt;
Thou art a man——

Sor. Be thou too then; 'twill try thee,
And patience now will beſt become thy nobleneſs.

Val. Invent ſome other torment to afflict me,
All, if thou pleaſe, put all afflictions on me,
Study thy brains out for 'em, ſo this be none,
I care not of what nature, nor what cruelty,
Nor of what length.

Sor. This is enough to vex you.

Val. The tale of Tantalus is now prov'd true,
And from me ſhall be regiſter'd authentic!
To have my joys within my arms, and lawful,
Mine own delights, yet dare not touch? Even as
Thou hat'ſt me, brother, let no young man know this,
As thou ſhalt hope for peace when thou moſt need'ſt it,
Peace in thy ſoul! Deſire the king to kill me,
Make me a traitor, any thing, I'll yield to it,
And give thee cauſe, ſo I may die immediately!
Lock me in priſon where no ſun may ſee me,
In walls ſo thick no hope may e'er come at me,
Keep me from meat, and drink, and ſleep, I'll bleſs thee!
Give me ſome damned potion to deliver me,
That I may never know myſelf again, forget
My country, kindred, name and fortune; laſt,
That my chaſte love may ne'er appear before me,
This were ſome comfort!

Sor. All I have I've brought you,
And much good may it do you, my dear brother!
See you obſerve it well; you'll find about you
Many eyes ſet, that ſhall o'er-look your actions:
If you trangreſs, you know—and ſo I leave you.

[*Exit. Val.*

Val. Heav'n be not angry[27], and I've ſome hope yet;
Look on my harmleſs youth! Angels of pity,
To whom I kneel, be merciful unto me,
And from my bleeding heart wipe off my ſorrows!
The power, the pride, the malice and injuſtice
Of cruel men are bent againſt my innocence:
You that controul the mighty wills of princes,
And bow their ſtubborn arms, look on my weakneſs,
And when you pleaſe, and how, allay my miſeries! [*Ex.*

[27] Val. *Heav'n be not angry, and I've ſome hope yet,*
And when you pleaſe, and how, allay my miſeries.
Enter Frederick.
To whom I kneel be merciful unto me,
Look on my harmleſs youth angels of pity,
And from my bleeding heart wipe off my ſorrows,
The power, the pride, the malice and injuſtice
Of cruel men are bent againſt my innocence.
You that controul the mighty wills of princes
And bow their ſtubborn armes, *look on my weakneſs,*
And when you pleaſe, and how, allay my miſeries. *Exit.*] This fine ſpeech I have recovered from the folio of 1647, which why it ſhould have been dropp'd, all but the firſt line, by the two later Editors, I am at a loſs to underſtand. I have given it in the text, expreſly as I found it, though I think it not ſo correct as to preclude all attempts toward its melioration and amendment. The ſecond line I would ſtrike out as ſupernumerary and tautological, as well as the ſtage direction, *Enter Frederick: Armes* in the laſt but one, is plainly corrupted; in ſhort, I would propoſe to read and point the whole thus,

Val. *Heav'n be not angry, and I've ſome hope yet,*
To whom I kneel; be merciful unto me,
Look on my harmleſs youth, angels of pity,
And from my bleeding heart wipe off my ſorrows;
The power, the pride, the malice and injuſtice
Of cruel men are bent againſt my innocence.
You that controul the mighty wills of princes,
And bow their ſtubborn arms, *look on my weakneſs,*
And when you pleaſe, and how, allay my miſeries. *Sympſon.*

The ſtriking out *Enter Frederick* is certainly right, and it only gained place by the omiſſion of this ſpeech, now reſtored. The firſt inſertion of the line,

And when you pleaſe, and how, allay my miſeries,

is alſo an error, palpably ariſing from the ſame ſource: We have therefore omitted both. But there ſeems to be a more material miſtake, and that is, a tranſpoſition of two verſes in the beginning of the ſpeech; We have placed the lines as we believe the Author intended them to ſtand; by which ſlight change the whole of this fine ſpeech becomes extremely clear.

Enter

Enter Frederick and Sorano.

Fred. Haſt thou been with him?
Sor. Yes, and given him that, Sir,
Will make him curſe his birth; I told you which way.
Did you but ſee him, Sir, but look upon him,
With what a troubled and dejected nature
He walks now in a miſt, with what a ſilence,
As if he were the ſhroud he wrapt himſelf in,
And no more of Valerio but his ſhadow,
He ſeeks obſcurity to hide his thoughts in,
You'd wonder and admire, for all you know it.
His jollity is down, valed to the ground, Sir,
And his high hopes of full delights and pleaſures
Are turn'd tormentors to him, ſtrong diſeaſes.
Fred. But is there hope of her?
Sor. It muſt fall neceſſary
She muſt diſlike him, quarrel with his perſon,
(For women once deluded are next devils)
And, in the height of that opinion, Sir,
You ſhall put on again, and ſhe muſt meet you.
Fred. I'm glad of this.
Sor. I'll tell you all the circumſtance
Within this hour. But ſure I heard your Grace,
To-day as I attended, make ſome ſtops,
Some broken ſpeeches, and ſome ſighs between;
And then your brother's name I heard diſtinctly,
And ſome ſad wiſhes after.
Fred. You're i'th' right, Sir;
I would he were as ſad as I could wiſh him,
Sad as the earth!
Sor. Would you have it ſo?
Fred. Thou hear'ſt me.
Tho' he be ſick, with ſmall hope of recovery,
That hope ſtill lives, and mens' eyes live upon it,
And in their eyes their wiſhes: My Sorano,
Were he but cold once in the tomb he dotes on,
(As 'tis the fitteſt place for melancholy)
My court ſhould be another Paradiſe,

And flow with all delights.

Sor. Go to your pleaſures;
Let me alone with this: Hope ſhall not trouble you,
Nor he, three days.

Fred. I ſhall be bound unto thee.

Enter Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, and Menallo.

Sor. I'll do it neatly too, no doubt ſhall catch me.

Fred. Be gone. They're going to bed; I'll bid good night to 'em.

Sor. And mark the man! you'll ſcarce know 'tis Valerio. [*Exit.*

Cam. Chear up, my noble lord; the minute's come,
You ſhall enjoy the abſtract of all ſweetneſs.
We did you wrong; you need no wine to warm you,
Deſire ſhoots thro' your eyes like ſudden wildfires.

Val. Beſhrew me, lords, the wine has made me dull;
I am I know not what.

Fred. Good pleaſure to ye!
Good night and long too! As you find your appetite,
You may fall to.

Val. I do beſeech your Grace, [*Aſide to Frederick.*
For which of all my loves and ſervices
Have I deſerv'd this?

Fred. I'm not bound to anſwer you.

Val. Nor I bound to obey in unjuſt actions.

Fred. Do as you pleaſe; you know the penalty,
And, as I have a ſoul, it ſhall be executed!
Nay, look not pale; I am not us'd to fear, Sir.
If you reſpect your lady—Good night to you! [*Exit.*

Val. But for reſpect to her, and to my duty,
That reverend duty that I owe my ſovereign,
Which anger has no power to ſnatch me from,
The good night ſhould be thine, good night for ever!
The king is wanton, lords; he would needs know of me
How many nick chaces I would make to-night.

Men. My lord, no doubt you'll prove a perfect gameſter.

Val.

Val. Faith, no; I'm unacquainted with the pleaſure;
Bungle a ſet I may.—How my heart trembles,
And beats my breaſt as it would break his way out!
Good night, my noble friends.
Cle. Nay, we muſt ſee you
Toward your bed, my lord.
Val. Good faith, it needs not;
'Tis late, and I ſhall trouble you.
Cam. No, no;
'Till the bride come, Sir——
Val. I beſeech you, leave me;
You'll make me baſhful elſe, I am ſo fooliſh;
Beſides, I have ſome few devotions, lords,
And he that can pray with ſuch a book in's arms——
Cam. We'll leave you then; and a ſweet night wait upon ye!
Men. And a ſweet iſſue of this ſweet night crown ye!
Cle. All nights and days be ſuch 'till you grow old, Sir. [*Exeunt lords.*
Val. I thank ye; 'tis a curſe ſufficient for me,
A labour'd one too, tho' you mean a bleſſing.
What ſhall I do? I'm like a wretched debtor,
That has a ſum to tender on the forfeit
Of all he's worth, yet dare not offer it.
Other men ſee the ſun, yet I muſt wink at it,
And tho' I know 'tis perfect day, deny it.
My veins are all on fire, and burn like Ætna,
Youth and deſire beat 'larums to my blood,
And add freſh fuel to my warm affections.
I muſt enjoy her; yet, when I conſider,
When I collect myſelf, and weigh her danger,
The tyrant's will, and his pow'r taught to murder,
My tender care controls my blood within me,
And, like a cold fit of a peeviſh ague,
Creeps to my ſoul, and flings an ice upon me,

Enter Queen, Evanthe, Ladies, and Tony.

That locks all pow'rs of youth up: But prevention—
Oh, what a bleſſedneſs 'twere to be old now,

To be unable, bed-rid with diſeaſes,
Or halt on crutches to meet holy Hymen;
What a rare benefit! But I am curſt!
That that ſpeaks other men moſt freely happy,
And makes all eyes hang on their expectations,
Muſt prove the bane of me, Youth and Ability.
She comes to bed; how ſhall I entertain her?

Tony. Nay, I come after too; take the Fool with ye,
For lightly he is ever one at weddings.

Queen. Evanthe, make you unready, your lord ſtays for you,
And prithee be merry!

Tony. Be very merry, chicken;
Thy lord will pipe to thee anon, and make thee dance too.

Lady. Will he ſo, goodman Aſs?

Tony. Yes, goody filly:
An you had ſuch a pipe, that pip'd ſo ſweetly,
You'd dance to death; you've learnt your ſinque-apace.

Evan. Your Grace deſires that, that's too free in me;
I'm merry at the heart.

Tony. Thou wilt be anon;
The young ſmug boy will give thee a ſweet cordial.

Evan. I am ſo taken up in all my thoughts,
So poſſeſt, madam, with the lawful ſweets
I ſhall this night partake of with my lord,
So far tranſported (pardon my immodeſty)——

Val. Alas, poor wench, how ſhall I recompence thee!

Evan. That tho' they muſt be ſhort, and ſnatch'd away too
Ere they grow ripe, yet I ſhall far prefer 'em
Before a tedious pleaſure with repentance.

Val. Oh, how my heart akes!

Evan. Take off my jewels, ladies,
And let my ruff looſe: I ſhall bid good night t' ye;
My lord ſtays here.

Queen. My wench, I thank thee heartily,
For learning how to uſe thy few hours handſomely;
They will be years, I hope. Off with your gown now.

Lay

Lay down the bed there.

Tony. Shall I get into it,
And warm it for thee? A fool's fire's a fine thing!
And I'll ſo buſs thee!

Queen. I'll have you whipp'd, you raſcal!

Tony. That will provoke me more. I'll talk with thy huſband:
He's a wiſe man, I hope.

Evan. Good night, dear madam!
Ladies, no further ſervice; I am well.
I do beſeech your Grace to give us this leave;
My lord and I to one another freely,
And privately, may do all other ceremonies;
Woman and page we'll be to one another,
And trouble you no further.

Tony. Art thou a wiſe man?

Val. I cannot tell thee, Tony; aſk my neighbours.

Tony. If thou be'ſt ſo, go lie with me to-night,
(The old fool will lie quieter than the young one,
And give thee more ſleep) thou wilt look tomorrow elſe
Worſe than the prodigal fool the ballad ſpeaks of,
That was ſqueez'd thro' a horn.

Val. I ſhall take thy counſel [28]!

Queen. Why then, good night, good night, my beſt Evanthe!
My worthy maid! and, as that name ſhall vaniſh,
A worthy wife [29], a long and happy.—Follow, ſirrah!

---

[28] Val. *I ſhall take thy counſel.*] This is *aſide* if the words are right; but perhaps they would be better join'd, with ſome little change, to the end of the Fool's ſpeech:

That was ſqueez'd through a horn. Wilt *take my counſel?*
Sympſon.

Valerio ſpeaks ironically. *J. N.*

[29] *A worthy wife, a long and happy*; follow ſirrah.
Evan. That *ſhall be my care,*

Goodneſs reſt with *your grace.*] Inſtead of, *follow ſirrah*, I could wiſh to connect the verb with the preceding words. The relative *that* too in the ſecond line, can only refer to, *a worthy wife*, for all Evanthe's care and prudence could not poſſibly make her *a long* and *happy* one. *With* likewiſe in the laſt ſeems to have little buſineſs there. In a word, I would propoſe reading the whole in this manner:

A worthy

Evan. That ſhall be my care. Goodneſs reſt with your Grace!

Queen. Be luſty, lord, and take your lady to you;
And that power that ſhall part you be unhappy!

Val. Sweet reſt unto you! to ye all, ſweet ladies!
Tony, good night!

Tony. Shall not the Fool ſtay with thee?

Queen. Come away, ſirrah! [*Exe. Queen and ladies.*

Tony. How the fool is ſought for!

Sweet malt is made of eaſy fire;
A haſty horſe will quickly tire;
A ſudden leaper ſticks i'th' mire;
Phlebotomy, and the word 'lie nigher,'
Take heed of, friend, I thee require.
This from an Almanack I ſtole,
And learn this leſſon from a Fool.

Good night, my bird! [*Exit Tony.*

Evan. Good night, wiſe maſter Tony.
Will you to bed, my lord? Come, let me help you.

Val. To bed, Evanthe? art thou ſleepy?

Evan. No;
I ſhall be worſe, if you look ſad upon me.
Pray you let's to bed!

Val. I am not well, my love.

Evan. I'll make you well; there's no ſuch phyſic for you
As your warm miſtreſs' arms.

Val. Art thou ſo cunning?

A worthy wife, a long and happy follow it.
Evan. *That ſhall be my care*; theſe——
Goodneſs reſt your grace.—That ſhall——
i. e. to be a worthy wife ſhall be my ſtudy and endeavour; but *theſe*, *i. e.* long and happy, muſt be left to the gods (or ſomething to that effect) and ſo, *Goodneſs reſt*, &c. *i. e.* May the gods give your Grace good reſt to-night. *Sympſon.*

There is no kind of difficulty in the text, and Sympſon's reading is all uncouthneſs and confuſion. Evanthe anſwers immediately to what the Queen addreſſes to her, taking no notice of the two words ſhe ſpeaks to the Fool: And why need ſhe? or how do they create any obſcurity to a reader of the leaſt obſervation or taſte?

Evan.

Evan. I ſpeak not by experience; (pray you miſtake not)
But, if you love me——
Val. I do love ſo dearly,
So much above the baſe bent of deſire,
I know not how to anſwer thee.
Evan. To bed then;
There I ſhall better credit you. Fy, my lord!
Will you put a maid to't, to teach you what to do?
An innocent maid? Are you ſo cold a lover?
In truth, you make me bluſh! 'Tis midnight too,
And 'tis no ſtolen love, but authoriſed openly,
No ſin we covet. Pray let me undreſs you;
You ſhall help me. Prithee, ſweet Valerio,
Be not ſo ſad; the king will be more merciful.
Val. May not I love thy mind?
Evan. And I yours too;
'Tis a moſt noble one, adorn'd with virtue;
But if we love not one another really,
And put our bodies and our minds together,
And ſo make up the concord of affection,
Our love will prove but a blind ſuperſtition.
This is no ſchool to argue in, my lord,
Nor have we time to talk away allow'd us:
Pray let's diſpatch. If any one ſhould come
And find us at this diſtance, what would they think?
Come, kiſs me, and to bed!
Val. That I dare do,
And kiſs again.
Evan. Spare not; they are your own, Sir.
Val. But to enjoy thee is to be luxurious,
Too ſenſual in my love, and too ambitious!—
Oh, how I burn!—To pluck thee from the ſtalk
Where now thou grow'ſt a ſweet bud and a beauteous,
And bear'ſt the prime and honour of the garden,
Is but to violate thy ſpring, and ſpoil thee.
Evan. To let me blow, and fall alone, would anger you.
Val. Let's ſit together thus, and, as we ſit,

Feed

Feed on the ſweets of one another's ſouls.
The happineſs of love is contemplation,
The bleſſedneſs of love is pure affection,
Where no alloy of actual dull deſire,
Of pleaſure that partakes with wantonneſs,
Of human fire that burns out as it kindles,
And leaves the body but a poor repentance,
Can ever mix: Let's fix on that, Evanthe;
That's everlaſting, th' other caſual;
Eternity breeds one, the other Fortune,
Blind as herſelf, and full of all afflictions:
Shall we love virtuouſly?

Evan. I ever lov'd ſo.

Val. And only think our love: The rareſt pleaſure,
(And that we moſt deſire, let it be human)
If once enjoy'd grows ſtale, and cloys our appetites.
I would not leſſen in my love for any thing;
Nor find thee but the ſame in my ſhort journey,
For my love's ſafety [30].

Evan. Now I ſee I am old, Sir,
Old and ill-favour'd too, poor and deſpis'd,
And am not worth your noble fellowſhip,
Your fellowſhip in love; you would not elſe
Thus cunningly ſeek to betray a maid,
(A maid that honours you thus piouſly)
Strive to abuſe the pious love ſhe brings you.
Farewell, my lord; ſince you've a better miſtreſs,
(For it muſt ſeem ſo, or you are no man)
A younger, happier, I ſhall give her room,
So much I love you ſtill.

Val. Stay, my Evanthe!

---

[30] *Nor find thee but the ſame in my ſhort journey,*
For my love's *ſafety.*] Valerio would not ſuffer the leaſt abatement of her affection if he might ſaye,——what by it? his love? his *life* to be ſure he deſigned to ſay, and the true reading is,
For my life's *ſafety.* *Sympſon.*
Very good ſenſe may be made out of the text: 'He would not 'leſſen in his love for any thing, and therefore wiſhes to find her ſtill 'the ſame, that his love may not leſſen.' In his 'ſhort journey' his *life's ſafety* is quite out of the queſtion.

Heav'n

Heav'n bear me witneſs, thou art all I love,
All I deſire! And now, have pity on me!—
(I never lied before[31]; forgive me, Juſtice!
Youth and Affection, ſtop your ears unto me!) [*Aſide.*
Evan. Why do you weep? If I have ſpoke too harſhly,
And unbeſeeming (my beloved lord)
My care and duty, pardon me!
Val. Oh, hear me,
Hear me, Evanthe!—(I am all on torture,
And this lie tears my conſcience as I vent it!)—[*Aſide.*
I am no man.
Evan. How, Sir?
Val. No man for pleaſure;
No woman's man.
Evan. Goodneſs forbid, my lord!
Sure you abuſe yourſelf.
Val. 'Tis true, Evanthe;
I ſhame to ſay you'll find it. [*Weeps.*
Evan. He weeps bitterly:
'Tis my hard fortune; bleſs all young maids from it!
Is there no help, my lord, in art will comfort ye?
Val. I hope there is.
Evan. How long have you been deſtitute?
Val. Since I was young.
Evan. 'Tis hard to die for nothing.—
Now you ſhall know, 'tis not the pleaſure, Sir,
(For I'm compell'd to love you ſpiritually)
That women aim at, I affect you for;
'Tis for your worth: And kiſs me; be at peace.
Becauſe I ever lov'd you, I ſtill honour you,
And with all duty to my huſband follow you.

[31] ——— *have pity on me,*
I never lied before, forgive me, Juſtice;
Youth and affection ſtop *your ears unto me*] Valerio going to pretend impotency, prays, *aſide*, that Heaven may forgive the lie, and (as the text at preſent runs) Evanthe *not believe*, but *ſtop her ears againſt it*. But is not this a contradiction glaring enough? 'Tis, I think, not only poſſible but very probable the Authors manuſcript ran,
Youth and affection ope *your ears unto me*;
i. e. to hear and believe what he was going to diſcover. *Sympſon.*
He deſires them *not* to hear, and that is ſurely much beſt.

Will

Will you to bed now? You're aſham'd, it ſeems:
Pygmalion pray'd, and his cold ſtone took life.
You do not know with what zeal I ſhall aſk, Sir,
And what rare miracle that may work upon you.
Still bluſh? Preſcribe your law.

Val. I prithee pardon me!
To bed, and I'll ſit by thee, and mourn with thee,
Mourn both our fortunes, our unhappy ones.
Do not deſpiſe me; make me not more wretched!
I pray to Heav'n, when I am gone, Evanthe,
(As my poor date is but a ſpan of time now)
To recompenſe thy noble patience,
Thy love and virtue, with a fruitful huſband,
Honeſt and honourable.

Evan. Come, you have made me weep now.
All fond deſire die here, and welcome chaſtity,
Honour and chaſtity! Do what you pleaſe, Sir. [*Exe.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter at one door Rugio and friar Marco, at the other door Sorano, with a little glaſs viol.

Rug. WHAT ails this piece of miſchief to look ſad?
He ſeems to weep too.

Mar. Something is a-hatching,
And of ſome bloody nature too, lord Rugio,
This crocodile mourns thus cunningly.

Sor. Hail, holy father!
And good day to the good lord Rugio!
How fares the ſad prince, I beſeech you, Sir?

Rug. 'Tis like you know; you need not aſk that queſtion:
You have your eyes and watches on his miſeries
As near as ours; I would they were as tender!

Mar.

Mar. Can you do him good? As the king and you
appointed him,
So he is ſtill; as you deſir'd I think too,
For ev'ry day he's worſe: Heav'n pardon all!
Put off your ſorrow; you may laugh now, lord;
He cannot laſt long to diſturb your maſter:
You have done worthy ſervice to his brother,
And he moſt memorable love.

Sor. You do not know, Sir,
With what remorſe I aſk, nor with what wearineſs
I groan and bow under this load of honour;
And how my ſoul ſighs for the beaſtly ſervices
I've done his pleaſures, theſe be witneſs with me!
And from your piety believe me, father,
I would as willingly uncloath myſelf
Of title, (that becomes me not, I know;
Good men and great names beſt agree together)
Caſt off the glorious favours, and the trappings
Of ſound and honour, wealth and promiſes,
His wanton pleaſures have flung on my weakneſs,
And chuſe to ſerve my country's cauſe and Virtue's,
Poorly and honeſtly, and redeem my ruins,
As I would hope remiſſion of my miſchiefs.

Rug. Old and experienc'd men, my lord Sorano,
Are not ſo quickly caught with gilt hypocriſy.
You pull your claws in now, and fawn upon us,
As lions do to entice poor fooliſh beaſts;
And beaſts we ſhould be too, if we believ'd you:
Go, exerciſe your art——

Sor. For Heav'n's ſake, ſcorn me not,
Nor add more hell to my afflicted ſoul
Than I feel here! As you are honourable,
As you are charitable, look gently on me!
I will no more to court, be no more devil;
I know I muſt be hated even of him
That was my love now; and the more he loves me,
For his foul ends, when they ſhall once appear to him,
Muſter before his conſcience, and accuſe him,
The fouler and the more falls his diſpleaſure:

Princes

Princes are fading things, ſo are their favours.
Mar. He weeps again;
His heart is touch'd ſure with remorſe.
Sor. See this,
And give me fair attention. Good my lord,
And worthy father, ſee; within this viol,
The remedy and cure of all my honour,
And of the ſad prince, lie.
Rug. What new trick's this?
Sor. 'Tis true, I have done offices abundantly
Ill and prodigious to the prince Alphonſo;
And, whilſt I was a knave, I ſought his death too.
Rug. You are too late convicted to be good yet.
Sor. But, father, when I felt this part afflict me,
This inward part, and call'd me to an audit
Of my miſdeeds and miſchiefs——
Mar. Well; go on, Sir.
Sor. Oh, then, then, then! what was my glory then, father!
The favour of the king, what did that eaſe me?
What was it to be bow'd to by all creatures?
Worſhipt, and courted? what did this avail me?
I was a wretch, a poor loſt wretch!
Mar. Still better.
Sor. 'Till, in the midſt of all my grief, I found
Repentance; and a learned man to give the means to it;
A Jew, an honeſt and a rare phyſician:
Of him I had this jewel; 'tis a jewel,
And, at the price of all my wealth, I bought it.
If the king knew it, I muſt loſe my head;
And willingly, moſt willingly, I'd ſuffer.
A child may take it, 'tis ſo ſweet in working.
Mar. To whom would you apply it?
Sor. To the ſick prince;
It will in half a day diſſolve his melancholy.
Rug. I do believe, and give him ſleep for ever.
What impudence is this, and what baſe malice,
To make us inſtruments of thy abuſes!
Are we ſet here to poiſon him?

Sor

Sor. Miſtake not;
Yet I muſt needs ſay, 'tis a noble care,
And worthy virtuous ſervants. If you'll ſee
A flouriſhing eſtate again in Naples,
And great Alphonſo reign, that's truly good,
And like himſelf able to make all excellent,
Give him this drink; and this good health unto him!
[*Drinks.*
I'm not ſo deſp'rate yet to kill myſelf.
Never look on me as a guilty man,
Nor on the water as a ſpeedy poiſon:
I am not mad, nor laid out all my treaſure,
My conſcience and my credit, to abuſe ye.
How nimbly and how chearfully it works now
Upon my heart and head! Sure I'm a new man!
There is no ſadneſs that I feel within me,
But, as it meets it, like a lazy vapour
How it flies off! Here, give it him with ſpeed:
You are more guilty than I ever was,
And worthier of the name of evil ſubjects,
If but an hour you hold this from his health.
Rug. 'Tis ſome rare virtuous thing ſure[32]; he's a good man!
It muſt be ſo; come, let's apply it preſently,
And may it ſweetly work!
Sor. Pray let me hear on't;
And carry't cloſe, my lords.
Mar. Yes, good Sorano. [*Exeunt Rugio and Marco.*
Sor. Do, my good fools, my honeſt pious coxcombs,
My wary fools too! Have I caught your wiſdoms?
You never dream'd I knew an antidote,
Nor how to take it to ſecure mine own life;
I am an aſs! Go, give him the fine cordial,
And when you've done, go dig his grave, good friar.
Some two hours hence we ſhall have ſuch a bawling,
And roaring up and down for *aqua vitæ*,
Such rubbing, and ſuch 'nointing, and ſuch cooling!

[32] *'Tis ſome rare* virtuous *thing.*] So Milton in his *Il Penſeroſo* uſes the word,

And of the virtuous *ring and glaſs*, &c. *Sympſon.*

I've ſent him that will make a bonfire in's belly:
If he recover it, there's no heat in hell ſure. [*Exit.*

Enter Frederick and Podramo.

Fred. Podramo!

Pod. Sir.

Fred. Call hither lord Valerio;
And let none trouble us.

Pod. It ſhall be done, Sir. [*Exit.*

Fred. I know he wants no additions to his tortures,
He has enough for human blood to carry;
(Yet I muſt vex him further ‡)
So many, that I wonder his hot youth
And high-bred ſpirit breaks not into fury;
I muſt yet torture him a little further,
And make myſelf ſport with his miſeries;
My anger is too poor elſe. Here he comes.

Enter Valerio.

Now, my young-married lord, how do you feel yourſelf?
You have the happineſs you ever aim'd at,
The joy and pleaſure.

Val. 'Would you had the like, Sir!

Fred. You tumble in delights with your ſweet lady,
And draw the minutes out in dear embraces;
You live a right lord's life.

Val. 'Would you had tried it,
That you might know the virtue but to ſuffer!
Your anger, tho' it be unjuſt and inſolent,
Sits handſomer upon you than your ſcorn;
To do a wilful ill, and glory in it,
Is to do't double, double to be damn'd too.

Fred. Haſt thou not found a loving and free prince?
High in his favours too? that has conferr'd
Such hearts-eaſe, and ſuch heaps of comfort on thee,
All thou couldſt aſk?

Val. You are too grown a tyrant,

‡ *(Yet I muſt vex him further).* This line ſeems to be an interpolation; and was perhaps occaſioned by the players' omitting the three next lines.

Upon

Upon ſo ſuffering and ſo ſtill a ſubject!
You've put upon me ſuch a puniſhment,
That if your youth were honeſt it would bluſh at:
But you're a ſhame to Nature, as to Virtue.
Pull not my rage upon you! 'tis ſo juſt,
It will give way to no reſpect. My life,
My innocent life, (I dare maintain it, Sir)
Like a wanton prodigal you've flung away;
Had I a thouſand more, I would allow 'em,
And be as careleſs of 'em as your will is:
But to deny thoſe rights the law hath giv'n me,
The holy law, and make her life the penance,
Is ſuch a ſtudied and unheard-of malice,
No heart that is not hir'd from hell ‡ dare think of!
To do it then too, when my hopes were high,
High as my blood, all my deſires upon me,
My free affections ready to embrace her,

Enter Caſſandra.

And ſhe mine own—D'you ſmile at this? is't done well?
Is there not Heav'n above you, that ſees all? [*Exit.*

Fred. Come hither, Time. How does your noble miſtreſs?

Caſ. As a gentlewoman may do in her caſe
That's newly married, Sir; ſickly ſometimes
And fond on't, like your majeſty [33].

Fred. She's breeding then?

Caſ. She wants much of her colour, and has her qualms
As ladies uſe to have, Sir, and her diſguſts.

Fred. And keeps her chamber?

Caſ. Yes, Sir.

Fred. And eats good broths and jellies?

Caſ. I'm ſure ſhe ſighs, Sir, and weeps, good lady!

Fred. Alas, good lady, for it!

‡ Hir'd *from hell.*] *Hir'd* is not nonſenſe, yet its being genuine is doubtful. Perhaps we ſhould read HOT *from hell.*

[33] *Sickly ſometimes and fond* on't, *like your majeſty.*] This place I would read ſo,

Sickly ſometimes and fond, an't *like your majeſty.* *Sympſon.*

She ſhould have one could comfort her, Caſſandra,
Could turn thoſe tears to joys, a luſty comforter.
Caſ. A comfortable man does well at all hours,
For he brings comfortable things.
Fred. Come hither;
And hold your fan between, you've eaten onions.
Her breath ſtinks like a fox, her teeth are contagious;
Theſe old women are all elder-pipes.—Do you mark me? [*gives a purſe.*
Caſ. Yes, Sir; but does your Grace think I am fit,
That am both old and virtuous?
Fred. Therefore the fitter, th' older ſtill the better;
I know thou art as holy as an old cope,
Yet, upon neceſſary uſe——
Caſ. 'Tis true, Sir.
Fred. Her feeling ſenſe is fierce ſtill; ſpeak unto her,
(You are familiar) ſpeak, I ſay, unto her,
Speak to the purpoſe; tell her this, and this.
Caſ. Alas, ſhe's honeſt, Sir, ſhe's very honeſt,
And would you have my gravity——
Fred. Ay, ay;
Your gravity will become the cauſe the better.
I'll look thee out a knight ſhall make thee a lady too,
A luſty knight, and one that ſhall be rul'd by thee;
And add to theſe, I'll make 'em good. No mincing,
Nor ducking out of nicety, good lady,
But do it home. We'll all be friends too, tell her,
And ſuch a joy——
Caſ. That's it that ſtirs me up, Sir;
I would not for the world attempt her chaſtity,
But that they may live lovingly hereafter.
Fred. For that I urge it too.
Caſ. A little evil
May well be ſuffer'd for a general good, Sir.
I'll take my leave of your majeſty. [*Exit.*

Enter Valerio.

Fred. Go fortunately;
Be ſpeedy too. Here comes Valerio:

If

If his afflictions have allay'd his ſpirit,
My work has end. Come hither, lord Valerio;
How do you now?
Val. Your majeſty may gueſs,
Not ſo well, nor ſo fortunate as you are,
That can tie up mens' honeſt wills and actions.
Fred. You clearly ſee now, brave Valerio,
What 'tis to be the rival to a prince,
To interpoſe againſt a raging lion:
I know you've ſuffer'd, infinitely ſuffer'd,
And with a kind of pity I behold it;
And if you dare be worthy of my mercy,
I can yet heal you, (yield up your Evanthe)
Take off my ſentence alſo.
Val. I fall thus low, Sir,
My poor ſad heart under your feet I lay,
And all the ſervice of my life.
Fred. Do this then,
For without this 'twill be impoſſible:
Part with her for awhile.
Val. You've parted us;
What ſhould I do with that I cannot uſe, Sir?
Fred. 'Tis well conſider'd: Let me have the lady,
And thou ſhalt ſee how nobly I'll befriend thee,
How all this difference——
Val. Will ſhe come, d'you think, Sir?
Fred. She muſt be wrought, (I know ſhe is too modeſt)
And gently wrought, and cunningly.
Val. 'Tis fit, Sir.
Fred. And ſecretly it muſt be done.
Val. As thought.
Fred. I'll warrant you her honour ſhall be fair ſtill;
No ſoil nor ſtain ſhall appear on that, Valerio.
You ſee a thouſand that bear ſober faces,
And ſhew off as inimitable modeſties;
You would be ſworn too that they were pure matrons,
And moſt chaſte maids; and yet, t'augment their fortunes,

And get them noble friends——
Val. They are content, Sir,
In private to beſtow their beauties on 'em.
Fred. They are ſo, and they're wiſe; they know no want for't,
Nor no eye ſees they want their honeſties.
Val. If 't might be carried thus?
Fred. It ſhall be, Sir.
Val. I'll ſee you dead firſt! [*aſide.*]—With this caution,
Why, ſure, I think it might be done.
Fred. Yes, eaſily.
Val. For what time would your Grace deſire her body?
Fred. A month or two. It ſhall be carried ſtill
As if ſhe kept with you, and were a ſtranger,
Rather a hater, of the grace I offer;
And then I will return her, with ſuch honour——
Val. 'Tis very like; I dote much on your honour!
Fred. And load her with ſuch favour too, Valerio—
Val. She never ſhall claw off: I humbly thank you!
Fred. I'll make ye both the happieſt, and the richeſt,
And the mightieſt too——
Val. But who ſhall work her, Sir?
For, on my conſcience, ſhe is very honeſt,
And will be hard to cut as a rough diamond.
Fred. Why, you muſt work her; any thing from your tongue,
Set off with golden and perſuaſive language,
Urging your dangers too——
Val. But all this time
Have you the conſcience, Sir, to leave me nothing,
Nothing to play withal?
Fred. There be a thouſand;
Take where thou wilt.
Val. May I make bold with your Queen?
She's uſeleſs to your Grace, as it appears, Sir,
And but a loyal wife, that may be loſt too:
I have a mind to her, and then 'tis equal.
Fred. How, Sir?

Val.

Val. 'Tis ſo, Sir. Thou moſt glorious impudence,
Have I not wrongs enow to ſuffer under,
But thou muſt pick me out to make a monſter?
A hated wonder to the world? D'you ſtart
At my entrenching on your private liberty,
And would you force a highway thro' mine honour,
And make me pave it too? But that thy Queen
Is of that excellence in honeſty,
And guarded with divinity about her,
No looſe thought can come near, nor flame unhallow'd,
I would ſo right myſelf——

Fred. Why, take her to you;
I am not vex'd at this; thou ſhalt enjoy her:
I'll be thy friend, if that may win thy courteſy.

Val. I will not be your bawd, tho' for your royalty.
Was I brought up and nouriſh'd in the court,
With thy moſt royal brother, and thyſelf,
Upon thy father's charge, thy happy father's,
And ſuck'd the ſweetneſs of all human arts,
Learn'd arms and honour, to become a raſcal?
Was this the expectation of my youth,
My growth of honour? Do you ſpeak this truly,
Or do you try me, Sir? for I believe not,
At leaſt I would not, and methinks 'tis impoſſible,
There ſhould be ſuch a devil in a king's ſhape,
Such a malignant fiend!

Fred. I thank you, Sir!
Tomorrow is your laſt day, and look to it——
Get from my ſight, away!

Val. You are——Oh, my heart's too high,
And full to think upon you! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Evanthe and Caſſandra.

Evan. You think it fit then, mortified Caſſandra,
That I ſhould be a whore?

Caſ. Why a whore, madam?
If every woman that upon neceſſity
Did a good turn (for there's the main point, mark it)
Were term'd a whore, who would be honeſt, madam?

Your lord's life, and your own, are now in hazard;
Two precious lives may be redeem'd with nothing,
Little or nothing; ſay, an hour's or day's ſport,
Or ſuch a toy; the end to't is not wantonneſs[34],
That we call luſt, that maidens loſe their fame for,
But a compell'd neceſſity of honour,
Fair as the day, and clear as Innocence;
Upon my life and conſcience, a direct way——

Evan. To be a raſcal——

Caſ. 'Tis a kind of rape too;
That keeps you clear; for where your will's compell'd,
Tho' you yield up your body, you are ſafe ſtill.

Evan. Thou'rt grown a learned bawd; I ever look'd
Thy great ſufficiency would break out.

Caſ. You may,
You that are young and fair, ſcorn us old creatures;
But you muſt know my years ere you be wife, lady,
And my experience too. Say the king lov'd you?
Say it were nothing elſe?

Evan. Ay, marry wench,
Now thou com'ſt to me.

Caſ. Do you think princes' favours
Are ſuch ſlight things, to fling away when you pleaſe?
There be young ladies,
Both fair and honourable, that would leap to reach 'em,
And leap aloft too.

Evan. Such are light enough;
I am no vaulter, wench. But canſt thou tell me,
Tho' he be a king, whether he be ſound or no?
I would not give my youth up to infection.

Caſ. As ſound as honour ought to be, I think, lady.
Go to! be wife; I do not bid you try him;
But, if he love you well, and you neglect him,
Your lord's life hanging on the hazard of it——

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[34] ——*the end to it is wantonneſs.*] For want of a negative particle here, the old procureſs is made to contradict all ſhe was contending for; the place ought to run ſo,

——*the end to it is* not *wantonneſs.*

Mr. Seward likewiſe made the ſame obſervation. *Sympſon.*

If

If you be ſo wilful proud——
Evan. Thou ſpeak'ſt to th' point ſtill;
But, when I've lain with him, what am I then, gentlewoman?
Caſ. What are you? why, the ſame you're now, a woman,
A virtuous woman, and a noble woman;
Touching at what is noble, you become ſo.
Had Lucrece e'er been thought of, but for Tarquin?
She was before a ſimple unknown woman;
When ſhe was raviſh'd, ſhe was a reverend ſaint.
And do you think ſhe yielded not a little,
And had a kind of will to have been re-raviſh'd?
Believe it, yes. There are a thouſand ſtories
Of wondrous loyal women, that have ſlipp'd,
But it has been on the ice of tender honour,
That kept them cool ſtill to the world. I think
You're bleſt, that have ſuch an occaſion in your hands
To beget a chronicle, a faithful one.
Evan. It muſt needs be much honour!
Caſ. As you may make it, infinite, and ſafe too;
And when 'tis done, your lord and you may live
So quietly, and peaceably together,
And be what you pleaſe!
Evan. But ſuppoſe this, wench,
The king ſhould ſo delight me with his company,
I ſhould forget my lord, and no more look on him.
Caſ. That's the main hazard; for I tell you truly,
I've heard Report ſpeak he's an infinite pleaſure,
Almoſt above belief. There be ſome ladies,
And modeſt to the world too, wondrous modeſt,
That have had the bleſſedneſs to try his body,
That I have heard proclaim him a new Hercules.
Evan. So ſtrongly able?
Caſ. There will be the danger,
You being but a young and tender lady,
Altho' your mind be good, yet your weak body,
At firſt encounter too, to meet with one
Of his unconquer'd ſtrength——

Evan.

Evan. Peace, thou rude bawd,
Thou ſtudied old corruptneſs[35]! tie thy tongue up,
Your hir'd baſe tongue! Is this your timely counſel?
Doſt thou ſeek to make me dote on wickedneſs,
Becauſe 'tis ten times worſe than thou deliver'ſt it?
To be a whore, becauſe he has ſufficiency
To make a hundred? Oh, thou impudence!
Have I reliev'd thy age to mine own ruin?
And worn thee in my boſom, to betray me?
Can years and impotence win nothing on thee
That's good and honeſt, but thou muſt go on ſtill?
And where thy blood wants heat to ſin thyſelf,
Force thy decrepid will to make me wicked?

Caſ. I did but tell you——

Evan. What the damned'ſt woman,
The cunning'ſt and the ſkilful'ſt bawd, comes ſhort of!
If thou hadſt liv'd ten ages to be damn'd in,
And exercis'd this art the devil taught thee,
Thou couldſt not have expreſs'd it more exactly!

Caſ. I did not bid you ſin.

Evan. Thou wooe'dſt me to it;
Thou, that art fit for prayer and the grave,
Thy body earth already, and corruption,
Thou taught'ſt the way. Go, follow your fine function:
There are houſes of delight, that want good matrons,
Such grave inſtructors; get thee thither, monſter,
And read variety of ſins to wantons;
And when they roar with pains, learn to make plaiſters.

Caſ. This we've for our good wills.

Evan. If e'er I ſee thee more,
Or any thing that's like thee, to affright me,
By this fair light, I'll ſpoil thy bawdry!
I'll leave thee neither eyes nor noſe to grace thee!
When thou want'ſt bread, and common pity towards thee,

Enter Frederick.

And art a-ſtarving in a ditch, think of me:

[35] ——*old corruptneſs.*] This in Martial's words is, *non vitioſa ſed vitium.* *Sympſon.*

Then

Then die, and let the wandring bawds lament thee!
Be gone; I charge thee leave me!
Caſ. You'll repent this. [*Exit.*
Fred. She's angry, and t'other crying too; my ſuit is cold:
I'll make your heart ake, ſtubborn wench, for this!
Turn not ſo angry from me; I will ſpeak to you.
Are you grown proud with your delight, good lady?
So pamper'd with your ſport, you ſcorn to know me?
Evan. I ſcorn you not; I would you ſcorn'd not me, Sir,
And forc'd me to be weary of my duty!
I know your Grace; 'would I had never ſeen you!
Fred. Becauſe I love you, 'cauſe I dote upon you,
Becauſe I am a man that ſeek to pleaſe you.
Evan. I've man enough already to content me,
As much, as noble, and as worthy of me,
As all the world can yield.
Fred. That's but your modeſty:
You have no man—nay, never look upon me;
I know it, lady—no man to content you;
No man that can, or at the leaſt, that dare,
Which is a poorer man, and nearer nothing.
Evan. Be nobler, Sir, inform'd.
Fred. I'll tell thee, wench,
The poor condition of this poorer fellow,
And make thee bluſh for ſhame at thine own error:
He never tender'd yet a huſband's duty
To thy warm longing bed.
Evan. How ſhould he know that? [*Aſide.*
Fred. I'm ſure he did not, for I charg'd him no,
Upon his life I charg'd him, but to try him.
Could any brave or noble ſpirit ſtop here?
Was life to be preferr'd before affection?
Lawful and long'd-for too?
Evan. Did you command him?
Fred. I did, in policy, to try his ſpirit.
Evan. And could he be ſo dead-cold to obſerve it?
Brought I no beauty, nor no love along with me?

Fred.

Fred. Why, that is it that makes me ſcorn to name him.
I ſhould have lov'd him, if h'had ventur'd for't;
Nay, doted on his bravery.
Evan. Only charg'd?
And with that ſpell ſit down? Dare men fight bravely,
For poor ſlight things, for drink, or oſtentation,
And there endanger both their lives and fortunes,
And for their lawful loves fly off with fear?
Fred. 'Tis true;
And, with a cunning baſe fear too to abuſe thee,
Made thee believe, poor innocent Evanthe,
Wretched young girl, it was his impotency;
Was it not ſo? deny it.
Evan. Oh, my anger!
At my years, to be cozen'd with a young man!
Fred. A ſtrong man too; certain he lov'd you dearly!
Evan. To have my ſhame and love mingled together,
And both flung on me like a weight to ſink me!
I would have died a thouſand times!
Fred. So would any,
Any that had the ſpirit of a man:
I would have been kill'd in your arms.
Evan. I would h'had been,
And buried in mine arms! that had been noble:
And what a monument would I have made him!
Upon this breaſt he ſhould have ſlept in peace,
Honour and everlaſting Love his mourners;
And I ſtill weeping, 'till old Time had turn'd me,
And pitying powers above, into pure cryſtal.
Fred. Hadſt thou lov'd me, and had my way been ſtuck
With deaths, as thick as froſty nights with ſtars,
I would have ventur'd.
Evan. Sure there is ſome trick in't:
Valerio ne'er was coward. [*Aſide.*
Fred. Worſe than this too,
Tamer, and ſeaſoning of a baſer nature,
He ſet your woman on you to betray you,
Your bawdy woman, or your ſin-ſolicitor;

(I pray but think what this man may deſerve now)
I know he did, and did it to pleaſe me too.
Evan. Good Sir, afflict me not too faſt! I feel
I am a woman, and a wrong'd one too,
And ſenſible I am of my abuſes.
Sir, you have lov'd me——
Fred. And I love thee ſtill,
Pity thy wrongs, and dote upon thy perſon.
Evan. To ſet my woman on me! 'twas too baſe, Sir.
Fred. Abominable vile.
Evan. But I ſhall fit him.
Fred. All reaſon and all law allows it to you;
And you're a fool, a tame fool, if you ſpare him.
Evan. You may ſpeak now, and happily prevail too;
And I beſeech your Grace be angry with me.
Fred. I am at heart.—(She ſtaggers in her faith,
And will fall off, I hope; I'll ply her ſtill.)—
Thou abus'd innocence, I ſuffer with thee!
If I ſhould give him life, he'd ſtill betray thee;
That fool that fears to die for ſuch a beauty,
Would for the ſame fear ſell thee unto miſery.
I don't ſay ‡ he would have been bawd himſelf too.
Evan. Follow'd thus far? nay, then I ſmell the malice;
It taſtes too hot of practis'd wickedneſs:
There can be no ſuch man, I'm ſure no gentleman.
Shall my anger make me whore, and not my pleaſure?
My ſudden inconſiderate rage abuſe me?
Come home again, my frighted faith, my virtue,
Home to my heart again! [*Aſide.*]—He be a bawd too?
Fred. I will not ſay he offer'd fair, Evanthe.
Evan. Nor do not dare! 'Twill be an impudence,
And not an honour, for a prince to lie.
Fy, Sir, a perſon of your rank to trifle!
I know you do lie.
Fred. How?
Evan. Lie ſhamefully;
And I could wiſh myſelf a man but one day,
To tell you openly, you lie too baſely!

‡ *I don't ſay, &c.*] From Evanthe's anſwer, it ſeems probable the Poet wrote, *I* DARE *ſay, &c.*

Fred.

Fred. Take heed, wild fool!
Evan. Take thou heed, thou tame devil!
Thou all Pandora's box, in a king's figure!
Th'haſt almoſt whor'd my weak belief already,
And like an engineer blown up mine honour:
But I ſhall countermine, and catch your miſchief;
This little fort you ſeek I ſhall man nobly,
And ſtrongly too, with chaſte obedience
To my dear lord, with virtuous thoughts that ſcorn you.
Victorious Thomyris never won more honour
In cutting off the royal head of Cyrus,
Than I ſhall do in conqu'ring thee. Farewell!
And, if thou canſt be wiſe, learn to be good too;
'Twill give thee nobler lights than both thine eyes do.
My poor lord and myſelf are bound to ſuffer;
And when I ſee him faint under your ſentence,
I'll tell you more; it may be, then I'll yield too.
Fred. Fool unexampled, ſhall my anger follow thee?
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Rugio and friar Marco, amazed.

Rug. Curſe on our light [36], our fond credulities!
A thouſand curſes on the ſlave that cheated us,
The damned ſlave!
Mar. We have e'en ſham'd our ſervice,
Brought our beſt care and loyalties to nothing:
'Tis the moſt fearful poiſon, the moſt potent——
Heav'n give him patience! Oh, it works moſt ſtrongly,
And tears him——Lord!
Rug. That we ſhould be ſo ſtupid
To truſt the arrant'ſt villain that e'er flatter'd,
The bloodieſt too! to believe a few ſoft words from him,
And give way to his prepar'd tears!
Alph. [*within.*] Oh, oh, oh!
Rug. Hark, friar Marco;
Hark, the poor prince! That we ſhould be ſuch blockheads,

[36] *Curſt on our* ſights.] Every body ſees this is not ſenſe; to make it ſo, I would read *Curſe on our light* or *(ſlight) our fond, &c. Light i. e.* our eaſineſs in believing. *Sympſon.*

As

As to be taken with his drinking firſt,
And never think what antidotes are made for!
Two wooden ſculls we have, and we deſerve
To be hang'd for't:
For certainly it will be laid to our charge;
As certain too, it will diſpatch him ſpeedily.
Which way to turn or what to——

Mar. Let us pray!
Heav'n's hand is ſtrong.

Rug. The poiſon's ſtrong, you'd ſay.

Enter Alphonſo, carried on a couch by two friars.

'Would any thing—He comes; let's give him comfort.

Alph. Give me more air, air, more air! blow, blow!.
Open, thou Eaſtern gate, and blow upon me!
Diſtil thy cold dews, oh, thou icy moon,
And rivers run thro' my afflicted ſpirit!
I am all fire, fire, fire! The raging Dog-ſtar
Reigns in my blood! Oh, which way ſhall I turn me?
Ætna, and all his flames burn in my head.
Fling me into the ocean, or I periſh!
Dig, dig, dig, till the ſprings fly up,
The cold, cold ſprings, that I may leap into 'em,
And bathe my ſcorch'd limbs in their purling pleaſures!
Or ſhoot me up into the higher region,
Where treaſures of delicious ſnow are nouriſh'd,
And banquets of ſweet hail!

Rug. Hold him faſt, friar;
Oh, how he burns!

Alph. What, will ye ſacrifice me?
Upon the altar lay my willing body,
And pile your wood up, fling your holy incenſe;
And, as I turn me, you ſhall ſee all flame,
Conſuming flame. Stand off me, or you're aſhes!

Both. Moſt miſerable wretches!

Alph. Bring hither Charity,
And let me hug her, friar: They ſay ſhe's cold,
Infinite cold; devotion cannot warm her.

Draw

Draw me a river of falſe lovers' tears
Clean thro' my breaſt; they're dull, cold, and forgetful,
And will give eaſe. Let virgins ſigh upon me,
Forſaken ſouls; their ſighs are precious[37];
Let them all ſigh. Oh, hell, hell, hell! oh, horror!
Mar. To bed, good Sir.
Alph. My bed will burn about me:
Like Phaeton, in all-conſuming flaſhes
I am encloſed! Let me fly, let me fly, give room!
'Twixt the cold bears, far from the raging lion[38],
Lies my ſafe way. Oh, for a cake of ice now,
To clap unto my heart to comfort me!
Decrepid Winter, hang upon my ſhoulders,
And let me wear thy frozen iſicles
Like jewels round about my head, to cool me!
My eyes burn out, and ſink into their ſockets,
And my infected brain like brimſtone boils!
I live in hell, and ſeveral furies vex me!
Oh, carry me where no ſun ever ſhew'd yet

37 ——— the *ſighs are precious.*] So all the copies. *Sympſon.*

38 *Betwixt the cold bear* and *the raging lion.*] The learned reader need not to be told that the *bear* and *lion* here, by a beautiful *ſynecdoche*, ſtand for the *frigid* and the *torrid zones*, and betwixt the two means the *temperate zone:* But does ſafety dwell here to a man wrapt in flames? No, the *frigid zone* only, which might quench their violence, can bring him ſafety, and all his other wiſhes hurry him

To night and cold, to nipping froſts and winds,
That cut the ſtubborn rocks and make them ſhiver.

The abſurdity therefore of the old reading was no ſooner obſerved than a probability occurr'd of the manner how it came into the text. I believe the Author's manuſcript had accidentally omitted the *s* in *bears*, and run thus:

'Twixt the cold bear, far from *the raging lion*,
Lies my ſafe way.

A playhouſe *prompter*, or common *corrector* of the preſs, thinking this not Engliſh, without entering into the ſpirit of the Author, would naturally correct it into the old text:

Betwixt the cold bear and *the raging lion.*

And that I have therefore only reſtored the original is further probable from hence: The alluſion to Phaeton is evidently carried on in this line, and Ovid makes Phœbus adviſe him particularly to avoid the *ſerpent*, *i. e.* the *conſtellation* that lies *betwixt the two bears*. The reverſe of this therefore would naturally occur on this occaſion. *Seward.*

A face

A face of comfort, where the earth is cryſtal,
Never to be diſſolv'd! where nought inhabits
But night and cold, and nipping froſts, and winds
That cut the ſtubborn rocks and make them ſhiver:
Set me there, friends!

Rug. Hold faſt; he muſt to bed, friar.
What ſcalding ſweats he has!

Mar. He'll ſcald in hell for't,
That was the cauſe.

Alph. Drink, drink, a world of drink!
Fill all the cups, and all the antique veſſels,
And borrow pots; let me have drink enough!
Bring all the worthy drunkards of the time,
Th' experienc'd drunkards, let me have them all,
And let them drink their worſt, I'll make them idiots!
I'll lie upon my back, and ſwallow veſſels,
Have rivers made of cooling wine run thro' me,
Not ſtay for this man's health, or this great prince's,
But take an ocean, and begin to all! Oh, oh!

Mar. He cools a little; now away with him,
And to his warm bed preſently.

Alph. No drink?
No wind? no cooling air?

Rug. You ſhall have any thing.
His hot fit leſſens; Heav'n put in a hand now,
And ſave his life! There's drink, Sir, in your chamber,
And all cool things.

Alph. Away, away; let's fly to 'em! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valerio and Evanthe.

Evan. To ſay you were impotent! I'm aſham'd on't!
To make yourſelf no man? to a freſh maid too,
A longing maid? upon her wedding-night alſo,
To give her ſuch a dor?

Val. I prithee pardon me!

Evan. Had you been drunk, 't had been excuſable;
Or, like a gentleman, under the ſurgeon's hands,
And ſo not able, there had been ſome colour;
But wretchedly to take a weakneſs to you,

A fearful weakneſs, to abuſe your body,
And let a lie work like a ſpell upon you,
A lie to ſave your life——
Val. Will you give me leave, ſweet?
Evan. You've taken too much leave, and too baſe leave too,
To wrong your love! Haſt thou a noble ſpirit?
And canſt thou look up to the peoples' loves,
That call thee worthy, and not bluſh, Valerio?
Canſt thou behold me that thou haſt betray'd thus,
And no ſhame touch thee?
Val. Shame attend the ſinful!
I know my innocence.
Evan. Ne'er think to face it, that's a double weakneſs,
And ſhews thee falſer ſtill! The king himſelf,
Tho' he be wicked, and our enemy,
But juſter than thou art, in pity of my injuries,
Told me the truth.
Val. What did he tell, Evanthe?
Evan. That, but to gain thy life a fortnight longer,
Thy lov'd poor life, thou gav'ſt up all my duties.
Val. I ſwear 'tis falſe! my life and death are equal;
I've weigh'd 'em both, and find 'em but one fortune.
But kings are men, and live as men, and die too,
Have the affections men have, and their falſhoods;
Indeed, they have more power to make 'em good.
The king's to blame; it was to ſave *thy* life, wench,
Thy innocent life, that I forbore thy bed,
For if I'd touch'd thee thou hadſt died; he ſwore it.
Evan. And was not I as worthy to die nobly,
To make a ſtory for the time that follows,
As he that married me? What weakneſs, Sir,
Or diſability, do you ſee in me,
Either in mind or body, to defraud me
Of ſuch an opportunity? D'you think I married you
Only for pleaſure, or content in luſt?
To lull you in my arms, and kiſs you hourly?
Was this my end? I might have been a Queen, Sir,
If that had caught me, and have known all delicates:
There's

There's few that would have ſhunn'd ſo fair an offer.
Oh, thou unfaithful fearful man, th'haſt kill'd me!
In ſaving me this way, thou haſt deſtroy'd me,
Robb'd me of that thy love can never give more!
To be unable, to ſave *me?* Oh, miſery!
Had I been my Valerio, thou Evanthe,
I would have lain with thee under a gallows,
Tho' the hangman had been my Hymen, and the furies,
With iron whips and forks, ready to torture me:
I would have hug'd thee too, tho' hell had gap'd at me.
Save *my* life! that expected to die bravely,
That would have woo'd it too? 'Would I had married
An eunuch, that had truly no ability [39],
Than ſuch a fearful liar! Thou haſt done me
A ſcurvy courteſy, that has undone me.

Val. I'll do no more; ſince you're ſo nobly faſhion'd,
Made up ſo ſtrongly, I'll take my ſhare with you;
Nay, dear, I'll learn of you.

Evan. He weeps too, tenderly;
My anger's gone. Good my lord, pardon me;
And if I have offended, be more angry:
It was a woman's flaſh, a ſudden valour,
That could not lie conceal'd.

Val. I honour you;
By all the rites of holy marriage,
And pleaſures of chaſte love, I wonder at you!
You appear the viſion of a Heav'n unto me,
Stuck all with ſtars of honour ſhining clearly,
And all the motions of your mind celeſtial!
Man is a lump of earth; the beſt man's ſpiritleſs,
To ſuch a woman; all our lives and actions
But counterfeits in arras to this virtue.
Chide me again; you have ſo brave an anger,
And flows ſo nobly from you, thus deliver'd,
That I could ſuffer like a child to hear you,

39 ——*would I had married*
An eunuch, that had truly no ability,
Than ſuch a ——] The want of *rather* before *than ſuch, &c.* has a fine effect, and the hurry of her paſſion fully juſtifies ſuch a wilful omiſſion in the Poet. *Sympſon.*

Nay, make myſelf guilty of ſome faults to honour you.
Evan. I'll chide no more; you've robb'd me of my courage,
And with a cunning patience check'd my impudence.
Once more, forgiveneſs! [*She kneels.*
Val. Will this ſerve, Evanthe? [*Kiſſes her.*
And this, my love? Heav'n's mercy be upon us!
But did he tell no more?
Evan. Only this trifle;
You ſet my woman on me, to betray me:
'Tis true, ſhe did her beſt; a bad old woman!
It ſtirr'd me, Sir.
Val. I cannot blame thee, jewel.
Evan. And methought, when your name was ſounded that way——
Val. He that will ſpare no fame, will ſpare no name, ſweet.
Tho', as I am a man, I'm full of weakneſs,
And may ſlip happily into ſome ignorance,
Yet at my years to be a bawd, and cozen
Mine own hopes with my doctrine——
Evan. I believe not,
Nor never ſhall.—Our time is out tomorrow.
Val. Let's be to-night then full of fruitfulneſs;
Now we are both of one mind, let's be happy!
I am no more a wanting man, Evanthe,
Thy warm embraces ſhall diſſolve that impotence,
And my cold lie ſhall vaniſh with thy kiſſes.
You hours of night, be long as when Alcmena
Lay by the luſty ſide of Jupiter;
Keep back the day, and hide his golden beams
Where the chaſte watchful morning may not find 'em:
Old doating Tython, hold Aurora faſt,
And tho' ſhe bluſh the day-break from her cheeks,
Conceal her ſtill: Thou, heavy wain, ſtand firm,
And ſtop the quicker revolutions;
Or, if the day muſt come to ſpoil our happineſs,
Thou envious ſun, peep not upon our pleaſure;
Thou that all lovers curſe, be far off from us!

Enter

Enter Caſtruccio, with a guard.

Evan. Then let's to bed; and this night, in all joys
And chaſte delights——

Caſt. Stay! I muſt part ye both;
It is the king's command, who bids me tell you,
Tomorrow is your laſt hour.

Val. I obey, Sir:
In Heav'n we ſhall meet, captain, where king Frederick
Dare not appear to part us.

Caſt. Miſtake me not;
Tho' I am rough in doing of my office,
You ſhall find, Sir, you have a friend to honour you.

Val. I thank you, Sir.

Evan. Pray, captain, tell the king,
They that are ſad on earth in Heaven ſhall ſing.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter friar Marco and Rugio.

Rug. HAVE you writ to the captain of the caſtle?

Mar. Yes, and charg'd him,
Upon his ſoul's health, that he be not cruel;
Told him Valerio's worth among the people,
And how it muſt be puniſh'd in poſterity,
Tho' he ſcape now.

Rug. But will not he, friar Marco,
Betray this to the king?

Mar. Tho' he be ſtubborn,
And of a rugged nature, yet he's honeſt,
And honours much Valerio.

Rug. How does Alphonſo?
For now, methinks, my heart is light again,
And pale fear fled.

Mar. He is as well as I am;

The rogue, 'againſt his will, has ſav'd his life:
A deſp'rate poiſon has re-cur'd the prince.
Rug. To me, 'tis moſt miraculous.
Mar. To me too,
'Till I conſider why it ſhould do ſo;
And now I've found it a moſt excellent phyſick:
It wrought upon the dull, cold, miſty parts,
That clog'd his ſoul, (which was another poiſon,
A deſperate too) and found ſuch matter there,
And ſuch abundance alſo to reſiſt it,
And wear away the dang'rous heat it brought with't,
The pure blood and the ſpirits ſcap'd untainted.
Rug. 'Twas Heav'n's high hand, none of Sorano's pity.
Mar. Moſt certain 'twas; had the malicious villain

Enter Caſtruccio.

Giv'n him a cooling poiſon, he had paid him.
Rug. The captain of the caſtle!
Mar. Oh, you're welcome.
How does your priſoner?
Caſt. He muſt go for dead;
But when I do a deed of ſo much villainy,
I'll have my ſkin pull'd o'er mine ears, my lord!
Tho' I'm the king's, I'm none of his abuſes.
How does your royal charge? That I might ſee once!

Enter Alphonſo and friars.

Mar. I pray ſee now; you are a truſty gentleman.
Alph. Good fathers, I thank Heav'n, I feel no ſickneſs——
Caſt. He ſpeaks again!
Alph. Nothing that bars the free uſe of my ſpirit.
Methinks the air is ſweet to me, and company
A thing I covet now. Caſtruccio?
Caſt. Sir.
He ſpeaks and knows! For Heav'n's ſake, break my pate, lord,
That I may be ſure I ſleep not!

Alph.

Alph. Thou wert honeſt,
Ever among the rank of good men counted.
I have been abſent, long out of the world,
A dream I've liv'd. How does it look, Caſtruccio?
What wonders are abroad?

Caſt. I fling off duty
To your dead brother, (for he's dead in goodneſs)
And to the living hope of brave Alphonſo,
The noble heir of Nature, and of Honour,
I faſten my allegiance.

Mar. Softly, captain;
We dare not truſt the air with this bleſs'd ſecret.
Good Sir, be cloſe again; Heav'n has reſtor'd you,
And by miraculous means, to your fair health,
And made the inſtrument your enemies' malice,
Which does prognoſticate your noble fortune;
Let not our careleſs joy loſe you again, Sir,
Help to deliver you to a further danger.
I pray you paſs in, and reſt a while forgotten;
For if your brother come to know you're well again,
And ready to inherit, as your right,
Before we've ſtrength enough to aſſure your life,
What will become of you? and what ſhall we
Deſerve in all opinions that are honeſt,
For our loſs of judgment, care, and loyalty?

Rug. Dear Sir, paſs in. Heav'n has begun the work,
And bleſs'd us all; let our endeavours follow,
To preſerve this bleſſing to our timely uſes,
And bring it to the noble end we aim at:
Let our cares work now, and our eyes pick out
An hour to ſhew you ſafely to your ſubjects,
A ſecure hour!

Alph. I'm counſell'd: Ye are faithful.

Caſt. Which hour ſhall not be long, as we ſhall handle it.
Once more, the tender of my duty!

Alph. Thank ye.

Caſt. Keep you the monaſtery.

Rug. Strong enough, I'll warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tony and Podramo.

Pod. Who are all theſe that croud about the court, Fool?
Thoſe ſtrange new faces?
Tony. They are ſuitors, coxcomb;
Dainty fine ſuitors to the widow-lady.
Th' hadſt beſt make one of 'em; thou'lt be hang'd as handſomely
At the Month's end, and with as much joy follow'd,
(An'twere tomorrow) as many mourning bawds for thee,
And holy nuns, whoſe veſtal fire ne'er vaniſhes,
In ſackcloth ſmocks, as if thou wert heir-apparent
To all the impious ſuburbs and the ſink-holes.
Pod. Out, you baſe rogue!
Tony. Why doſt abuſe thyſelf?
Thou art to blame; I take thee for a gentleman.
But why does not thy lord and maſter marry her?
Pod. Why, ſhe's his ſiſter.
Tony. 'Tis the better, fool;
He may make bold with his own fleſh and blood,
For o' my conſcience there's none elſe will truſt him;
Then he may pleaſure the king at a dead pinch too,
Without a Mepheſtophilus[40], ſuch as thou art,
And engroſs the royal diſeaſe like a true ſubject.
Pod. Thou wilt be whipp'd.
Tony. I'm ſure thou wilt be hang'd;
I've loſt a ducat elſe, which I'd be loath to venture
Without certainty. They appear[41]. [*Suitors paſs by.*
Pod. Why, theſe are raſcals.
Tony. They were meant to be ſo;
Does thy maſter deſerve better kindred?
Pod. There's an old lawyer,
Trimm'd up like a gally-foiſt[42]; what would he do with her?

[40] *Mepheſtophilus.*] A familiar ſpirit attending upon Dr. Fauſtus. *Sympſon.*

[41] *They appear.*] Mr. Sympſon ſuppoſes, we cannot tell why, that theſe words were 'a ſtage-direction, and not the original text.'

[42] *Gally-foiſt.*] *i. e.* Like a veſſel dreſſed out and decorated. The city-

Tony. As uſurers do with their gold; he would look on her,
And read her over once a-day, like a hard report,
Feed his dull eye, and keep his fingers itching:
For any thing elſe, ſhe may appeal to a parliament;
Sub pœna's and *poſteas*[43] have ſpoil'd his codpiece.
There's a phyſician too, older than he,
And Gallen Gallinaceus, but he has loſt his ſpurs;
He would be nibbling too.

Pod. I mark'd the man,
If he be a man.

Tony. H'has much ado to be ſo;
Searcloths and ſirrups glew him cloſe together,
He'd fall a-pieces elſe: Mending of ſhe-patients,
And then trying whether they be right or no
In his own perſon, (there's the honeſt care on't)
Has mollified the man: If he do marry her,
And come but to warm him well at Cupid's bonfire,
He'll bulge ſo ſubtilly and ſuddenly,
You may ſnatch him up by parcels, like a ſea-wreck.
Will your worſhip go, and look upon the reſt, Sir,
And hear what they can ſay for themſelves?

Pod. I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Camillo, Menallo, Cleanthes, and Caſtruccio.

Cam. You tell us wonders!

Caſt. But I tell you truths;
They are both well.

Men. Why are not we in arms then?
And all the iſland given to know[44]——

Caſt. Diſcreetly
And privately it muſt be done; 'twill miſs elſe,
And prove our ruins. Moſt o'th' noble citizens

city-barge, which was uſed upon the lord-mayor's day, when he was ſworn into his office at Weſtminſter, uſed to be called the *gally-foiſt*. See alſo note 38 in Philaſter. *R.*

[43] *Sub pœna's and* poſt kaes *have ſpoil'd.*] Amended by Mr. Sympſon.

[44] *And all the* iſland *given to know.*] As the ſcene is throughout at *Naples*, this expreſſion, if not a corruption, is a flagrant overſight. *Sympſon.*

Know

Know it by me, and ſtay the hour to attend it.
Prepare your hearts and friends, let theirs be right too,
And keep about the king, t'avoid ſuſpicion.
When you ſhall hear the caſtle-bell, take courage,
And ſtand like men. Away! the king is coming.
[*Exeunt lords.*

Enter Frederick and Sorano.

Fred. Now, captain! What have you done with your priſoner?

Caſt. He's dead, Sir, and his body flung into the ſea,
To feed the fiſhes; 'twas your will, I take it;
I did it from a ſtrong commiſſion,
And ſtood not to capitulate.

Fred. 'Tis well done,
And I ſhall love you for your faith. What anger
Or ſorrow did he utter at his end?

Caſt. Faith, little, Sir, that I gave any ear to:
He would have ſpoke, but I had no commiſſion
To argue with him, ſo I flung him off.
His lady would have ſeen; but I lock'd her up,
For fear her woman's tears ſhould hinder us.

Fred. 'Twas truſty ſtill. I wonder, my Sorano,
We hear not from the monaſtery: I believe
They gave it not, or elſe it wrought not fully.

Caſt. Did you name the monaſtery?

Fred. Yes, I did, captain.

Caſt. I ſaw the friar this morning, and lord Rugio,
Bitterly weeping, and wringing of their hands;
And all the holy men hung down their heads.

Sor. 'Tis done, I'll warrant you.

Caſt. I aſk'd the reaſon.

Fred. What anſwer hadſt thou?

Caſt. This in few words, Sir:
Your brother's dead; this morning he deceas'd.
I was your ſervant, and I wept not, Sir;
I knew 'twas for you good.

Fred. It ſhall be for thine too,
Captain; indeed it ſhall. Oh, my Sorano,

Now

Now we ſhall live!

Sor. Ay, now there's none to trouble you.

Fred. Captain, bring out the woman; and give way
To any ſuitor that ſhall come to marry her,
Of what degree ſoe'er.

Caſt. It ſhall be done, Sir. [*Exit Caſt.*

Fred. Oh, let me have a luſty banquet after it;

Enter Evanthe, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, and Tony.

I will be high and merry!

Sor. There be ſome lords
That I could counſel you to fling from court, Sir;
They pry into our actions. They are ſuch
The fooliſh people call their country's honours,
(Honeſt brave things) and ſtile them with ſuch titles,
As if they were the patterns of the kingdom;
Which makes them proud, and prone to look into us,
And talk at random of our actions.
They ſhould be lovers, Sir, of your commands,
And followers of your will, bridles and curbs
To the hard-headed commons that malign us;
They come here to do honour to my ſiſter,
To laugh at your ſeverity, and fright us:
If they had power, what would theſe men do!
Do you hear, Sir, how privily they whiſper?

Fred. I ſhall ſilence 'em,
And to their ſhames, within this week, Sorano;
In the mean time, have patience.

Sor. How they leer [45],
And look upon me as I were a monſter!
And talk and jeer! How I ſhall pull your plumes, lords,
How I ſhall humble you within theſe two days!
Your great names, nor your country, cannot ſave ye.

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45 ——*How they* JEER?
And look *upon me as I were a monſter,*
And talk *and* JEER.] We have no doubt but *jeer*, in the firſt place, is corrupt, and have therefore ſubſtituted *leer*: *Leer* and *look*; *talk* and *jeer*.

Enter

Fred. Let in the ſuitors.—Yet ſubmit, I'll pardon you.
You're half undone already; do not wind
My anger to that height, it may conſume you,

Enter Evanthe, Lawyer, Phyſician, Captain, and Cutpurſe.

And utterly deſtroy thee, fair Evanthe!
Yet I have mercy.

Evan. Uſe it to your bawds;
To me uſe cruelty, it beſt becomes you,
And ſhews more kingly! I contemn your mercy!
It is a coz'ning and a bawdy mercy.
Can any thing be hop'd for, to relieve me?
Or is it fit I thank you for a pity,
When you have kill'd my lord?

Fred. Who will have her?

Evan. My tears are gone,
My tears of love unto my dear Valerio,
But I have fill'd mine eyes again with anger;
Oh, were it but ſo powerful to conſume you!
My tongue with curſes I have arm'd againſt you,
(With maiden curſes, that Heaven crowns with horrors)
My heart ſet round with hate againſt thy tyranny.
Oh! 'would my hands could hold the fire of Heav'n,
Wrapt in the thunder that the gods revenge with,
That like ſtern juſtice I might fling it on thee!
Thou art a king of monſters, not of men,
And ſhortly thou wilt turn this land to devils!

Fred. I'll make you one firſt, and a wretched devil.
Come, who will have her?

Law. I, an't like your majeſty. I am a lawyer,
I can make her a jointure of any man's land in Naples.
And ſhe ſhall keep it too; I have a trick for it.

Tony. Canſt thou make her a jointure of thine honeſty,
Or thy ability, thou lewd abridgment?
Thoſe are non-ſuited and flung o'er the bar.

Phy. An't pleaſe your majeſty to give me leave,
I dare accept her; and tho' old I ſeem, lady,
Like Æſon, by my art I can renew
Youth and ability.

Tony.

Tony. In a powdering-tub
Stew thyſelf tender again, like a cock-chicken;
The broth may be good, but the fleſh is not fit for dogs, ſure.

Capt. Lady, take me, and I'll maintain thine honour:
I'm a poor captain, as poor people call me,
Very poor people; for my ſoldiers, they
Are quarter'd in the outſide of the city,
Men of ability to make good a highway;
We have but two grand enemies that oppoſe us,
The don Gout, and the gallows.

Tony. I believe you;
And both theſe you will bind her for a jointure.
Now, Signor Firk!

Cutpurſe. Madam, take me, and be wife:
I'm rich and nimble, and thoſe are rare in one man;
Every man's pocket is my treaſury,
And no man wears a ſuit but fits me neatly.
Cloaths you ſhall have, and wear the pureſt linen:
I have a tribute out of every ſhop, lady.
Meat you ſhall eat, (I have my cat'rers out too,
The beſt and luſtieſt) and drink good wine, good lady,
Good quick'ning wine, wine that will make you caper.
And at the worſt——

Tony. It is but cap'ring ſhort, Sir.
You ſeldom ſtay for agues or for ſurfeits;
A ſhaking fit of a whip ſometimes o'ertakes ye.
Marry, you die moſt commonly of choakings;
Obſtructions of the halter are your ends ever:
Pray leave your horn and your knife for her to live on.

Evan. Poor wretched people, why d' you wrong yourſelves?
Tho' I fear'd death, I ſhould fear you ten times more;
You're every one a new death, and an odious!
The earth will purify corrupted bodies;
You'll make us worſe, and ſtink eternally.
Go home, go home, and get good nurſes for you;
Dream not of wives.

Fred.

Fred. You ſhall have one of 'em,
If they dare venture for you.
Evan. They are dead already,
Crawling diſeaſes that muſt creep into
The next grave they find open: Are theſe fit huſbands
For her you've lov'd, Sir? Tho' you hate me now,
And hate me mortally, as I hate you,
Your nobleneſs, (in that you have done otherwiſe,
And nam'd Evanthe once as your poor miſtreſs)
Might offer worthier choice.
Fred. Speak, who dare take her
For one Month, and then die?
Phy. Die, Sir?
Fred. Ay, die, Sir!
That's the condition.
Phy. One Month is too little
For me to repent in for my former pleaſure,
To go ſtill on, unleſs I were ſure ſhe'd kill me,
And kill me delicately before my day.
Make it up a year; for by that time I muſt die,
My body will hold out no longer.
Fred. No, Sir;
It muſt be but a Month.
Law. Then farewell, madam[46]!
This is like to be a great year of diſſention
Among good people, and I dare not loſe it;

[46] Law. *Then farewell, madam.*] This *farewell line* is moſt probably the *Phyſician's*. The three that follow I would give to the *Lawyer*, as they are mighty well adapted to a ſly quirking practitioner, who would rather empty the pockets of his clients of their money, for one whole year longer, than fill a grave for his pleaſure, in a twelfth part of the time. *Sympſon.*

There is no doubt the three laſt lines belong to the *Lawyer*; but no authority, nor indeed foundation, to aſſign the firſt hemiſtich to the *Phyſician*. It might be ſpoken by either; but, on attending to the whole context, the Poet (we think) intended the words for the *Lawyer*. The *Phyſician* firſt declares off; then all the three other ſuitors ſeverally take leave of her:

Law. *Farewell, madam!*
Capt. *Bleſs your good ladyſhip!*
Cutpurſe. *Adieu, ſweet lady!*

There

There will be money got.

Capt. Bleſs your good ladyſhip!
There's nothing in the grave but bones and aſhes;
In taverns there's good wine, and excellent wenches,
And ſurgeons while we live.

Cutpurſe. Adieu, ſweet lady!
Lay me, when I am dead, near a rich alderman,
I cannot pick his purſe: No, I'll no dying;
Tho' I ſteal linnen, I'll not ſteal my ſhrowd yet.

All. Send you a happy match! [*Exeunt.*

Tony. And you all halters!
You've deſerv'd 'em richly. Theſe do all villainies,
And miſchiefs of all ſorts, yet thoſe they fear not:
To flinch where a fair wench is at the ſtake!

Evan. Come, your ſentence! let me die! You ſee, Sir,
None of your valiant men dare venture on me;
A Month's a dangerous thing[47].—Will you then be willing

---

[47] *A Month's a dangerous thing.*
Enter Valerio diſguiſed.
Fred. Away with her,
Let her die inſtantly.

Evan. *Will you then be willing*, &c.] There certainly are ſome ſpeeches wanting between Frederick's order in the fourth line, and Evanthe's queſtion in the fifth; the reader cannot but perceive a want of connection here, and as ſuch I have marked an *hiatus*, which I fear we ſhall never be able to fill up. *Sympſon.*

We much doubt whether 'there are ſome ſpeeches wanting' here, but believe that 'Frederick's order,' which occurs again very ſoon, ſhould not be inſerted in this place. It is plain from the whole tenor of the ſcene, that he has given Evanthe the alternative of the ſentence of death and marriage, or ſubmiſſion to his will and pardon. The ſuitors having all refuſed to accept her, like Valerio, as *a Wife for a Month*, ſhe calls on Frederick to pronounce ſentence of death on her. He then, as may be gathered from her anſwer, propoſes himſelf to her; and if (as is not improbable) the Poet meant this propoſal ſhould be ſuppoſed to be made in a whiſper, no ſpeech is wanting. She then aſks him, if he will accept her on the terms alloted to other ſuitors; and continuing her ſcorn, provokes him to condemn her, and cry out,

Away with her! let her die inſtantly!

The entrance of Valerio immediately on thoſe words, confirms the above conjecture. He certainly enters juſt as Evanthe is condemned, but certainly not till three ſpeeches later than he has hitherto been introduced;

To die at the time prefix'd? That I muſt know too,
And know it beyond doubt.

Fred. What if I did, wench?

Evan. On that condition, if I had it certain,
I'd be your any thing, and you ſhould enjoy me.
However in my nature I abhor you,
Yet, as I live, I'd be obedient to you:
But when your time came, how I ſhould rejoice!
How then I ſhould beſtir myſelf to thank you!
To ſee your throat cut, how my heart would leap, Sir!
I'd die with you; but firſt I would ſo torture you,
And cow you in your end, ſo deſpiſe you,
For a weak and wretched coward, you muſt end ſure!
Still make you fear, and ſhake, deſpis'd, ſtill laugh at you——

Fred. Away with her! let her die inſtantly!

Enter Valerio, diſguiſed.

Cam. Stay; there's another, and a gentleman;
His habit ſhews no leſs. May-be, his buſineſs
Is for this lady's love.

Fred. Say why you come, Sir,
And what you are.

Val. I am deſcended nobly,
A prince by birth, and by my trade a ſoldier,
A prince's fellow; Abydos brought me forth;
My parents, duke Agenor and fair Egla;
My buſineſs hither, to renew my love
With a young noble ſpirit, call'd Valerio:
Our firſt acquaintance was at ſea, in fight
Againſt a Turkiſh man of war, a ſtout one,
Where lion-like I ſaw him ſhew his valour,
And, as he had been made of complete virtue,
Spirit, and fire, no dregs of dull earth in him——

introduced; which makes it ſtill more probable that the line ſhould not have place till that moment. In the firſt inſtance, it deſtoys the connection of the dialogue, which is reſtored by the omiſſion; and in the ſecond, it adds peculiar grace and force to the ſcene, by making the entrance of Valerio arreſt the execution of ſentence of death upon Evanthe.

Evan.

Evan. Thou'rt a brave gentleman, and bravely ſpeak'ſt him!

Val. The veſſel dancing under him for joy,
And the rough whiſtling winds becalm'd to view him,
I ſaw the child of honour, for he was young,
Deal ſuch an alms amongſt the ſpiteful Pagans,
(His tow'ring ſword flew like an eager falcon[48])
And round about his reach invade the Turks,
He had intrench'd himſelf in his dead quarries;
The ſilver creſcents on the tops they carried
Shrunk in their heads to ſee his rage ſo bloody,
And from his fury ſuffer'd ſad eclipſes;
The game of death was never play'd more nobly;
The meagre thief grew wanton in his miſchiefs,
And his ſhrunk hollow eyes ſmil'd on his ruins.

Evan. Heav'n keep this gentleman from being a ſuitor,
For I ſhall ne'er deny him, he's ſo noble!

Val. But what can laſt long? Strength and ſpirit waſted,
And freſh ſupplies flew on upon this gentleman,
Breathleſs and weary with oppreſſion,
And almoſt kill'd with killing. 'Twas my chance
(In a tall ſhip I had) to view the fight;
I ſet into him, entertain'd the Turk,
And for an hour gave him ſo hot a breakfaſt,
He clapp'd all linnen up he had to ſave him,
And like a lover's thought he fled our fury:

[48] *Deal ſuch an alms amongſt the ſpiteful Pagans,*
His towring ſword flew *like an eager falcon,*
And round about his reach invade the Turks
He had intrench'd himſelf.] The conſtruction of the verb in the ſecond line is manifeſtly wrong, and an addition to the fourth is as manifeſtly wanting. I read the whole ſo,

Deal ſuch an alms amongſt the ſpiteful Pagans,
His towring ſword fly *like an eager falcon,*
And round about his reach invade the Turks,
'Till *he had intrench'd himſelf in his dead quarries.* *Sympſon.*

It is more in the ſtile of our Authors, to preſerve the connection by putting the ſecond line in a parentheſis. Mr. Sympſon's reading is proſaick.

There firſt I ſaw the man I lov'd, Valerio;
There was acquainted, there my ſoul grew to him,
And his to me; we were the twins of friendſhip.
Evan. Fortune protect this man, or I ſhall ruin him!
Val. I made this voyage to behold my friend,
To warm my love anew at his affection;
But ſince I landed, I have heard his fate:
My father's had not been to me more cruel.
I have lamented too, and yet I keep
The treaſure of a few tears, for you, lady;
For, by deſcription, you were his Evanthe.
Evan. Can he weep that's a ſtranger to my ſtory,
And I ſtand ſtill and look on? Sir, I thank you!
If noble ſpirits after their departure
Can know, and wiſh, certain his ſoul gives thanks too.
There are your tears again; and when yours fail, Sir,
Pray you call to me, I've ſome ſtore to lend you.
Your name?
Val. Urbino.
Evan. That I may remember,
That little time I have to live, your friendſhips,
My tongue ſhall ſtudy both [49].
Fred. Do you come hither
Only to tell this ſtory, prince Urbino?
Val. My buſineſs now is, Sir, to wooe this lady.
Evan. Bleſſing defend you! do you know the danger?
Val. Yes, and I fear it not; danger's my playfellow;
Since I was man, 't has been my beſt companion.
I know your doom; 'tis for a Month you give her,
And then his life you take that marries her.
Fred. 'Tis true; nor can your being born a prince,
If you accept the offer, free you from it.
Val. I not deſire it; I have caſt the worſt,
And ev'n that worſt to me is many bleſſings.
I lov'd my friend, not meaſur'd out by time,
Nor hir'd by circumſtance of place and honour;
But for his wealthy ſelf and worth I lov'd him,
His mind and noble mold he ever mov'd in;

49 *My tongue ſhall ſtudy both.*] *i. e.* Shall *talk* of both. *Sympſon.*

And

And wooe his friend, 'cauſe ſhe was worthy of him,
The only relick that he left behind, Sir,
To give his aſhes honour. Lady, take me,
And in me keep Valerio's love alive ſtill.
When I am gone, take thoſe that ſhall ſucceed me:
Heav'n muſt want light, before you want a huſband,
To raiſe up heirs of love and noble memory,
To your unfortunate——

Evan. Am I ſtill hated?
Haſt thou no end, oh, Fate, of my affliction?
Was I ordain'd to be a common murdreſs?
And of the beſt men too? Good Sir——

Val. Peace, ſweet! look on my hand. [*Apart.*

Evan. I do accept the gentleman.—
I faint with joy! [*Aſide.*

Fred. I ſtop it! None ſhall have her!
Convey this ſtranger hence.

Val. I am no ſtranger!—Hark to the bell that rings!
Hark, hark, proud Fred'rick, that was king of miſchief!
Hark, thou abhorr'd man! doſt thou hear thy ſentence?
Does not this bell ring in thine ears thy ruin?

Fred. What bell is this?

Cam. The caſtle-bell. Stand ſure, Sir,
And move not; if you do, you periſh.

Men. It rings your knell!——Alphonſo! king Alphonſo!

All. Alphonſo! king Alphonſo!

Fred. I'm betray'd!
Lock faſt the palace.

Cam. We have all the keys, Sir,
And no door here ſhall ſhut without our licence.

Cle. D'you ſhake now, lord Sorano? no new trick?
Nor ſpeedy poiſon to prevent this buſineſs?
No bawdy meditation now to fly to?

Fred. Treaſon, treaſon, treaſon!

Cam. Yes, we hear you,
And we have found the traitor in your ſhape, Sir;
We'll keep him faſt too.

Enter Alphonſo, Rugio, Marco, Caſtruccio, and Queen, with guard.

Fred. Recover'd! Then I'm gone;
The ſun of all my pomp is ſet and vaniſh'd.
Alph. Have you not forgot this face of mine, king Frederick?
Brother, I'm come to ſee you, and have brought
A banquet, to be merry with your Grace:
I pray ſit down, I do beſeech your majeſty,
And eat, eat freely, Sir. Why do you ſtart?
Have you no ſtomach to the meat I bring you?
Dare you not taſte? have ye no antidotes?
You need not fear; Sorano's a good apothecary.
Methinks you look not well; ſome freſh wine for him,
Some of the ſame he ſent me by Sorano;
I thank you for't, it ſav'd my life, I'm bound to you;
But how 'twill work on you——I hope your lordſhip
Will pledge him too; methinks you look but ſcurvily,
And would be put into a better colour;
But I've a candied toad for your good lordſhip.
Sor. 'Would I had any thing that would diſpatch me,
So it were down, and I out of this fear once!
Fred. Sir, thus low, as my duty now compels me,
I do confeſs my unbounded ſins, my errors,
And feel within my ſoul the ſmarts already.
Hide not the noble nature of a brother,
The pity of a friend, from my afflictions;
Let me a while lament my miſery,
And caſt the load off of my wantonneſs,
Before I find your fury, (then ſtrike home;
I do deſerve the deepeſt blow of Juſtice)
And then how willingly, oh, Death, I'll meet thee!
Alph. Riſe, madam[50]; thoſe ſweet tears are potent ſpeakers:

[50] *Riſe, madam.*] A ſpeech of the Queen might have paſt here; but here, as in many other inſtances, our Author moſt probably ſupplied the place of words by dumb-ſhow, the nature of which the nex. ſpeaker commonly explains: A circumſtance to which the reader of theſe dramas ſhould always attend.

And,

And, brother, live; but in the monaſtery
Where I liv'd, with the ſelf-ſame ſilence too:
I'll teach you to be good againſt your will, brother!
Your tongue has done much harm; that muſt be dumb now:
The daily pilgrimage to my father's tomb
(Tears, ſighs, and groans, you ſhall wear out your days with,
And true ones too) you ſhall perform, dear brother;
Your diet ſhall be ſlender to enforce theſe;
Too light a penance, Sir!

Fred. I do confeſs it.

Alph. Sorano, you ſhall——

Sor. How he ſtudies for it!
Hanging's the leaſt part of my penance certain.

[*Evanthe kneels.*

Alph. What lady's that that kneels?

Caſt. The chaſte Evanthe.

Alph. Sweet, your petition?

Evan. 'Tis for this bad man, Sir,
Abominable bad, but yet my brother.

Alph. The bad man ſhall attend as bad a maſter,
And both ſhall be confin'd within the monaſtery:
His rank fleſh ſhall be pull'd with daily faſting;
But once a-week he ſhall ſmell meat, (he'll ſurfeit elſe)
And his immodeſt mind compell'd to prayer;
On the bare boards he ſhall lie, (to remember
The wantonneſs he did commit in beds)
And drink fair water; that will ne'er enflame him:
He ſav'd my life, tho' he purpos'd to deſtroy me,
For which I'll ſave his, tho' I make it miſerable.
Madam, at court I ſhall deſire your company;
You're wiſe and virtuous; when you pleaſe to viſit
My brother Frederick, you ſhall have our licence.
My dear beſt friend Valerio!

Val. Save Alphonſo!

Omnes. Long live Alphonſo, king of us, and Naples!

Alph. Is this the lady that the wonder goes on?

Honour'd ſweet maid! Here, take her, my Valerio;
The king now gives her, ſhe's thine own without fear.
Brother, have you ſo much proviſion that is good,
Not ſeaſon'd by Sorano and his cooks,
That we may venture on with honeſt ſafety,
We and our friends?

Fred. All that I have is yours, Sir.

Alph. Come then; let's in, and end this nuptial;
Then to our coronation with all ſpeed!
My virtuous maid, this day I'll be your bride-man,
And ſee you bedded to your own deſires too.
Beſhrew me, lords, who is not merry hates me!
Only Sorano ſhall not bear my cup.
Come, now forget old pains and injuries,
As I muſt do, and drown all in fair healths:
That kingdom's bleſſed, where the king begins
His true love firſt, for there all loves are twins.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

WE have your favours, gentlemen, and you
Have our endeavours (dear friends, grudge not now).
There's none of you, but when you pleaſe can ſell
Many a lame horſe, and many a fair tale tell;
Can put off many a maid unto a friend,
That was not ſo ſince th' action at Mile-end:
Ours is a virgin yet, and they that love
Untainted fleſh, we hope our friends will prove.

THE LOVERS' PROGRESS.
That part of noble Love which is most sweet,
And gives eternal being to fair Beauty,
Honour, you hack a-pieces with your swords;
And that ye fight to crown ye kill, fair Credit! Act II.
M.A. Rooker delin.
T. Cook sculp.

THE

LOVERS' PROGRESS.

A TRAGEDY.

This Play is by Gardiner, in the Commendatory Verſes, aſcribed to Fletcher alone. It appears to have been one of thoſe pieces which were left unfiniſhed by him, and completed by another writer. From the difference in the language and meaſure of the fifth act from the other parts of this performance, we imagine that Fletcher had no concern in the concluſion of it. As Shirley is ſaid to have ſometimes aſſiſted our Author, poſſibly his unfiniſhed pieces fell into that writer's hands, and therefore we may impute the alterations to him. The Lovers' Progreſs was firſt printed in the folio of 1647; *and has not been acted for many years paſt.*

PROLOGUE.

A STORY, and a known one, long ſince writ,
(Truth muſt take place) and by an able wit!
(Foul-mouth'd detraction daring not deny
To give ſo much to Fletcher's memory;)
If ſo, ſome may object, why then do you
Preſent an old piece to us for a new?
Or wherefore will your profeſt writer be
(Not tax'd of theft before) a plagiary?
To this he anſwers in his juſt defence,
And to maintain to all our innocence,
Thus much; tho' he hath travell'd the ſame way,
Demanding, and receiving too the pay
For a new poem, you may find it due,
He having neither cheated us, nor you:
He vows, and deeply, that he did not ſpare
The utmoſt of his ſtrengths, and his beſt care
In the reviving it; and tho' his pow'rs
Could not, as he deſir'd, in three ſhort hours
Contract the ſubject, and much leſs expreſs
The changes, and the various paſſages
That will be look'd for, you may hear this day
Some ſcenes that will confirm it is a play,
He being ambitious that it ſhould be known
What's good was Fletcher's [1], and what ill his own.

[1] *He being ambitious that it ſhould be known*
What's good was Fletcher's, and what ill his own.] This paſſage is a flaming contradiction to an aſſertion of the Bookſeller, in his preface to the edition of 1647, which the reader will ſee in the introductory note upon the Coxcomb, and thither I refer him for what I have ſaid upon that occaſion. *Sympſon.*

This paſſage is *not*, in our opinion, any *contradiction* at all to the Bookſeller's aſſertion. See our remark at the beginning of the Coxcomb.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

King *of France.*
Cleander, *husband to Caliſta.*
Lidian, *brother to Caliſta, in love with Olinda.*
Clarangè, *rival to Lidian.*
Dorilaus, *father to Lidian and Caliſta, a merry old man.*
Liſander, *friend to Cleander, and lover to Caliſta.*
Alcidon, *friend to Lidian.*
Beronte, *brother to Cleander.*
Lemure, *a noble courtier.*
Leon, *a villain, lover of Clarinda.*
Malfort, *a fooliſh ſteward of Cleander.*
Lancelot, *ſervant to Liſander.*
Friar.
Hoſt's Ghoſt.
Chamberlain.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Caliſta, *a virtuous lady, wife to Cleander.*
Olinda, *a noble maid, and rich heir, miſtreſs to Lidian and Clarangè.*
Clarinda, *a luſtful wench, Caliſta's waiting-woman.*

SCENE, FRANCE.

THE

THE

LOVERS' PROGRESS[2].

ACT I.

Enter Leon and Malfort.

Malfort. AND, as I told you, Sir——

Leon. I underſtand you;
Clarinda's ſtill perverſe.

Malf. She's worſe; obdurate,
Flinty, relentleſs; my love-paſſions jeer'd at,
My preſents ſcorn'd!

Leon. 'Tis ſtrange, a waiting-woman,
In her condition, apt to yield, ſhould hold out,
A man of your place, reverend beard and ſhape,
Beſieging her.

Malf. You might add too, my wealth,
Which ſhe contemns; five hundred crowns *per annum*
(For which I've ventur'd hard, my conſcience knows it)
Not thought upon, tho' offer'd for a jointure;
This chain[3], which my lord's peaſants worſhip, flouted;
My

[2] *The Lovers'* Progreſs.] *Progreſs*, in this title, ſignifies *Pilgrimage*.

[3] *This* chain.] Mr. Steevens obſerves, that ſtewards anciently wore a *chain*, as a mark of ſuperiority over other ſervants; in proof of which he cites the following authorities:

'Doſt thou think I ſhall become the *ſteward's* chair? Will not 'theſe ſlender haunches ſhew well in a *chain*.' *Martial Maid.*

'*Pio.*

My ſolemn hum's and ha's, the ſervants quake at,
No rhetorick with her; ev'ry hour ſhe hangs out
Some new flag of defiance to torment me:
Laſt Lent my lady call'd me her Poor-John,
But now I'm grown a walking ſkeleton;
You may ſee thro' and thro' me.

Leon. Indeed you are
Much fall'n away.

Malf. I am a kind of nothing,
As ſhe hath made me: Love's a terrible cliſter,
And if ſome cordial of her favours help not,
I ſhall, like an Italian, die backward,
And breath my laſt the wrong way.

Leon. As I live,
You have my pity, but this is cold comfort,
And in a friend like-phyſick; and, now I think on't,
I ſhould do more, and will, ſo you deny not
Yourſelf the means of comfort.

Malf. I'll be hang'd firſt:
One dram of't, I beſeech you!

Leon. You're not jealous
Of any man's acceſs to her?

Malf. I would not
Receive the dor; but as a boſom friend
You ſhall direct me; ſtill provided, that
I underſtand who is the man, and what
His purpoſe that pleads for me.

Leon. By all means.
Firſt, for the undertaker, I am he:
The means that I will practiſe, thus——

Malf. Pray you forward!

'*Pio.* Is your *chain* right?
'*Bob.* It is both right and juſt, Sir;
'For though I am a ſteward, I did get it
'With no man's wrong.' *Ibid.*

Naſh, in his piece entitled, Have with You to Saffron Walden, 1596, taxes Gabriel Harvey with *having ſtolen a nobleman's ſteward's chain, at his lord's inſtalling at Windſor.*

So in Middleton's Mad World my Maſters, 1608.
'Gag that gaping raſcal, though he be my grandſire's chief g[illegible]
'in the *chain* of gold.' See Notes on Twelfth Night

Leon. You know your lady chaſte Caliſta loves her.
Malf. Too well; that makes her proud.
Leon. Nay, give me leave.
This beauteous lady (I may ſtile her ſo,
Being the paragon of France for feature)
Is not alone contented in herſelf
To ſeem and be good, but deſires to make
All ſuch as have dependance on her like her:
For this, Clarinda's liberty's reſtrain'd,
And, tho' her kinſman, the gate's ſhut againſt me:
Now if you pleaſe to make yourſelf the door
For my conveyance to her, tho' you run
The hazard of a check for't, 'tis no matter.
Malf. It being for mine own ends?
Leon. I'll give it o'er,
If that you make the leaſt doubt otherwiſe.
Studying upon't? good morrow!
Malf. Pray you ſtay, Sir!
You are my friend; yet, as the proverb ſays,
'When love puts in, friendſhip is gone:' Suppoſe
You ſhould yourſelf affect her?
Leon. Do you think
I'll commit inceſt! for it is no leſs,
She being my couſin-german. Fare you well, Sir.
Malf. I had forgot that; for this once, forgive me.
Only, to eaſe the throbbing of my heart,
(For I do feel ſtrange pangs) inſtruct me what
You will ſay for me.
Leon. Firſt, I'll tell her that
She hath ſo far beſotted you, that you have
Almoſt forgot to caſt account.
Malf. Mere truth, Sir.
Leon. That, of a wiſe and provident ſteward,
You're turn'd ſtark aſs.
Malf. Urge that point home; I am ſo.
Leon. That you adore the ground ſhe treads upon,
And kiſs her foot-ſteps.
Mal. As I do when I find
Their print i' th' ſnow.

Leon.

Leon. A loving fool; I know it,
By your bloodleſs froſty lips. Then, having related
How much you ſuffer for her, and how well
You do deſerve it——
Malf. How! to ſuffer?
Leon. No, Sir;
To have your love return'd——
Malf. That's good; I thank you.
Leon. I will deliver her an inventory
Of your good parts; as this, your precious noſe,
Dropping affection; your high forehead, reaching
Almoſt to th' crown of your head; your ſlender waiſt,
And a back not like a threſher's, but a bending
And court-like back, and ſo forth, for your body.
But when I touch your mind, (for that muſt take her,
Since your outſide promiſes little) I'll enlarge it,
Tho' ne'er ſo narrow; as, your arts to thrive,
Your compoſition with the cook and butler
For the coney-ſkins and chippings; and half a ſhare
With all the under-officers o' th' houſe,
In ſtrangers' bounties; that ſhe ſhall have all,
And you as 'twere her bailiff.
Malf. As I will be.
Leon. As you ſhall[4], ſo I'll promiſe.—Then your qualities;
As playing on a cittern, or a Jew's trump——
Malf. A little too on the viol.
Leon. Fear you nothing.
Then ſinging her aſleep with curious catches
Of your own making; for, as I have heard,
You are poetical.
Malf. Something giv'n that way:

[4] Mal. *As I will be.*
Leon. As *you ſhall, ſo I'll promiſe.*] To reſtore loſt puns has been an office, that critics have been laugh'd at, rather than praiſed for; but the original, be it bad or good, ought to be reſtored; and therefore we ſhould not drop a *conundrum* here intended. Leon. ſhould anſwer,

Aſs *you ſhall, ſo I'll promiſe.*

i. e. I'll promiſe you ſhall be made an *aſs* of.

Yet my works ſeldom thrive; and the main reaſon
The poets urge for't is, becauſe I am not
As poor as they are.
Leon. Very likely. Fetch her,
While I am in the vein.
Malf. 'Tis an apt time,
My lady being at her prayers.
Leon. Let her pray on.
Nay, go; and if, upon my interceſſion
She do you not ſome favour, I'll diſclaim her.
I'll ruminate on't the while.
Malf. A hundred crowns
Is your reward.
Leon. Without 'em—Nay, no trifling. [*Exit Malf.*
That this dull clod of ignorance ſhould know
How to get money, yet want eyes to ſee
How groſly he's abus'd, and wrought upon!
When he ſhould make his will, the rogue's turn'd rampant,
As h'had renew'd his youth. A handſome wench
Love one a ſpital whore would run away from?
Well, maſter ſteward, I will plead for you
In ſuch a method, as it ſhall appear
You are fit to be a property.

Enter Malfort and Clarinda.

Malf. Yonder he walks
That knows my worth and value, tho' you ſcorn it.
Clari. If my lady know not this——
Malf. I'll anſwer it.
If you were a nun, I hope your couſin-german
Might talk with you thro' a grate; but you are none,
And therefore may come cloſer: Ne'er hang off;
As I live, you ſhall bill; you may ſalute as ſtrangers,
Cuſtom allows it. Now, now, come upon her
With all your oratory, tickle her to the quick,
As a young advocate ſhould, and leave no virtue
Of mine unmention'd. I'll ſtand centinel;
Nay, keep the door myſelf. [*Exit.*

Clari.

Clari. How have you work'd
This piece of motley to your ends?
Leon. Of that
At leiſure, miſtreſs. [*Kiſſing.*
Clari. Lower; you're too loud;
Tho' the fool be deaf, ſome of the houſe may hear you.
Leon. Suppoſe they ſhould, I am a gentleman,
And held your kinſman; under that, I hope,
I may be free.
Clari. I grant it, but with caution;
But be not ſeen to talk with me familiarly,
But at fit diſtance; or not ſeen at all,
It were the better: You know my lady's humour;
She is all honour, and compos'd of goodneſs,
As ſhe pretends; and you having no buſineſs,
How jealous may ſhe grow!
Leon. I will be rul'd;
But you have promis'd, and I muſt enjoy you.
Clari. We ſhall find time for that; you are too haſty:
Make yourſelf fit, and I ſhall make occaſion;
Deliberation makes beſt in that buſineſs,
And contents every way.
Leon. But you muſt feed
This fooliſh ſteward with ſome ſhadow of
A future favour, that we may preſerve him
To be our inſtrument.
Clari. Hang him!
Leon. For my ſake, ſweet!
I undertook to ſpeak for him; any bauble
Or ſlight employment in the way of ſervice,
Will feed him fat.
Clari. Leave him to me.

Enter Malfort.

Malf. She comes!
My lady!
Clari. I will ſatisfy her.]
Malf. How far

Hav-

Have you prevail'd?

Leon. Obſerve.

Clari. Monſieur Malfort,
I muſt be brief; my couſin hath ſpoke much
In your behalf, and, to give you ſome proof
I entertain you as my ſervant, you
Shall have the grace——

Leon. Upon your knee receive it.

Clari. And take it as a ſpecial favour from me—
To tie my ſhoe.

Malf. I am o'erjoy'd.

Leon. Good reaſon.

Clari. You may come higher in time.

Enter Caliſta.

Leon. No more; the lady!

Malf. She frowns.

Clari. I thank you for this viſit, couſin;
But without leave hereafter from my lady,
I dare not change diſcourſe with you.

Malf. Pray you take
Your morning's draught.

Leon. I thank you: Happineſs attend
Your honour!

[*Exeunt Leon and Malfort.*

Cal. Who gave warrant to
This private parley?

Clari. My innocence; I hope
My conference with a kinſman cannot call
Your anger on me.

Cal. Kinſman? Let me have
No more of this, as you deſire you may
Continue mine!

Clari. Why, madam, under pardon,
Suppoſe him otherwiſe; yet, coming in
A lawful way, it is excuſable.

Cal. How's this?

Clari. I grant you're made of pureneſs,
And that your tenderneſs of honour holds

The ſovereignty o'er your paſſions: Yet you have
A noble huſband, with allow'd embraces
To quench laſcivious fires, ſhould ſuch flame in you
As I muſt ne'er believe. Were I the wife
Of one that could but zany brave *Cleander*[5],
Ev'n in his leaſt perfections, (excuſe
My o'er-bold inference) I ſhould deſire
To meet no other object.

Cal. You grow ſaucy!
Do I look further?

Clari. No, dear madam; and
It is my wonder, or aſtoniſhment rather,
You could deny the ſervice of Liſander;
A man without a rival, one the king
And kingdom gazes on with admiration,
For all the excellences a mother could
Wiſh in her only ſon.

Cal. Did not mine honour
And obligation to Cleander, force me
To be deaf to his complaints?

Clari. 'Tis true; but yet
Your rigour to command him from your preſence
Argu'd but ſmall compaſſion; the groves
Witneſs his grievous ſufferings; your fair name
Upon the rind of every gentle poplar[6],

And

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5 ——— *but* zany *brave Cleander,*
Ev'n in his leaſt perfections.] *i. e.* But *faintly imitate* his virtues. The old *Zany* was a mimick or buffoon.

6 *Upon the rind of ev'ry gentle* poplar,
And amorous myrtle, *(trees to Venus* ſacred).] Our Poet has either committed an overſight, in making the *poplar* and the *myrtle* both ſacred to Venus, or if he had any authority for ſo doing, I don't know it at preſent: 'Tis true, as the *poplar* delights in moiſture, and grows upon the banks of rivers, and has leaves with dark and white ſides, it may be a pretty ſymbol of the unlimited command of that powerful goddeſs, throughout the three allotments of Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto. But, notwithſtanding this, I am inclined to think, the reading and pointing was originally thus,

——— *of ev'ry gentle* poplar,
And amorous myrtle *tree, to Venus ſacred.*

By changing the number, and altering the *comma*, we affix the ſa

And amorous myrtle, (trees to Venus ſacred,)
With adoration carv'd, and kneel'd unto.
This you, unſeen of him, both ſaw and heard
Without compaſſion; and what received he
For his true ſorrows, but the heavy knowledge
That 'twas your peremptory will and pleaſure,
How-e'er my lord liv'd in him, he ſhould quit
Your ſight and houſe for ever?

Cal. I confeſs
I gave him a ſtrong potion to work
Upon his hot blood, and I hope 'twill cure him:
Yet I could wiſh the cauſe had concern'd others,
I might have met his ſorrows with more pity;
At leaſt, have lent ſome counſel to his miſeries.
Tho' now, for honour ſake, I muſt forget him,
And never know the name more of Liſander;
Yet in my juſtice I am bound to grant him,
Laying his love aſide, moſt truly noble:
But mention him no more. This inſtant hour
My brother Lidian, new return'd from travel,
And his brave friend Clarangè, long ſince rivals
For fair and rich Olinda, are to hear
Her abſolute determination, whom
She pleaſes to elect. See all things ready
To entertain 'em; and, on my diſpleaſure,
No more words of Liſander!

Clari. She endures
To hear him nam'd by no tongue but her own:
Howe'er ſhe carries it, I know ſhe loves him. [*Exit.*

Cal. Hard nature, hard condition of poor women,
That, where we are moſt ſu'd to, we muſt fly moſt!
The trees grow up, and mix together freely,

'*ſacred*,' ſolely to the *myrtle*, and take away the confuſion, which before ſubſiſted, of appropriating two trees to one deity, when in reality the caſe was very far otherwiſe, as any one knows who is the leaſt vers'd in the Claſſicks. *Sympſon.*

We believe the old reading genuine, and that it ought to be followed. We do not, indeed, recollect that there is any authority for making the *poplar*, as well as the *myrtle*, ſacred to Venus; but think the Poets here meant it.

The oak not envious of the ſailing cedar,
The luſty vine not jealous of the ivy
Becauſe ſhe clips the elm; the flowers ſhoot up,
And wantonly kiſs one another hourly,
This bloſſom glorying in the other's beauty,
And yet they ſmell as ſweet, and look as lovely:
But we are tied to grow alone. Oh, honour,
Thou hard law to our lives, chain to our freedoms!
He that invented thee had many curſes.
How is my ſoul divided! Oh, Cleander,
My beſt-deſerving huſband! Oh, Liſander,
The trueſt lover that e'er ſacrific'd
To Cupid againſt Hymen! Oh, mine honour,
A tyrant, yet to be obey'd! and 'tis
But juſtice we ſhould thy ſtrict laws endure,
Since our obedience to thee keeps us pure. [*Exit.*

Enter Cleander, Lidian, and Clarange.

Cle. How inſupportable the difference
Of dear friends is, the ſorrow that I feel
For my Liſander's abſence (one that ſtamps
A reverend print on friendſhip) does aſſure me.
You're rivals for a lady, a fair lady;
And, in the acquiſition of her favours,
Hazard the cutting of that gordian knot
From your firſt childhood to this preſent hour,
By all the ties of love and amity faſten'd.
I am bleſt in a wife (Heav'n make me thankful!)
Inferior to none, *ſans* pride I ſpeak it;
Yet if I were a freeman, and could purchaſe
At any rate the certainty to enjoy
Liſander's converſation while I liv'd,
(Forgive me, my Caliſta, and the ſex!)
I never would ſeek change.

Lid. My lord and brother,
I dare not blame your choice, Liſander's w[illegible]
Being a miſtreſs to be ever courted;
Nor ſhall our equal ſuit to fair Olinda
Weaken, but add ſtrength to our true affe[illegible]

With zeal ſo long continued.

Clara. When we know
Whom ſhe prefers, as ſhe can chuſe but one,
By our ſo-long-tried friendſhip we have vow'd
The other ſhall deſiſt.

Cle. 'Tis yet your purpoſe;
But how this reſolution will hold
In him that is refus'd, is not alone
Doubtful, but dang'rous.

Enter Malfort.

Malf. The rich heir is come, Sir.

Cle. Madam Olinda?

Malf. Yes, Sir; and makes choice,
After ſome little conference with my lady,
Of this room to give anſwer to her ſuitors.

Cle. Already both look pale, between your hopes
To win the prize, and your deſpair to loſe
What you contend for.

Lid. No, Sir; I am arm'd.

Clara. I confident of my intereſt.

Cle. I'll believe you
When you've endur'd the teſt.

Enter Caliſta, Olinda, and Clarinda.

Malf. Is not your garter
Untied? You promis'd that I ſhould grow higher
In doing you ſervice.

Clari. Fall off, or you loſe me! [*Exit Malf.*

Cle. Nay, take your place; no Paris now ſits judge
On the contending goddeſſes: You are
The deity that muſt make curſt, or happy,
One of your languiſhing ſervants.

Olin. I thus look
With equal eyes on both; either deſerves
A fairer fortune than they can in reaſon
Hope for from me: From Lidian I expect,
When I have made him mine, all pleaſures that
The ſweetneſs of his manners, youth, and virtues,
Can give aſſurance of: But turning this way

To brave Clarangè, in his face appears
A kind of majeſty which ſhould command,
Not ſue for favour. If the faireſt lady
Of France, ſet forth with nature's beſt endowments,
Nay, ſhould I add a princeſs of the blood,
Did now lay claim to either for a huſband,
So vehement my affection is to both,
My envy at her happineſs would kill me.
Cle. The ſtrangeſt love I ever heard!
Cal. You can
Enjoy but one.
Clari. The more, I ſay, the merrier.
Olin. Witneſs theſe tears I love both, as I know
You burn with equal flames, and ſo affect me;
Abundance makes me poor; ſuch is the hard
Condition of my fortune. Be your own judges;
If I ſhould favour both, 'twill taint my honour,
And that before my life I muſt prefer:
If one I lean to, th'other is diſvalued;
You're fiery both, and love will make you warmer.
Clari. The warmer ſtill the fitter. You're a fool, lady.
Olin. To what may love, and the devil jealouſy, ſpur you,
Is too apparent; my name's call'd in queſtion;
Your ſwords fly out, your angers range at large:
Then what a murder of my modeſty follows!
Clari. Take heed of that by any means. Oh, innocent,
That will deny a bleſſing when 'tis offer'd!
Would I were murder'd ſo, I'd thank my modeſty.
Cle. What pauſe you on?
Olin. It is at length reſolv'd.
Clara. We're on the rack; uncertain expectation
The greateſt torture!
Lid. Command what you pleaſe,
And you ſhall ſee how willingly we'll execute.
Olin. Then hear what, for your ſatisfaction,
And to preſerve your friendſhip, I reſolve
Againſt myſelf; and 'tis not to be alter'd:
You're both brave gentlemen, I'll ſtill profeſs it,

Both noble ſervants, for whoſe gentle offers
The undeſerving and the poor Olinda
Is ever bound; you love both, fair and virtuouſly;
'Would I could be ſo happy to content both!
Which ſince I cannot, take this reſolute anſwer:
Go from me both contentedly, and he
That laſt makes his return, and comes to viſit,
Comes to my bed. You know my will; farewell!
My heart's too big to utter more. Come, friend!

Cal. I'll wait on you to your coach.

[*Exeunt Olin. Cal. and Clari.*

Cle. You both look blank;
I cannot blame you.

Lid. We have our diſpatches.

Clara. I'll home.

Lid. And I'll abroad again: Farewell!

Clara. Farewell to ye! [*Exeunt Clara. and Lid.*

Cle. Their blunt departure troubles me: I fear,
A ſudden and a dangerous diviſion
Of their long love will follow. Have you took
Your leave of fair Olinda?

Enter Caliſta.

Cal. She is gone, Sir.

Cle. Had you brought news Liſander were return'd too,
I were moſt happy.

Cal. Still upon Liſander?

Cle. I know he loves me, as he loves his health;
And Heav'n knows I love him.

Cal. I find it ſo;
For me you have forgot, and what I'm to you.

Cle. Oh, think not ſo. If you had loſt a ſiſter
You lock'd all your delights in, it would grieve you;
A little you would wander from the fondneſs
You ow'd your huſband: I have loſt a friend,
A noble friend; all that was excellent
In man, or mankind, was contain'd within him.
That loſs, my wife——

Enter Malfort.

Malf. Madam, your noble father——.
A fee for my good news!
Cal. Why, what of him, Sir?
Mal. Is lighted at the door, and longs to ſee you.
Cal. Attend him hither.
Cle. Oh, my dear Liſander!
But I'll be merry. Let's meet him, my Caliſta.
Cal. I hope Liſander's love will now be buried:
My father will bring joy enough for one month,
To put him out of 's memory.

Enter Dorilaus; his arm in a ſcarf.

Dor. How do you, ſon?
Bleſs my fair child! I'm come to viſit you,
To ſee what houſe you keep; they ſay you're bountiful;
I like the noiſe well, and I come to try it.
Ne'er a great belly yet? How have you trifled!
If I had done ſo, ſon, I ſhould have heard on't
On both ſides, by ſaint Dennis!
Cle. You're nobly welcome, Sir!
We've time enough for that.
Dor. See how ſhe bluſhes;
'Tis a good ſign, you'll mend your fault. How doſt thou,
My good Caliſta?
Cal. Well, now I ſee you, Sir;
I hope you bring a fruitfulneſs along with you.
Dor. Good luck, I ne'er miſs; I was ever good at it:
Your mother groan'd for't, wench; ſo did ſome other,
But I durſt never tell.
Cal. How does your arm, Sir?
Cle. Have you been let blood of late?
Dor. Againſt my will, Sir.
Cal. A fall, dear father?
Dor. No, a gun, dear daughter;
Two or three guns; I've one here in my buttock,
'Twould trouble a ſurgeon's teeth to pull it out.

Cal. Oh, me! oh, me!

Dor. Nay, if you fall to fainting,
'Tis time for me to trudge: Art ſuch a coward,
At the mere name of hurt to change thy colour?
I have been ſhot that men might ſee clean thro' me,
And yet I fainted not. Beſides myſelf,
Here are an hoſpital of hurt men for you.

Enter Servants, wounded in ſeveral places.

Cle. What ſhould this wonder be?

Cal. I'm amaz'd at it.

Dor. What think ye of theſe? they're every one hurt ſoundly,
Hurt to the proof; they're thro' and thro', I aſſure ye;
And that's good game; they ſcorn your puling ſcratches.

Cal. Who did this, Sir?

Dor. Leave crying, and I'll tell you;
And get your plaiſters, and your warm ſtoops ready[7]:
Have you ne'er a ſhepherd that can tar us over?
'Twill prove a buſineſs elſe, we are ſo many.
Coming to ſee you, I was ſet upon,
I and my men, as we were ſinging frolickly;
Not dreaming of an ambuſh of baſe rogues,
Set on i'th' foreſt, I've forgot the name——

Cle. 'Twixt this and Fontainebleau? in the wild foreſt?

Dor. The ſame, the ſame, in that accurſed foreſt,
Set on by villains, that make boot of all men;
The peers of France are pillage there. They ſhot at us,
Hurt us, unhors'd us, came to th' ſword, there plied us,
Oppreſs'd us with freſh multitudes, freſh ſhot ſtill;
Rogues that would hang themſelves for a freſh doublet,
And for a ſcarlet caſſock kill their fathers!

Cle. Lighted you among theſe?

7 *And your warm* ſtupes *ready.*] *Stoops,* (for ſo it ſhould be ſpelt) here ſignifies *liquids* to bathe their wounds: *A ſtoop of wine* is mentioned by Shakeſpeare in Othello, and we believe in Twelfth-Night. The like expreſſion occurs in other old authors; and in this very play, act iii. where Dorilaus ſays,

And forty ſtoops *of wine, drank at thy funeral.*

Dor.

Dor. Among theſe murderers
Our poor bloods were engag'd; yet we ſtruck bravely,
And more than once or twice we made them ſhun us,
And ſhrink their rugged heads; but we were hurt all.
Cle. How came you off? for I ev'n long to hear that.
Dor. After our prayers made to Heav'n to help us,
Or to be merciful unto our ſouls,
So near we were—Alas, poor wench, wipe, wipe!
See, Heav'n ſends remedy.
Cal. I'm glad 'tis come, Sir;
My heart was ev'n a-bleeding in my body.
Dor. A curl'd-hair gentleman ſtepp'd in, a ſtranger;
As he rode by, belike he heard our bickering,
Saw our diſtreſſes, drew his ſword, and prov'd
He came to execute, and not to argue.
Lord, what a lightning methought flew about him,
When he once toſs'd his blade! In face Adonis[8],
While Peace inhabited between his eye-brows;
But when his noble anger ſtirr'd his mettle,
And blew his fiery parts into a flame,
Like Pallas, when ſhe ſits between two armies,
Viewing with horrid brows their ſad events,
Such then he look'd, and as her ſhield had arm'd him.
Cal. This man, Sir, were a friend to give an age for.

[8] ——————*in face Adonis,*
While Peace, &c.] Theſe lines, though ſpoken by a comic perſonage, are almoſt worthy to cope with the famous paſſage in Shakeſpeare's Henry V. which breathes the very ſpirit of Tyrtœus:

' In peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man
' As modeſt ſtillneſs and humility:
' But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,
' Then imitate the action of the tyger;
' Stiffen the ſinews, ſummon up the blood,
' Diſguiſe fair Nature with hard-favour'd rage:
' Then lend the eye a terrible aſpect;
' Let it pry thro' the portage of the head,
' Like the braſs cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
' As fearfully as doth a galled rock
' O'er-hang and jutty his confounded baſe,
' Swill'd with the wild and waſteful ocean.
' Now ſet the teeth, and ſtretch the noſtril wide;
' Hold hard the breath, and bend up every ſpirit
' To his full height!'

This gentleman I muſt love nat'rally;
Nothing can keep me off. I pray you go on, Sir.
Dor. I will, for now you pleaſe me. This brave youth,
This bud of Mars, (for yet he is no riper)
When once he had drawn blood, and fleſh'd his ſword,
Fitted his manly mettle to his ſpirit,
How he beſtirr'd him! what a lane he made,
And thro' their fiery bullets thruſt ſecurely,
The harden'd villains wondring at his confidence!
Lame as I was, I follow'd, and admir'd too,
And ſtirr'd, and laid about me with new ſpirit;
My men too with new hearts thruſt into action,
And down the rogues went.
Cle. I am ſtruck with wonder!
Dor. Remember but the ſtory of ſtrong Hector,
When like to lightning he broke thro' his vanguard[9],
How the Greeks frighted ran away by troops,
And trod down troops to ſave their lives; ſo this man
Diſpers'd theſe ſlaves: Had they been more and mightier,
He had come off the greater and more wonder.
Cle. Where is the man, good Sir, that we may honour him?
Cal. That we may fall in ſuperſtition to him.
Dor. I know not that; from me he late departed,
But not without that pious care to ſee ſafe
Me, and my weak men lodg'd, and dreſs'd. I urg'd him
Firſt hither, that I might more freely thank him:
He told me he had buſineſs, crav'd my pardon,
Buſineſs of much import.
Cle. Know you his name?
Dor. That he denied me too; a vow had barr'd him,

9 *When like to lightning he broke* through *his vanguard.*] Mr. Seward ſays, 'to break *from* his vanguard is the true image;' but as *from* would hurt the meaſure, the corruption, ſays he, 'is probably in the 'relative *his*, which ſhould be *the* or *their*, i. e. the Grecian van-'guard.' We think it means his *own* vanguard, and that THROUGH *his vanguard* conveys the ſame image as FROM *it*, with more warmth of expreſſion.

Cal.

Cal. In that he was not noble to be nameleſs.
Dor. Daughter, you muſt remember him when I am dead,
And in a noble ſort requite his piety!
'Twas his deſire to dedicate this ſervice
To your fair thoughts.
Cal. He knows me then?
Dor. I nam'd you,
And nam'd you mine: I think that's all his knowledge.
Cle. No name? no being?
Cal. Now I'm mad to know him!
Saving mine honour, any thing I had now,
But to enjoy his ſight, but his bare picture——
Make me his ſaint? I muſt needs honour him.
Serv. I know his name.
Cal. There's thy reward for't; ſpeak it.
[*Gives a purſe.*
Serv. His man told me; but he deſir'd my ſilence.
Cal. Oh, Jaſper, ſpeak! 'tis thy good maſter's cauſe too:
We all are bound in gratitude to compel thee.
Serv. Liſander? yes, I'm ſure it was Liſander.
Cal. Liſander? 'twas Liſander.
Cle. 'Tis Liſander.
Oh, my baſe thoughts, my wicked! to make queſtion
This act could be another man's! it is Liſander.
A handſome-timber'd man?
Serv. Yes.
Cle. My Liſander!
Was this friend's abſence to be mourn'd?
Cal. I grant it;
I'll mourn his going now, and mourn it ſeriouſly.
When you weep for him, Sir, I'll bear you company.
That ſo much honour, ſo much honeſty,
Should be in one man, to do things thus bravely!
Make me his ſaint? to me give this brave ſervice?
What may I do to recompenſe his goodneſs?
I cannot tell.
Cle. Come, Sir, I know you're ſickly;
So are your men.

Dor. I muſt confeſs I'm weak,
And fitter for a bed than long diſcourſes:
You ſhall hear tomorrow.—Tomorrow——Provide ſurgeons [10].

Cle. Liſander!

Cal. What new fire is this? Liſander! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Liſander and Lancelot.

Liſ. PRITHEE, good Lancelot, remember that
Thy maſter's life is in thy truſt; and therefore
Be very careful.

Lan. I will loſe mine own,
Rather than hazard yours.

Liſ. Take what diſguiſe
You in your own diſcretion ſhall think fitteſt,
To keep yourſelf unknown.

Lan. I warrant you;
'Tis not the firſt time I have gone inviſible:
I am as fine a fairy in a buſineſs
Concerning night-work——

Liſ. Leave your vanities.
With this purſe (which deliver'd, you may ſpare
Your oratory) convey this letter to
Caliſta's woman.

Lan. 'Tis a handſome girl;
Miſtreſs Clarinda.

Liſ. I have made her mine.
You know your work.

[10] Clea. *You ſhall hear tomorrow, tomorrow provide ſurgeons.*
Dor. *Liſander*——] So all former editions; but we think *the ſpeakers* and *the punctuation* wrong. The firſt line we apprehend, ſhould come from the old man, *Dorilaus*; and the pointing be as we have placed it in the text, which expreſſes his faintneſs: He is proceeding to ſpeak, but is forced to deſiſt, and to call for aſſiſtance. The exclamation, 'Liſander!' ſhould then come from *Cleander*.

Lan.

Lan. And if I ſweat not in it,
At my return diſcard me. [*Exit.*
Lif. Oh, Caliſta!
The faireſt, cruelleſt——

Enter Clarange.

Clara. So early ſtirring?
A good day to you!
Lif. I was viewing, Sir,
The ſite of your houſe, and th' handſomeneſs about it:
Believe me it ſtands healthfully and ſweetly.
Clara. The houſe and maſter of it really
Are ever at your ſervice.
Lif. I return it:
Now, if you pleaſe, go forward in your ſtory
Of your dear friend and miſtreſs.
Clara. I will tell it,
And tell it ſhort, becauſe 'tis breakfaſt time,
And (love's a tedious thing to a quick ſtomach)
You eat not yeſter-night.
Lif. I ſhall endure, Sir.
Clara. Myſelf and (as I then deliver'd to you)
A gentleman of noble hope, one Lidian,
Both brought up from our infancy together,
One company, one friendſhip [11], and one exerciſe
Ever affecting, one bed holding us,
One grief and one joy parted ſtill between us,
More than companions, twins in all our actions,
We grew up till we were men, held one heart ſtill:
Time call'd us on to arms, we were one ſoldier,
Alike we fought our dangers and our honours,
Gloried alike one in another's nobleneſs:
When arms had made us fit, we were one lover,
We lov'd one woman, lov'd without diviſion,

[11] *One company, one friendſhip*, &c.] In this deſcription of the friendſhip of Clarange and Lidian, our Author ſeems to have intended an imitation of the excellent account of female friendſhip in Shakeſpeare's Midſummer-Night's Dream; to which this, however, cannot be entitled to a compariſon. A much better, on the ſame ſubject, will be ſeen in the Two Noble Kinſmen, act i. ſcene v.

And woo'd a long time with one fair affection;
And ſhe, as it appears, loves us alike too.
At length, conſidering what our love muſt grow to!
And covet in the end, this one was parted;
Rivals and honours make men ſtand at diſtance.
We then woo'd with advantage, but were friends ſtill,
Saluted fairly, kept the peace of love;
We could not both enjoy the lady's favour,
Without ſome ſcandal to her reputation;
We put it to her choice; this was her ſentence,
'To part both from her, and the laſt returning
'Should be her lord;' we obey'd; and now you know it:
And, for my part, (ſo truly I am touch'd with't)
I will go far enough, and be the laſt too,
Or ne'er return.

Liſ. A ſentence of much cruelty,
But mild, compar'd with what's pronounc'd on me.
Our loving youth is born to many miſeries.
What is that Lidian, pray you?

Clara. Caliſta's brother,
If ever you have heard of that fair lady.

Liſ. I've ſeen her, Sir.

Clara. Then you have ſeen a wonder.

Liſ. I do confeſs. Of what years is this Lidian?

Clara. About my years; there is not much between us.

Liſ. I long to know him.

Clara. 'Tis a virtuous longing:
As many hopes hang on his noble head,
As bloſſoms on a bough in May, and ſweet ones.

Liſ. You're a fair ſtory of your friend.

Clara. Of truth, Sir.
Now, what's the matter?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There's a gentleman
At door would ſpeak with you on private buſineſs.

Clara. With me?

Serv. He ſays ſo, and brings haſte about him.

Clara.

Clara. Wait on him in. [*Exit Servant.*

Lif. I will retire the while, to the next room. [*Exit.*

Clara. We ſhall not long diſturb you.

Enter Alcidon.

Alc. Save you, Sir!

Clara. The like to you, fair Sir! Pray you come near.

Alc. Pray you inſtruct me, for I know you not:
With monſieur Clarange I would ſpeak.

Clara. I'm he, Sir:
You are nobly welcome. I wait your buſineſs.

Alc. This will inform you.
[*Gives him a letter, which he reads.*

Clara. Will you pleaſe to ſit down?
He ſhall command me, Sir; I'll wait upon him
Within this hour.

Alc. You are a noble gentleman.
Will't pleaſe you bring a friend? we are two of us,
And pity either, Sir, ſhould be unfurniſh'd.

Clara. I have none now; and the time's ſet ſo ſhort,
'Twill not be poſſible.

Alc. Do me the honour:
I know you are ſo full of brave acquaintance,
And worthy friends, you cannot want a partner;
I would be loath to ſtand ſtill, Sir. Beſides,
You know the cuſtom and the vantage of it,
If you come in alone.

Clara. And I muſt meet it.

Alc. Send; we'll defer an hour, let us be equal:
Games won and loſt on equal terms ſhew faireſt.

Clara. 'Tis to no purpoſe to ſend any whither,
Unleſs men be at home by revelation.
So pleaſe you breath a while, when I have done with him
You may be exercis'd too: I'll trouble no man.

Enter Liſander.

Lif. They're very loud. Now, what's the news?

Clara. I muſt leave you,

Leave

Leave you a while; two hours hence I'll return, friend.
Lif. Why, what's the matter?
Clara. A little buſineſs.
Lif. An't be but a little, you may take me with you.
Clara. 'Twill be a trouble to you.
Lif. No, indeed;
To do you ſervice I account a pleaſure.
Clara. I muſt alone.
Lif. Why?
Clara. 'Tis neceſſity.
Before you paſs the walks, and back again,
I will be with you.
Lif. If 't be not unmannerly
To preſs you, I would go.
Clara. I'll tell you true, Sir;
This gentleman and I, upon appointment,
Are going to viſit a lady.
Lif. I'm no Capuchin;
Why ſhould not I go?
Alc. Take the gentleman;
Come, he may ſee the gentlewoman too,
And be moſt welcome; I do beſeech you take him.
Lif. By any means; I love to ſee a gentlewoman,
A pretty wench too.
Clara. Well, Sir, we will meet you,
And at the place. My ſervice to the lady.
Alc. I kiſs your hand. [*Exit.*
Clara. Prithee read o'er her letter.

Lif. [*reading.*] 'Monſieur,
'I know you have conſider'd [12] the dark ſentence
'Olinda gave us; and that, however ſhe diſguis'd it,
'It pointed more at our ſwords' edges than
'Our bodies' baniſhments: The laſt muſt enjoy her!
'If we retire, our youths are loſt in wandering;
'In emulation we ſhall grow old men

[12] *I know you have conſider'd, &c.*] This letter has hitherto been printed as proſe; but we think it was intended for metre, and is as ſmooth verſe as many other paſſages of our Authors.

'And feeble, (which is the ſcorn of love, and ruſt of honour,)
'And ſo return more fit to wed our ſepulchres,
'Than the ſaint we aim at; let us therefore make
'Our journey ſhort and our hearts ready, and,
'With our ſwords in our hands, put it to fortune
'Which ſhall be worthy to receive that bleſſing.
'I'll ſtay you on the mountain, our old hunting-place.
'This gentleman alone runs the hazard with me:
'And ſo I kiſs your hand.
'Your ſervant, Lidian.'

Is this your wench? You'll find her a ſharp miſtreſs.
What have I thruſt myſelf into? Is this that Lidian
You told me of?

Clara. The ſame.

Lif. My lady's brother!
No cauſe to heave my ſword againſt but his?
To ſave the father yeſterday, and this morning
To help to kill the ſon? This is moſt courteous;
The only way to make the daughter dote on me!

Clara. Why do you muſe? would you go off?

Lif. No, no;
I muſt on now.—This will be kindly taken;
No life to ſacrifice, but part of hers?—
Do you fight ſtraight?

Clara. Yes, preſently.

Lif. Tomorrow, then,
The baleful tidings of this day will break out,
And this night's ſun will ſet in blood. I'm troubled!
If I am kill'd, I'm happy.

Clara. Will you go, friend?

Lif. I'm ready, Sir. Fortune, th'haſt made me monſtrous! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Malfort and Clarinda.

Malf. Your couſin, and my true friend, luſty Leon,
Shall know how you uſe me.

Clari. Be more temperate,
Or I will never uſe, nor know you more

I'th' way of a ſervant: All the houſe takes notice
Of your ridiculous foppery; I've no ſooner
Perform'd my duties in my lady's chamber,
And ſhe ſcarce down the ſtairs, but you appear
Like my evil ſpirit to me.
Malf. Can the fiſh live
Out of the water, or the ſalamander
Out of the fire? or I live warm, but in
The frying-pan of your favour?
Clari. Pray you forget
Your curious compariſons, borrow'd from
The pond and kitchen, and remember what
My lady's pleaſure is for th' entertainment
Of her noble father.
Malf. I would learn the art
Of memory in your table-book.
Clari. Very good, Sir!
No more but up and ride? I apprehend
Your meaning; ſoft fire makes ſweet malt, Sir: I'll
Anſwer you in a proverb.
Malf. But one kiſs from
Thy honey lip!
Clari. You fight too high; my hand is
A fair aſcent from my foot. His ſlav'ring kiſſes
Spoil me more gloves—Enough for once; you'll ſurfeit
With too much grace.
Malf. Have you no employment for me?
Clari. Yes, yes; go ſend for Leon, and convey him
Into the private arbour; from his mouth
I hear your praiſes with more faith.
Malf. I'm gone.
Yet one thing ere I go; there's at the door
The rareſt fortune-teller—he hath told me
The ſtrangeſt things! he knows you are my miſtreſs,
And under ſeal deliver'd how many children
I ſhall beget on you; pray you give him hearing,
He'll make it good to you.
Clari. A cunning man
Of your own making! howſoe'er, I'll hear him

At your entreaty.

Malf. Now I perceive you love me.
At my entreaty!—Come in, friend: Remember

Enter Lancelot like a fortune-teller, with a purſe, and two letters in it.

To ſpeak as I directed.—He knows his leſſon,
And the right way to pleaſe her: This it is
To have a head-piece! [*Exit.*

Clari. 'Tis ſaid you can tell
Fortunes to come.

Lan. Yes, miſtreſs, and what's paſt:
Un-glove your hand. By this ſtraight line, I ſee
You have lain crooked.

Clari. How! lain crooked?

Lan. Yes;
And in that poſture play'd at the old game,
(Nobody hears me, and I'll be no blab)
And at it loſt your maidenhead.

Clari. A ſhrewd fellow!
'Tis truth, but not to be confeſs'd.—In this
Your palmeſtry deceives you. Something elſe, Sir.

Lan. You're a great woman with your lady, and
Acquainted with her counſels.

Clari. Still more ſtrange!

Lan. There is a noble knight, Liſander, loves her,
Whom ſhe regards not; and the deſtinies,
With whom I am familiar, have deliver'd
That by your means alone he muſt enjoy her.
Your hand again! Yes, yes, you have already
Promis'd him your aſſiſtance, and, what's more,
Taſted his bounty; for which, from the ſky
There are two hundred crowns dropp'd in a purſe;
Look back, you'll find it true. Nay, open it;
'Tis good gold, I aſſure you.

Clari. How! two letters?
The firſt indors'd to me? this to my lady.
Subſcrib'd Liſander [13].

[13] Clari. *How, two letters?*
The firſt endors'd to me? this to my lady?
Subſcrib'd Liſander.

Probably

Lan. And the fortune-teller
His ſervant Lancelot.

Clari. How had I loſt my eyes,
That I could not know thee! Not a word o'th' loſs
Of my virginity!

Lan. Nor who I am.

Clari. I'll uſe all ſpeedy means for your diſpatch
With a welcome anſwer; but till you receive it
Continue thus diſguis'd. Monſieur Malfort
(You know the way to humour him) ſhall provide
A lodging for you, and good entertainment;
Nay, ſince we trade both one way, thou ſhalt have
Some feeling with me: take that.

Lan. Bountiful wench,
Mayſt thou ne'er want employment!

Clari. Nor ſuch pay, boy! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lidian and Alcidon at one door, Liſander and Clarange at another.

Lid. You're welcome.

Probably the Author wrote thus:

———*Two letters?*
The firſt endors'd to me? ——— *Subſcrib'd Liſander.*
———*This to my lady?*] I have made a daſh after *The firſt endors'd to me*, to give time for the opening or reading of her own letter; otherwiſe how could ſhe know it was from Liſander, before ſhe had either broke the ſeal or perus'd its contents? And it ſeems as odd as can be, for Liſander to ſet his name on the outſide of Caliſta's billet, ſince the ſubſcribing it at the bottom, was all that was requiſite.

Sympſon.

The old reading is right, and as it ſtands, ending *ſubſcrib'd Liſander*, more naturally introduces Lancelot's anſwer: *And the fortune teller his ſervant Lancelot.* Clarinda certainly could not 'know the letter 'was from Liſander, before ſhe had either broke the ſeal, or perus'd 'its contents;' nor was it neceſſary, to eſtabliſh the old reading, for 'Liſander to ſet his name on the outſide of Caliſta's billet.' Clarinda receives *two letters*, and after looking at the direction of each, her own firſt, cries,

The firſt indors'd to me? this to my lady.

She then breaks open that addreſſed to herſelf, and finds it, as ſhe declares aloud,

Subſcrib'd Liſander.

All this is very natural, and requires nothing more than a neceſſary attention to the theatrical action of the performer, to be eaſily underſtood.

Alc. Let us do our office firſt,
And then make choice of a new piece of ground
To try our fortunes.
Liſ. All's fair here.
Alc. And here:
Their ſwords are equal.
Liſ. If there be any odds
In mine, we will exchange.
Alc. We'll talk of that
When we are further off. Farewell!
Liſ. Farewell, friend! [*Exeunt Liſ. and Alc.*
Lid. Come, let us not be idle!
Clara. I will find you
Employment, fear not.
Lid. You know, Sir, the cauſe
That brings us hither.
Clara. There needs no more diſcourſing;
No time nor place for repetition now.
Lid. Let our ſwords argue; and I wiſh, Clarange,
The proud Olinda ſaw us.
Clara. 'Would ſhe did!
Whatever eſtimation ſhe holds of me,
She ſhould behold me like a man fight for her.
Lid. 'Tis nobly ſaid. Set on. Love and my fortune! [*They fight.*
Clara. The ſame for me! Come home, brave Lidian!
'Twas manly thruſt: This token to the lady!
You have it, Sir; deliver it. Take breath;
I ſee you bleed apace; you ſhall have fair play.

Enter Liſander.

Liſ. You muſt lie there a while; I cannot help you[14].
Lid. Nay, then my fortune's gone; I know I muſt die:
Yet dearly will I ſell my love. Come on both,
And uſe your fortunes; I expect no favour:
Weak as I am, my confidence ſhall meet you!
Clara. Yield up your cauſe, and live.

[14] *You muſt lie there*, &c.] Theſe words are addreſſed to Alcidon *without*, whom Liſander has overcome.

Lid.

Lid. What, doſt thou hold me
A recreant, that prefers life before credit?
Tho' I bleed hard, my honour finds no iſſue;
That's conſtant to my heart.
Clara. Have at your life then!
Lif. Hold, or I'll turn, and bend my ſword againſt you;
My cauſe, Clarangè, too. View this brave gentleman,
That yet may live to kill you; he ſtands nobly,
And has as great a promiſe of the day
As you can tie unto yourſelf; as ready [15];
His ſword as ſharp: View him with that remembrance
That you deliver'd him to me, Clarange,
And with thoſe eyes; that clearneſs will become you:
View him, as you reported him; ſurvey him;
Fix on your friendſhip, Sir. I know you're noble,
And ſtep but inward to your old affection,
Examine but that ſoul grew to your boſom,
And try then if your ſword will bite; it cannot,
The edge will turn again, aſham'd and blunted.
Lidian, you are the pattern of fair friendſhip,
Exampled for your love, and imitated;
The temple of true hearts, ſtor'd with affections,
For ſweetneſs of your ſpirit made a ſaint:
Can you decline this nobleneſs to anger?
To mortal anger? 'gainſt the man you love moſt?
Have you the name of virtuous, not the nature?
Lid. I will ſit down.
Clara. And I'll ſit by you, Lidian.
Lif. And I'll go on. Can Heav'n be pleas'd with theſe things?
To ſee two hearts that have been twin'd together,

[15] He's *ready*.] From the context, there is reaſon to ſuppoſe we ſhould read, AS *ready*:

——— *He ſtands nobly,*
And has AS *great a promiſe of the day*
As you can tie unto yourſelf; AS *ready;*
His ſword AS *ſharp;*

HE'S *ready* is very flat, and in this place ſcarce ſenſe.

Married in friendſhip, to the world two wonders [16],
Of one growth, of one nouriſhment, one health,
Thus mortally divorc'd for one weak woman?
Can Love be pleas'd? Love is a gentle ſpirit;
The wind that blows the April flowers not ſofter;
She's drawn with doves to ſhew her peacefulneſs;
Lions and bloody pards are Mars's ſervants.
Would you ſerve Love? do it with humbleneſs,
Without a noiſe, with ſtill prayers, and ſoft murmurs;
Upon her altars offer your obedience,
And not your brawls; ſhe's won with tears, not terrors:
That fire you kindle to her deity,
Is only grateful when it's blown with ſighs *,
And holy incenſe flung with white-hand innocence;
You wound her now; you are too ſuperſtitious:
No ſacrifice of blood or death ſhe longs for.

Lid. Came he from Heav'n?

Clara. He tells us truth, good Lidian.

Liſ. That part of noble love which is moſt ſweet,
And gives eternal being to fair beauty,
Honour, ye hack a-pieces with your ſwords;
And that ye fight to crown ye kill, fair credit!

Clara. Thus we embrace; no more fight, but all friendſhip!

And where Love pleaſes to beſtow his benefits,
Let us not argue.

Lid. Nay, brave Sir, come in too,
You may love alſo, and may hope; if you do,
And not rewarded for't, there is no juſtice.
Farewell, friend! here let's part upon our pilgrimage:

---

16 ——— *that have been* twin'd *together*,
Married in friendſhip to the world, to wonder.] The Editors of 1750 propoſe reading,
——— *that have been* twinn'd *together*,
Married in friendſhip, to the world A *wonder.*
Have been TWIN'D is clearly the true reading; the whole, we apprehend, ſhould run thus:
To ſee TWO *hearts, that have been* twin'd *together*,
Married in friendſhip, to the world TWO wonders, *&c.*

* *When* it blows *with ſighs.*] This is the reading of the firſt folio, which Sympſon follows. Our lection is from the ſecond folio.

It

It muſt be ſo, Cupid draws on our ſorrows,
And where the lot lights——
Clara. I ſhall count it happineſs.
Farewell, dear friend!
Liſ. Firſt, let's relieve the gentleman
That lies hurt in your cauſe, and bring him off,
And take ſome care for your hurts; then I'll part too,
A third unfortunate, and willing wanderer. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Olinda and Caliſta.

Olin. My fears foreſaw 'twould come to this.
Cal. I would
Your ſentence had been milder.
Olin. 'Tis paſt help now.
Cal. I ſhare in your deſpair, and yet my hopes
Have not quite left me, ſince all poſſible means
Are practis'd to prevent the miſchief following
Their mortal meeting: My lord's coaſted one way;
My father, tho' his hurts forbad his travel,
Hath took another; my brother-in-law Beronte,
A third; and ev'ry minute we muſt look for
The certain knowledge, which we muſt endure
With that calm patience Heav'n ſhall pleaſe to lend us.

Enter Dorilaus and Cleander, ſeverally.

Dor. Dead both?
Cle. Such is the rumour, and 'tis general.
Olin. I hear my paſſing-bell.
Cal. I'm in a fever.
Cle. They ſay, their ſeconds too; but what they are
Is not known yet; ſome worthy fellows certain.
Dor. Where had you knowledge?
Cle. Of the country people;
'Tis ſpoken every where.
Dor. I heard it too[17];
And 'tis ſo common, I do half believe it.
You've loſt a brother, wench; he lov'd you well,
And might have liv'd t'have done his country ſervice;

[17] *I heard it ſo too.*] *So* is clearly an interpolation, and gained place here from its occurring in the next line.

But

But he is gone. Thou fell'ſt untimely, Lidian,
But by a valiant hand, that's ſome ſmall comfort,
And took'ſt him with thee too; thou lov'dſt brave company.
Weeping will do no good: You loſt a ſervant,
He might have liv'd t' have been your maſter, lady;
But you fear'd that.

Olin. Good Sir, be tender to me;
The news is bad enough, you need not preſs it [17]:
I lov'd him well, I lov'd 'em both.

Dor. It ſeems ſo.
How many more have you to love ſo, lady?
They were both fools to fight for ſuch a fiddle [18]!
Certain there was a dearth of noble anger,
When a ſlight woman was thought worth a quarrel.

Olin. Pray you think nobler.

Dor. I'll tell thee what I think; the plague, war, famine,
Nay, put in dice and drunkenneſs, (and thoſe
You'll grant are pretty helps) kill not ſo many
(I mean ſo many noble) as your loves do,
Rather your lewdneſs. I crave your mercy, women!
Be not offended, if I anger ye:
I'm ſure ye've touch'd me deep. I came to be merry,
And with my children; but to ſee one ruin'd

Enter Beronte and Alcidon; Clarinda following.

By this fell accident——Are they all dead?
If they be, ſpeak.

Cle. What news?

Ber. What dead? Ye poſe me;
I underſtand you not.

Cle. My brother Lidian,
Clarangè, and their ſeconds.

Ber. Here is one of 'em;

[17] ——*you need not preſs it.*] *i. e.* Make it worſe. *Symſon.*

[18] *They were both fools to fight for ſuch a* FIDDLE.] Conſidering the whimſical terms that Olinda had impoſed on her two lovers, it is not improbable that the Authors wrote,

They were both fools to fight for ſuch a RIDDLE.

And

And ſure this gentleman's alive.
Alc. I hope ſo;
So is your ſon, Sir; ſo is brave Clarange:
They fought indeed, and they were hurt ſufficiently;
We were all hurt; that bred the general rumour;
But friends again all, and like friends we parted.
Cle. Heard you of Liſander?
Ber. Yes, and miſs'd him narrowly;
He was one o'th' combatants, fought with this gentleman,
Second againſt your brother; by his wiſdom
(For certainly good fortune follows him)
All was made peace. I'll tell you the reſt at dinner,
For we are hungry.
Alc. I, before I eat,
Muſt pay a vow I'm ſworn to. My life, madam,
Was at Liſander's mercy, I live by it;
And, for the noble favour, he deſir'd me
To kiſs your fair hand for him, offering
This ſecond ſervice as a ſacrifice
At the altar of your virtues.
Dor. Come, joy on all ſides!
Heav'n will not ſuffer honeſt men to periſh.
Cle. Be proud of ſuch a friend.
Dor. Forgive me, madam;
It was a grief might have concern'd you near too.
Cle. No work of excellence but ſtill Liſander?
Go thy ways, worthy!
Olin. We'll be merry too.
Were I to ſpeak again, I would be wiſer. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Caliſta and Clarinda.

Cal. Too much of this rare cordial makes me ſick;
However, I obey you.
Clari. Now or never
Is an apt time to move her. Madam!
Cal. Who's that?
Clari. Your ſervant: I would ſpeak with your ladyſhip.

Cal.

Cal. Why doſt thou look about?
Clari. I've private buſineſs
That none muſt hear but you. Liſander——
Cal. Where?
Clari. Nay, he's not here, but would entreat this favour;
Some of your balſam from your own hand given,
For he's much hurt, and that he thinks would cure him.
Cal. He ſhall have all my pray'rs too.
Clari. But conceive me,
It muſt be from yourſelf immediately:
Pity ſo brave a gentleman ſhould periſh!
He's ſuperſtitious, and he holds your hand
Of infinite power. I would not urge this, madam,
But only in a man's extremes, to help him.
Cal. Let him come,
Good wench! 'tis that I wiſh; I'm happy in't:
My huſband his true friend, my noble father,
The fair Olinda, all deſire to ſee him;
He ſhall have many hands.
Clari. That he deſires not,
Nor eyes, but yours, to look upon his miſeries;
For then he thinks 'twould be no perfect cure, madam:
He would come private.
Cal. How can that be here?
I ſhall do wrong unto all thoſe that honour him,
Beſides my credit.
Clari. Dare you not truſt a hurt man?
Not ſtrain a courteſy to ſave a gentleman?
To ſave his life, that has ſav'd all your family?
A man that comes, like a poor mortified pilgrim,
Only to beg a bleſſing, and depart again?
He would but ſee you; that he thinks would cure him:
But ſince you find fit reaſons to the contrary,
And that it cannot ſtand with your clear honour,
(Tho' you beſt know how well he has deſerv'd of you)
I'll ſend him word back (tho' I grieve to do it,
Grieve at my ſoul, for certainly 'twill kill him)
What your will is.

Cal.

Cal. Stay! I will think upon't.
Where is he, wench?
Clari. If you deſire to ſee him,
Let not that trouble you, he ſhall be with you,
And in that time that no man ſhall ſuſpect you:
Your honour, madam, is in your own free keeping;
Your care in me, in him all honeſty;
If you deſire him not, let him paſs by you,
And all this buſineſs reckon but a dream!
Cal. Go in, and counſel me; I would fain ſee him,
And willingly comfort him.
Clari. 'Tis in your power;
And, if you dare truſt me, you ſhall do't ſafely.
Read that, [*giving a letter.*] and let that tell you how
he honours you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Clarinda and Leon.

Leon. THIS happy night—— [*Kiſſes her.*
Clari. Preſerve this eagerneſs
'Till we meet nearer; there is ſomething done
Will give us opportunity.
Leon. Witty girl! the plot?
Clari. You ſhall hear that at leiſure.
The whole houſe reels with joy at the report
Of Lidian's ſafety, and that joy encreas'd
From their affection to the brave Liſander,
In being made the happy inſtrument to compound
The bloody difference.
Leon. They'll hear ſhortly that
Will turn their mirth to mourning: He was then
The principal means to ſave two lives; but, ſince,
There are two fall'n, and by his ſingle hand,
For which his life muſt anſwer, if the king,
Whoſe arm is long, can reach him.

Clari.

Clari. We have now
No ſpare time to hear ſtories: Take this key;
'Twill make your paſſage to the banqueting-houſe
In the garden free.
Leon. You will not fail to come?
Clari. For mine own ſake, ne'er doubt it. Now for Liſander! [*Exit Leon.*

Enter Dorilaus, Cleander, and ſervants with lights.

Dor. To bed, to bed! 'tis very late.
Cle. To bed all!
I've drank a health too much.
Dor. You'll ſleep the better;
My uſual phyſic that way.
Cle. Where's your miſtreſs?
Clari. She is above, but very ill and aguiſh;
The late fright of her brother has much troubled her:
She would entreat to lie alone.
Cle. Her pleaſure.
Dor. Commend my love to her, and my pray'rs for her health:
I'll ſee her ere I go. [*Exeunt omnes præter Clari.*
Clari. All good reſt to ye!
Now to my watch for Liſander! when he's furniſh'd,
For mine own friend! Since I ſtand centinel,
I love to laugh i' th' evenings too; and may,
The privilege of my place will warrant it. [*Exit.*

Enter Liſander and Lancelot.

Liſ. You've done well hitherto. Where are we now?
Lan. Not far from the houſe, I hear by th' owls; there are
Many of your Welch falconers about it.
Here were a night to chuſe to run away with
Another man's wife, and do the feat!
Liſ. Peace, knave;
The houſe is here before us, and ſome may hear us.
The candles are all out.
Lan. But one i' th' parlour;

I ſee

I ſee it glimmer hither[19]. Pray come this way.

Liſ. Step to the garden-door, and feel an't be open.

Lan. I'm going; luck deliver me from the ſaw-pits,
Or I am buried quick! I hear a dog;
No, 'tis a cricket. Ha! here's a cuckold buried;
Take heed of his horns, Sir. Here's the door; 'tis open.

Clari. [*at the door.*] Who's there?

Liſ. A friend.

Clari. Sir!, Liſander!

Liſ. I.

Clari. You're welcome; follow me, and make no noiſe.

Liſ. Go to your horſe, and keep your watch with care, ſirrah,
And be ſure you ſleep not. [*Exeunt Liſ. and Clari.*

Lan. Send me out the dairy-maid,
To play at trump with me, and keep me waking.
My fellow horſe and I now muſt diſcourſe
Like two learn'd almanack-makers, of the ſtars,
And tell what a plentiful year 'twill prove of drunkards.
If I'd but a pottle of ſack, like a ſharp prickle,
To knock my noſe againſt when I am nodding,
I ſhould ſing like a nightingale; but I muſt
Keep watch without it. I am apt to dance;
Good Fortune, guide me from the fairies' circles!
[*Exit.*

Enter Clarinda (with a taper) and Liſander. Caliſta ſitting behind a curtain.

Clari. Come near!
I'll leave you now; draw but that curtain,
And have your wiſh.——Now, Leon, I'm for thee:
We that are ſervants muſt make uſe of ſtol'n hours,
And be glad of ſnatch'd occaſions. [*Exit.*

[19] *I ſee it* ſimper *hither.*] We ſuſpect this to be a corruption, and that we ſhould read *glimmer*. *Simper*, we apprehend, never occurs in this ſenſe; and Lancelot, though a ſervant, is not made a ſpeaker of barbariſms.

Liſ.

Lif. She's aſleep;
Fierce love hath clos'd his lights, (I may look on her)
Within her eyes h' has lock'd the Graces up;
I may behold and live. How ſweet ſhe breathes!
The orient morning breaking out in odours
Is not ſo full of perfumes as her breath is;
She is the abſtract of all excellence,
And ſcorns a parallel.

Cal. Who's there?

Lif. Your ſervant,
Your moſt obedient ſlave, adored lady,
That comes but to behold thoſe eyes again,
And pay ſome vows I have to ſacred beauty,
And ſo paſs by: I'm blind as ignorance,
And know not where I wander, how I live,
'Till I receive from their bright influence
Light to direct me. For devotion's ſake,
(You are the ſaint I tread theſe holy ſteps to,
And holy ſaints are all relenting ſweetneſs)
Be not enrag'd, nor be not angry with me;
The greateſt attribute of Heav'n is mercy,
And 'tis the crown of Juſtice, and the glory,
Where it may kill with right, to ſave with pity.

Cal. Why do you kneel? I know you come to mock me,
To upbraid me with the benefits you've given me,
Which are too many, and too mighty, Sir,
For my return; and I confeſs 'tis juſtice,
That for my cruelty you ſhould deſpiſe me;
And I expect, however you are calm now,
(A foil you ſtrive to ſet your cauſe upon)
It will break out: Caliſta is unworthy,
Coy, proud, diſdainful, (I acknowledge all)
Colder of comfort than the frozen north is,
And more a ſtranger to Liſander's worth,
His youth and faith, than it becomes her gratitude;
I bluſh to grant it: Yet take this along,
(A ſovereign medicine to allay diſpleaſure,
May-be, an argument to bring me off too)

She's

She's married, and ſhe's chaſte; how ſweet that ſounds!
How it perfumes all air 'tis ſpoken in!
Oh, dear Liſander, would you break this union?
Liſ. No; I adore it: Let me kiſs your hand,
And ſeal the fair faith of a gentleman on it!
Cal. You're truly valiant: Would it not afflict you
To have the horrid name of coward touch you?
Such is the whore to me.
Liſ. I nobly thank you:
And may I be the ſame when I diſhonour you.
This I may do again. [*Kiſſing her hand.*
Cal. You may, and worthily;
Such comforts maids may grant with modeſty,
And neither make them poor, nor wrong their bounty[20].
Noble Liſander, how fond now am I of you!
I heard you were hurt.
Liſ. You dare not heal me, lady?
I am hurt here. How ſweetly now ſhe bluſhes!
Excellent objects kill our ſight; ſhe blinds me:
The roſes in the pride of May ſhew pale to her.
Oh, tyrant Cuſtom, and, oh, coward Honour!
How ye compel me to put on mine own chains!
May I not kiſs you now in ſuperſtition?
For you appear a thing that I would kneel to:
Let me err that way! [*Kiſſes her.*
Cal. You ſhall err for once;
I have a kind of noble pity on you.
Among your manly ſufferings, make this moſt,
To err no further in deſire; for then, Sir,
You add unto the gratitudes I owe you;
And after death, your dear friend's ſoul ſhall bleſs you.
Liſ. I'm wondrous honeſt.
Cal. I dare try. [*Kiſs.*
Liſ. I've taſted
A bleſſedneſs too great for dull mortality:

[20] *Make* her *poor, nor wrong* her *bounty.*] As *her* has nothing to refer to but *maids* in the line above, we muſt certainly change the number, and write,

——*make* them *poor, nor wrong* their *bounty.* *Sympſon.*

Once more, and let me die!
Cal. I dare not murder:
How will maids curſe me, if I kill with kiſſes,
And young men fly th' embraces of fair virgins!
Come, pray ſit down; but let's talk temperately.
Liſ. Is my dear friend a-bed?
Cal. Yes, and aſleep,
Secure aſleep: 'Tis midnight too, Liſander;
Speak not ſo loud.
Liſ. You ſee I am a ſtatue;
I could not ſtand elſe as I'd eaten ice,
Or took into my blood a drowſy poiſon,
And Nature's nobleſt, brighteſt flame burn in me.
Midnight? and I ſtand quietly to behold ſo?
The alarm rung, and I ſleep like a coward?
I'm worn away; my faith, my dull obedience,
Like crutches, carry my decayed body
Down to the grave; I have no youth within me.
Yet happily you love too?
Cal. Love with honour.
Liſ. Honour? what's that? 'tis but a ſpecious title
We ſhould not prize too high.
Cal. Dearer than life.
Liſ. The value of it is as time has made it,
And time and cuſtom have too far inſulted:
We are no gods, to be always tied to ſtrictneſs;
'Tis a preſumption to ſhew too like 'em:
March but an hour or two under Love's ensigns
We have examples of great memories——
Cal. But foul ones too, that greatneſs cannot cover!
That wife that by example ſins, ſins double,
And pulls the curtain open to her ſhame too.
Methinks, to enjoy you thus——
Liſ. 'Tis no joy, lady:
A longing bride, if ſhe ſtop here, would cry;
The bridegroom too, and with juſt cauſe, curſe Hymen.
But yield a little, be one hour a woman,
(I do not ſpeak this to compel you, lady)

And

And give your will but motion, let it ſtir,
But in the taſte of that weak fears call evil;
Try it to underſtand it, (we'll do nothing)
You'll never come to know pure good elſe.
Cal. Fy, Sir!
Lif. I've found a way; let's ſlip into this error
As innocents, that know not what we did;
As we were dreaming both, let us embrace;
The ſin is none of ours then, but our fancies'.—
What have I ſaid? what blaſphemy to honour?
Oh, my baſe thoughts! Pray you take this, and ſhoot me.
My villain thoughts! [*Offering her a piſtol.*
Cal. I weep your miſeries, [*Noiſe within.*
And would to Heav'n——What noiſe?
Lif. It comes on louder.
Kill me, and ſave yourſelf; ſave your fair honour,
And lay the fault on me; let my life periſh,
My baſe laſcivious life! Shoot quickly, lady!
Cal. Not for the world. Retire behind the hangings,
And there ſtand cloſe.—My huſband!—cloſe, Liſander!

Enter Cleander, with a taper.

Cle. Deareſt, are you well?
Cal. Oh, my ſad heart!
My head, my head!
Cle. Alas, poor ſoul! what do you
Out of your bed? you take cold, my Caliſta.
How do you?
Cal. Not ſo well, Sir, to lie by you:
My brother's fright——
Cle. I had a frightful dream too,
A very frightful dream, my beſt Caliſta:
Methought there came a dragon to your chamber,
A furious dragon, wife; I yet ſhake at it.
Are all things well?
Lif. [*from behind the hangings.*] Shall I ſhoot him?
Cal. No.——All well, Sir.
'Twas but your care of me, your loving care,
Which always watches.

Cle. And methought he came
As if he had riſen thus out of his den,
As I do from theſe hangings——
Lif. Dead?
Cal. Hold, good Sir!
Cle. And forc'd you in his arms thus.
Cal. 'Twas but fancy
That troubled you; here's nothing to diſturb me.
Good Sir, to reſt again; and I'm now drowſy,
And will to bed. Make no noiſe, dear huſband,
But let me ſleep; before you can call any body
I am a-bed.
Cle. This, and ſweet reſt dwell with you! [*Exit.*
Cal. Come out again; and, as you love, Liſander,
Make haſte away! You ſee his mind is troubled:
D' you know the door you came in at?
Lif. Well, ſweet lady.
Cal. And can you hit it readily?
Lif. I warrant you.
And muſt I go? muſt here end all my happineſs,
Here in a dream, as if it had no ſubſtance?
Cal. For this time, friend, or here begin our ruins;
We are both miſerable.
Lif. This is ſome comfort
In my afflictions, they're ſo full already,
They can find no encreaſe.
Cal. Dear, ſpeak no more!
Lif. You muſt be ſilent then.
Cal. Farewell, Liſander,
Thou joy of man, farewell!
Lif. Farewell, bright lady,
Honour of woman-kind, a heav'nly bleſſing!
Cal. Be ever honeſt!
Lif. I will be a dog elſe!
The virtues of your mind I'll make my library,
In which I'll ſtudy the celeſtial beauty:
Your conſtancy, my armour that I'll fight in:
And on my ſword your chaſtity ſhall ſit,
Terror to rebel blood.

Cal.

Cal. Once more, farewell! [*Noiſe within.*
Oh, that my modeſty could hold you ſtill, Sir!
He comes again.
Lif. Heav'n keep my hand from murder,
Murder of him I love!
Cal. Away, dear friend,
Down to the garden-ſtairs; that way, Liſander!
We are betray'd elſe.
Lif. Honour guard the innocent! [*Exit.*

Enter Cleander.

Cle. Still up? I fear'd your health.
Cal. H'has miſs'd him happily.—
I'm going now; I've done my meditations,
My heart's almoſt at peace.
Cle. To my warm bed then!
Cal. I will; pray you lead. [*A piſtol ſhot within.*
Cle. A piſtol ſhot i' th' houſe?
At theſe hours? Sure ſome thief, ſome murderer!
Riſe, ho! riſe all! I am betray'd.
Cal. Oh, Fortune!
Oh, giddy thing! H'has met ſome oppoſition,
And kill'd! I am confounded, loſt for ever!

Enter Dorilaus.

Dor. Now, what's the matter?
Cal. Thieves, my noble father,
Villains and rogues.
Dor. Indeed, I heard a piſtol:
Let's ſearch about.

Enter Malfort, Clarinda, and Servants.

Malf. To bed again; they're gone, Sir,
(I will not bid you thank my valour for't)
Gone at the garden-door; there were a dozen,
And bravely arm'd; I ſaw 'em.
Clari. I am glad,
Glad at the heart.
Serv. One ſhot at me, and miſs'd me.

Malf. No, 'twas at me; the bullet flew cloſe by me,
Cloſe by my ear: Another had a huge ſword,
Flouriſh'd it thus, but at the point I met him;
But the rogue taking me to be your lordſhip,
(As ſure your name is terrible, and we
Not much unlike i'th' dark) roar'd out aloud,
'It is the kill-cow[21] Dorilaus!' and away
They ran as they had flown.—Now you muſt love me,
Or fear me for my courage, wench. [*Aſide to Clar.*

Clari. Oh, rogue!
Oh, lying rogue! Liſander ſtumbled, madam,
At the ſtairs' head, and in the fall the ſhot went off;
Was gone before they roſe.

Cal. I thank Heav'n for't!

Clari. I was frighted too; it ſpoil'd my game with Leon.

Cle. You muſt ſit up; an they'd come to your chamber
What pranks would they have play'd? How came the door open?

Malf. I heard 'em when they forc'd it; up I roſe,
Took Durindana[22] in my hand, and like
Orlando iſſu'd forth.

Clari. I know you're valiant.

Cle. To bed again,
And be you henceforth provident! [illegible] ſun-riſing
We muſt part for a while.

Dor. When you're a-bed,
Take leave of her; there 'twill be worth the [illegible]ng,
Here 'tis but a cold ceremony. Ere long
We'll find Liſander, or we have ill fortune.

Cle. Lock all the doors faſt.

Malf. Tho' they all ſtood open,
My name writ on the door, they dare not enter! [*Exe.*

Enter Clarange, and Friar with a letter.

Clara. Turn'd hermit?

[21] *Kill-cow.*] An alluſion to the ſtory of Guy Earl of Warwick.

[22] *Durindana.*] The name of Orlando's ſword. The heroes, in the old romances, gave names to their ſwords.

Friar.

Friar. Yes, and a devout one too;
I heard him preach.
Clara. That leſſens my belief;
I [illegible] grant my Lidian a ſcholar,
[illegible] gentleman, h'hath ſtudied
Humanity, and in that he's a maſter,
Civility of manners, courtſhip, arms,
But never a'm'd at, as I could perceive,
The deep points of divinity.
Friar. That confirms his
Devotion to be real, no way tainted
With oſtentation or hypocriſy,
The cankers of religion; his ſermon
So full of gravity, and with ſuch ſweetneſs
Deliver'd, that it drew the admiration
Of all the hearers, on him; his own letters
To you, which witneſs he will leave the world,
And theſe to fair Olinda, his late miſtreſs,
In which he hath, with all the moving language
That ever expreſs'd rhetorick, ſolicited
The lady to forget him, and make you
Bleſſed in her embraces, may remove
All ſcrup'lous doubts.
Clara. It ſtrikes a ſadneſs in me!
I know not what to think of't.
Friar. Ere he enter'd
His ſolitary cell, he penn'd a ditty,
His lord, and laſt farewell to love and women,
So feelingly, that I confeſs, however
It ſtands not with my order to be taken
With ſuch poetical raptures, I was mov'd,
And ſtrangely, with it.
Clara. Have you the copy?
Friar. Yes, Sir:
My Novice too can ſing it, if you pleaſe
To give him hearing.
Clara. And it will come timely,
For I am full of melancholy thoughts,
Againſt which I have heard, with reaſon, muſick
To be the ſpeedieſt cure; pray you apply it.

A SONG *by the Novice.*

Adieu, fond love! farewell, you wanton pow'rs!
I'm free again;
Thou dull diſeaſe of blood and idle hours,
Bewitching pain,
Fly to the fools that ſigh away their time!
My nobler love, to Heaven climb,
And there behold beauty ſtill young,
That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death deſtroy;
Immortal ſweetneſs by fair angels ſung,
And honour'd by eternity and joy!
There lives my love, thither my hopes aſpire;
Fond love declines, this heav'nly love grows higher.

Friar. How do you approve it?
Clara. To its due deſert;
It is a heav'nly hymn, no ditty, father;
It paſſes thro' my ears unto my ſoul,
And works divinely on it. Give me leave
A little to conſider:—Shall I be
Out-done in all things? nor good of myſelf,
Nor by example? ſhall my looſe hopes ſtill,
The viands of a fond affection, feed me
As I were a ſenſual beaſt? ſpiritual food
Refus'd by my ſick palate? 'tis reſolv'd.
How far off, father, doth this new-made hermit
Make his abode?
Friar. Some two days' journey, ſon.
Clara. Having reveal'd my fair intentions to you,
I hope your piety will not deny me
Your aids to further 'em.
Friar. That were againſt
A good man's charity.
Clara. My firſt requeſt is,
You would ſome time, for reaſons I will ſhew you,
Defer delivery of Lidian's letters
To fair Olinda.
Friar. Well, Sir.
Clara. For what follows,

You

You ſhall direct me. Something I will do,
A new-born zeal and friendſhip prompts me to. [*Exe.*

Enter Dorilaus, Cleander, Chamberlain; a table, tapers, and chairs.

Cle. We have ſupp'd well, friend: Let our beds be ready;
We muſt be ſtirring early.

Cham. They are made, Sir.

Dor. I cannot ſleep yet. Where's the jovial hoſt
You told me of? It has been my cuſtom ever
To parly with mine hoſt.

Cle. He's a good fellow,
And ſuch a one I know you love to laugh with.
Go call your maſter up.

Cham. He cannot come, Sir.

Dor. Is he a-bed with his wife?

Cham. No, certainly.

Dor. Or with ſome other gueſts?

Cham. Neither, an't like you.

Cle. Why then he ſhall come, by your leave, my friend;
I'll fetch him up myſelf.

Cham. Indeed you'll fail, Sir.

Dor. Is he i'th' houſe?

Cham. No, but he is hard by, Sir;
He's faſt in's grave; he has been dead theſe three weeks.

Dor. Then o'my concience he will come but lamely,
And diſcourſe worſe.

Cle. Farewell, mine honeſt hoſt then,
Mine honeſt merry hoſt! Will you to bed yet?

Dor. No, not this hour; I prithee ſit and chat by me.

Cle. Give us a quart of wine then; we'll be merry.

Dor. A match, my ſon. Pray let your wine be living,
Or lay it by your maſter.

Cham. It ſhall be quick, Sir. [*Exit.*

Dor. Has not mine hoſt a wife?

Cle. A good old woman.

Dor. Another coffin! that is not ſo handſome;

Your

Your hoſteſſes in inns ſhould be blith things,
Pretty and young, to draw in paſſengers;
She'll never fill her beds well, if ſhe be not beauteous.

Enter Chamberlain with wine.

Cle. And courteous too.

Dor. Ay, ay; and a good fellow,
That will miſtake ſometimes a gentleman
For her good man. Well done: Here's to Lifander!

Cle. My full love meets it. Make fire in our lodgings,
We'll trouble thee no further. To your ſon!

[*Exit Chamberlain.*

Dor. Put in Clarangè too; off with't. I thank you.
This wine drinks merrier ſtill. Oh, for mine hoſt now!
Were he alive again, and well diſpos'd,
I would ſo claw his pate!

Cle. You're a hard drinker.

Dor. I love to make mine hoſt drunk; he'll lie then
The rareſt, and the roundeſt, of his friends,
His quarrels, and his gueſts; and they're the beſt bawds too,
Take 'em in that tune.

Cle. You know all.

Dor. I did, ſon;
But time and arms have worn me out.

Cle. 'Tis late, Sir;
I hear none ſtirring. [*A lute is ſtruck.*

Dor. Hark! what's that? a lute?
'Tis at the door, I think.

Cle. The doors are ſhut faſt.

Dor. 'Tis morning; ſure, the fidlers are got up
To fright mens' ſleeps. Have we ne'er a piſs-pot ready?

Cle. Now I remember, I've heard mine hoſt that's dead
Touch a lute rarely, and as rarely ſing too,
A brave ſtill mean.

Dor. I'd give a brace of French crowns
To ſee him riſe and fiddle.

Cle. Hark; a ſong!

A SONG.

A SONG.

'Tis late and cold; ſtir up the fire;
Sit cloſe, and draw the table nigher;
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
A hearty med'cine 'gainſt a cold!
Your beds of wanton down the beſt,
Where you ſhall tumble to your reſt;
I could wiſh you wenches too,
But I am dead, and cannot do.
Call for the beſt the houſe may ring,
Sack, white, and claret, let them bring,
And drink apace, while breath you have;
You'll find but cold drink in the grave:
Plover, partridge, for your dinner,
And a capon for the ſinner,
You ſhall find ready when you're up,
And your horſe ſhall have his ſup:
Welcome, welcome, ſhall fly round,
And I ſhall ſmile, tho' under ground.

Cle. Now, as I live, it is his voice!
Dor. He ſings well; the devil has a pleaſant pipe.
Cle. The fellow lied ſure.

Enter Hoſt.

He is not dead; he's here. How pale he looks!
Dor. Is this he?
Cle. Yes.
Hoſt. You're welcome, noble gentlemen!
My brave old gueſt, moſt welcome!
Cle. Lying knaves,
To tell us you were dead. Come, ſit down by us.
We thank you for your ſong.
Hoſt. 'Would it had been better!
Dor. Speak, are you dead?
Hoſt. Yes, indeed am I, gentlemen;
I have been dead theſe three weeks.
Dor. Then here's to you,
To comfort your cold body!

Cle.

Cle. What d'you mean?
Stand further off.
Dor. I will ſtand nearer to him.
Shall he come out on's coffin to bear us company,
And we not bid him welcome? Come, mine hoſt,
Mine honeſt hoſt, here's to you!
Hoſt. Spirits, Sir, drink not.
Cle. Why do you appear?
Hoſt. To wait upon ye, gentlemen;
('Thas been my duty living, now my farewell)
I fear ye are not us'd accordingly.
Dor. I could wiſh you warmer company, mine hoſt,
Howe'er we're us'd.
Hoſt. Next, to entreat a courteſy;
And then I go to peace.
Cle. Is't in our power?
Hoſt. Yes, and 'tis this; to ſee my body buried
In holy ground, for now I lie unhallow'd,
By the clerk's fault; let my new grave be made
Amongſt good fellows, that have died before me,
And merry hoſts of my kind.
Cle. It ſhall be done.
Dor. And forty ſtoops of wine drank at thy funeral.
Cle. Do you know our travel?
Hoſt. Yes, to ſeek your friends,
That in afflictions wander now.
Cle. Alas!
Hoſt. Seek 'em no further, but be confident
They ſhall return in peace.
Dor. There's comfort yet.
Cle. Pray you one word more: Is't in your pow'r, mine hoſt,
(Anſwer me ſoftly) ſome hours before my death,
To give me warning?
Hoſt. I can't tell you, truly;
But if I can, ſo much alive I lov'd you,
I will appear again. Adieu! [*Exit.*
Dor. Adieu, Sir.
Cle. I'm troubled; theſe ſtrange apparitions are

For

For the moſt part fatal.

Dor. This, if told, will not
Find credit. The light breaks apace; let's lie down,
And take ſome little reſt, an hour or two,
Then do mine Hoſt's deſire, and ſo return.
I do believe him.

Cle. So do I. To reſt, Sir! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Caliſta and Clarinda.

Cal. Clarinda!

Clari. Madam.

Cal. Is the houſe well order'd?
The doors look'd-to, now in your maſter's abſence?
Your care and diligence amongſt the ſervants?

Clari. I'm ſtirring, madam.

Cal. So thou art, Clarinda,
More than thou ought'ſt, I'm ſure. Why doſt thou bluſh?

Clari. I do not bluſh.

Cal. Why doſt thou hang thy head, wench?

Clari. Madam, you are deceiv'd, I look upright;
I underſtand you not.—She has ſpied Læon: [*Aſide.*
Shame of his want of caution!

Cal. Look on me.
What! bluſh again?

Clari. 'Tis more than I know, madam;
I have no cauſe that I find yet.

Cal. Examine then.

Clari. Your ladyſhip is ſet, I think, to ſhame me.

Cal. Do not deſerve't. Who lay with you laſt night?
What bedfellow had you? None of the maids came
near you.

Clari. Madam, they did.

Cal. 'Twas one in your couſin's cloaths then,
And wore a ſword; and ſure I keep no Amazons.
Wench, do not lie; 'twill but proclaim thee guilty:
Lies hide our ſins like nets; like perſpectives,
They draw offences nearer ſtill, and greater.
Come, tell the truth.

Clari. You are the ſtrangeſt lady

To

To have theſe doubts of me! how have I liv'd, madam,
And which of all my careful ſervices
Deſerves theſe ſhames?

Cal. Leave facing, 'twill not ſerve you:
This impudence becomes thee worſe than lying.
I thought you had liv'd well, and I was proud of't;
But you are pleas'd to abuſe my thoughts. Who was't?
Honeſt repentance yet will make the fault leſs.

Clari. Do you compel me? do you ſtand ſo ſtrict too?
Nay, then have at you! I ſhall rub that ſore, madam,
Since you provoke me, will but vex your ladyſhip:
Let me alone!

Cal. I will know.

Clari. For your own peace,
The peace of your own conſcience, aſk no further:
Walk in, and let me alone.

Cal. No; I'll know all.

Clari. Why then, I'll tell you: 'Twas a man I lay with,
(Never admire; 'tis eaſy to be done, madam,
And uſual too) a proper man I lay with,
(Why ſhould you vex at that?) young as Liſander,
And able too! I grudge not at your pleaſure,
Why ſhould you ſtir at mine? I ſteal none from you.

Cal. And doſt thou glory in this ſin?

Clari. I'm glad on't;
To glory in't is for a mighty lady,
That may command.

Cal. Why didſt thou name Liſander?

Clari. Does it anger you? does it a little gall you?
I know it does. Why would you urge me, lady?
Why would you be ſo curious to compel me?
I nam'd Liſander as my precedent,
The rule I err'd by: You love him, I know it;
I grudg'd not at it, but am pleas'd it is ſo;
And, by my care and diligence, you enjoy'd him.
Shall I for keeping counſel have no comfort?
Will you have all yourſelf? engroſs all pleaſure?

Are

Are you ſo hard-hearted? Why do you bluſh now, madam?

Cal. My anger bluſhes, not my ſhame, baſe woman!

Clari. I'll make your ſhame bluſh, ſince you put me to't:

Who lay with you t'other night?

Cal. With me, you monſter!

Clari. Whoſe ſweet embraces circled you? not your huſband's.

I wonder you dare touch me in this point, madam?
Stir her againſt you in whoſe hand your life lies?
More than your life, your honour? What ſmug Amazon
Was that I brought you? that maid had ne'er a petticoat.

Cal. She'll half perſuade me anon I am a beaſt too;
And I miſtruſt myſelf, tho' I am honeſt,
For giving her the helm. Thou know'ſt, Clarinda,
Ev'n in thy conſcience, I was ever virtuous;
As far from luſt in meeting with Liſander,
As the pure wind in welcoming the morning;
In all the converſation I had with him,
As free, and innocent, as yon fair Heaven.
Didſt not thou perſuade me too?

Clari. Yes, I had reaſon for't;
And now you are perſuaded, I'll make uſe on't.

Cal. If I had ſinn'd thus, and my youth entic'd me,
The nobleneſs and beauty of his perſon,
Beſide the mighty benefits I'm bound to,
Is this ſufficient warrant for thy weakneſs?
If I had been a whore, and crav'd thy counſel
In the conveyance of my fault, and faithfulneſs,
Thy ſecrecy and truth in hiding of it,
Is it thy juſtice to repay me thus?
To be the maſter ſinner to compel me,
And build thy luſt's ſecurity on mine honour?

Clari. They that love this ſin love their ſecurity:
Prevention, madam, is the nail I knock'd at,
And I have hit it home, and ſo I'll hold it,
And you muſt pardon me, and be ſilent too,
And ſuffer what you ſee, and ſuffer patiently;

I ſhall

I ſhall do worſe elſe.

Cal. Thou canſt not touch my credit;
Truth will not ſuffer me to be abus'd thus.

Clari. Do not you ſtick to Truth, ſhe's ſeldom hard, madam;
A poor weak tongue ſhe has, and that is coarſe too,
With pleading at the bars; none underſtand her:
Or if you had her, what can ſhe ſay for you?
Muſt ſhe not ſwear he came at midnight to you,
The door left open, and your huſband cozen'd
With a feign'd ſickneſs?

Cal. But, by my ſoul, I was honeſt!
Thou know'ſt I was honeſt.

Clari. That's all one what I know;
What I will teſtify is that ſhall vex you!
Truſt not a guilty rage with likelihoods,
And on apparent proof; take heed of that, madam:
If you were innocent, as it may be you are,
(I do not know; I leave it to your conſcience)
It were the weakeſt and the pooreſt part of you,
Men being ſo willing to believe the worſt,
So open-ey'd in this age to all infamy,
To put your fame in this weak bark to th' venture.

Cal. What do I ſuffer! Oh, my precious honour,
Into what box of evils have I lock'd thee!
Yet, rather than be thus outbrav'd, and by
My drudge, my footſtool, one that ſu'd to be ſo,
Periſh both life, and honour! Devil, thus
I dare thy worſt, defy thee, ſpit at thee!
And in my virtuous rage, thus trample on thee!
Awe me, thy miſtreſs, whore, to be thy bawd?
Out of my houſe! proclaim all that thou know'ſt,
Or malice can invent; fetch jealouſy
From hell, and like a fury breathe it in
The boſom of my lord; and to thy utmoſt
Blaſt my fair fame! yet thou ſhalt feel, with horror
To thy ſear'd conſcience, my truth is built
On ſuch a firm baſe, that if e'er it can
Be forc'd, or undermin'd by thy baſe ſcandals,

Heav'n

Heav'n keeps no guard on innocence! [*Exit.*

Clari. I'm loſt,
In my own hopes forſaken; and muſt fall
(The greateſt torment to a guilty woman)
Without revenge. 'Till I can faſhion it,
I muſt ſubmit, at leaſt appear as if
I did repent, and would offend no further.
Monſieur Beronte, my lord's brother, is
Oblig'd unto me for a private favour;
'Tis he muſt mediate for me: But when time
And opportunity bids me ſtrike, my wreak[23]
Shall pour itſelf on her nice chaſtity
Like to a torrent; deeds, not words, ſhall ſpeak me!
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter Alcidon and Beronte, ſeverally.

Alc. YOU'RE opportunely met.
Ber. Your countenance
Expreſſes haſte mix'd with ſome fear.
Alc. You'll ſhare
With me in both, as ſoon as you are made
Acquainted with the cauſe: If you love virtue[24],
In danger not ſecure——I have no time

[23] *My* wreak.] i. e. *Revenge.*

[24] ——*if you love virtue*
In danger not ſecure.] Thus all the copies, but whether right or wrong, the reader muſt judge: To me the place appears manifeſtly corrupt, and I am inclined to think it ought to run ſo,
——*if you love Virtue,*
Indanger ought to ſuccour it. *Sympſon.*
——*if you love Virtue*
In danger not ſecure——]
This is plainly a broken ſentence, and we think ſignifies, 'if you are 'a friend to Virtue, don't lull yourſelf into a falſe idea of its ſecurity, 'when it is in danger.' The old reading is far better than the propoſed alteration.

For circumſtance: Inſtruct me if Liſander
Be in your brother's houſe[25].
Ber. Upon my knowledge
He is not there.
Alc. I'm glad on't.
Ber. Why, good Sir?
Without offence I ſpeak it, there's no place
In which he is more honour'd, or more ſaf.,
Than with his friend Cleander.
Alc. In your votes[26]
I grant it true; but, as it now ſtands with him,
I can give reaſon to make ſatisfaction
For what I ſpeak: You cannot but remember
The ancient difference between Liſander
And Cloridon, a man in grace at court.
Ber. I do; and the foul plot of Cloridon's kinſmen
Upon Liſander's life, for a fall given
To Cloridon 'fore the king, as they encounter'd
At a ſolemn tilting.
Alc. It is now reveng'd.
In brief, a challenge was brought to Liſander
By one Chryſanthes; and, as far as valour
Would give him leave, declin'd by bold Liſander:
But peace refus'd, and braves on braves heap'd on him,
Alone he met the oppoſites, ending the quarrel
With both their lives.
Ber. I'm truly ſorry for't.
Alc. The king, incenſed for his favourite's death,
Hath ſet a price upon Liſander's head,
As a reward to any man that brings it,
Alive or dead: To gain this, every where
He is purſu'd and laid for; and, the friendſhip
Between him and your noble brother known,
His houſe in reaſon cannot paſs unſearch'd;
And that's the principal cauſe that drew me hither,

[25] *Be in your* father's *houſe.*] The whole ſcene proves that we ſhould read, as the Editors of 1750 propoſe, BROTHER'S *houſe.*

[26] ——— *In your* votes
I grant it true.] If this reading be genuine, *votes* muſt here ſignify *wiſhes*, or *opinions.*

To

To hasten his remove, if he had choſen
This caſtle for his ſanctuary.
Ber. 'Twas done nobly,
And you moſt welcome. This night pray you take
Lodging with us; and, at my entreaty,
Conceal it from my brother: He is grown
Exceeding mad of late; and the hard fortune
Of one he values at ſo high a rate,
Will much encreaſe his melancholy.
Alc. I am tutor'd.
Pray you lead the way.
Ber. To ſerve you, I will ſhew it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleander, with a book.

Cle. Nothing more certain than to die; but when,
Is moſt uncertain: If ſo, every hour
We ſhould prepare us for the journey, which
Is not to be put off. I muſt ſubmit
To the divine decree, not argue it,
And chearfully I welcome it: I have
Diſpos'd of my eſtate, confeſs'd my ſins,
And have remiſſion from my ghoſtly father,
Being at peace too here. The apparition
Proceeded not from fancy; Dorilaus
Saw it, and heard it with me; it made anſwer
To our demands, and promis'd, if 'twere not
Denied to him by Fate, he would forewarn me
Of my approaching end. I feel no ſymptom
Of ſickneſs; yet, I know not how, a dullneſs
Invadeth me all over. Ha!

Enter Hoſt.

Hoſt. I come, Sir,
To keep my promiſe; and, as far as ſpirits
Are ſenſible of ſorrow for the living,
I grieve to be the meſſenger to tell you,
Ere many hours paſs, you muſt reſolve
To fill a grave.
Cle. And feaſt the worms?
Hoſt. E'en ſo, Sir.

Cle. I hear it like a man.
Hoſt. It well becomes you;
There's no evading it.
Cle. Can you diſcover
By whoſe means I muſt die?
Hoſt. That is denied me:
But my prediction is too ſure: Prepare
To make your peace with Heaven; ſo farewell, Sir!
[*Exit.*

Cle. I ſee no enemy near; and yet I tremble
Like a pale coward! My ſad doom pronounc'd
By this aerial voice, as in a glaſs
Shews me my death in its moſt dreadful ſhape.
What rampire can my human frailty raiſe
Againſt the aſſault of Fate? I do begin
To fear myſelf; my inward ſtrengths forſake me;
I muſt call out for help. Within there! haſte,
And break in to my reſcue!

Enter Dorilaus, Caliſta, Olinda, Beronte, Alcidon, Servants, and Clarinda, at ſeveral doors.

Dor. Reſcue? where?
Shew me your danger.
Cal. I will interpoſe
My loyal breaſt between you and all hazard.
Ber. Your brother's ſword ſecures you.
Alc. A true friend
Will die in your defence.
Cle. I thank ye! to all my thanks!
Encompaſs'd thus with friends, how can I fear?
And yet I do! I'm wounded, mortally wounded.
Nay, it is within; I am hurt in my mind. One word—
Dor. A thouſand.
Cle. I ſhall not live to ſpeak ſo many to you.
Dor. Why? what forbids you?
Cle. But e'en now the ſpirit
Of my dead Hoſt appear'd, and told me, that
This night I ſhould be with him. Did you not meet it?
It went out at that door.

Dor.

Dor. A vain chimera,
Of your imagination! Can you think
Mine Hoſt would not as well have ſpoke to me now,
As he did in the inn? Theſe waking dreams
Not alone trouble you, but ſtrike a ſtrange
Diſtraction in your family. See the tears
Of my poor daughter, fair Olinda's ſadneſs,
Your brother's and your friend's grief, ſervants' ſorrow.
Good ſon, bear up; you've many years to live
A comfort to us all. Let's in to ſupper.
Ghoſts never walk 'till after midnight, if
I may believe my grannam. We will waſh
Theſe thoughts away with wine, ſpite of hobgoblins.
Cle. You reprehend me juſtly. Gentle madam,
And all the reſt, forgive me; I'll endeavour
To be merry with you.
Dor. That's well ſaid.
Ber. I have
Procur'd your pardon. [*To Clarinda.*
Cal. Once more I receive you
Into my ſervice; but take ſpecial care
You fall no further.
Clari. Never, madam.—Sir,
When you ſhall find fit time to call me to it, [*Apart.*
I will make good what I have ſaid.
Ber. 'Till when,
Upon your life be ſilent!
Dor. We will have
A health unto Liſander.
Cle. His name, Sir,
Somewhat revives me; but his ſight would cure me.
However, let's to ſupper.
Olin. 'Would Clarange
And Lidian were here too! as they ſhould be,
If wiſhes could prevail.
Cal. They're fruitleſs, madam. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leon.

Leon. If that report ſpeak truth, Clarinda is
Diſcharg'd her lady's ſervice, and what burden
I then have drawn upon me is apparent.

The crop ſhe reap'd from her attendance was
Her beſt revenue, and my principal means
Clarinda's bounty, tho' I labour'd hard for't,
A younger brother's fortune. Muſt I now
Have ſour ſauce, after ſweet meats? and be driven
To levy half-a-crown a week, beſides
Clouts, ſope, and candles [26], for my heir apparent,
If ſhe prove, as ſhe ſwears ſhe is, with-child?
Such as live this way, find, like me, tho' wenching
Hath a fair face, there's a dragon in the tail of't,
That ſtings to th' quick. I muſt ſculk here, until
I am reſolv'd: How my heart pants, between
My hopes and fears! She's come. Are we i'th' port?
If not, let's ſink together.

Enter Clarinda.

Clari. Things go better
Than you deſerve; you carry things ſo openly,
I muſt bear ev'ry way. I am once more
In my lady's grace.

Leon. And I in yours?

Clari. It may be;
But I have ſworn unto my lady never
To ſin again.

Leon. To be ſurpriz'd. The ſin
Is in itſelf excuſable; to be taken
Is a crime, as the poet writes.

Clari. You know my weakneſs,
And that makes you ſo confident.—You've got
A fair ſword: Was it not Liſander's?

Leon. Yes, wench;
And I grown valiant by the wearing of it:
It hath been the death of two. With this Liſander
Slew Cloridon and Chryſanthes: I took it up,

[26] *Clouts, ſope, and* candles.] In the Chances, p. 13 of this vol. Don John ſays,

——— *But to raiſe a dairy*
For other mens' adulteries, conſume myſelf in candles,
And ſcow'ring works ———

The Editors of 1750 alter *candles* to *caudles*; we have rejected their variation, in which we think ourſelves juſtified by what Leon here ſays, which proves *candles* right.

Broken

Broken i'th' handle, but that is reform'd;
And now, in my poſſeſſion, the late maſter
Dares never come to challenge it. This ſword,
And all the weapons that I have, are ever
Devoted to thy ſervice: ſhall we bill?
I'm very gameſome.

Clari. I muſt firſt diſpoſe of
The fool Malfort; he hath ſmoak'd you, and is not,
But by ſome new device, to be kept from me;
I have it here ſhall fit him. You know where
You muſt expect me; with all poſſible ſilence
Get thither.

Leon. You will follow?

Clari. Will I live?
She that is forfeited to luſt muſt die,
That humour being un-fed. Be gone; here comes
My champion, in armour. [*Exit Leon.*

Enter Malfort, in armour.

Malf. What adventure
I'm bound upon I know not, but it is
My miſtreſs' pleaſure that I ſhould appear thus.
I may perhaps be terrible to others,
But, as I am, I'm ſure my ſhadow frights me:
The claſhing of my armour, in my ears
Sounds like a paſſing-bell; and my buckler puts me
In mind of a bier; this my broad-ſword, a pick-axe
To dig my grave. Oh, love! abominable love!
What monſters iſſue from thy diſmal den
Clarinda's placket, which I muſt encounter,
Or never hope to enter.

Clari. Here's a knight-errant!—
Monſieur Malfort.

Malf. Stand, ſtand, or I'll fall for you.

Clari. Know you not my voice?

Malf. Yes, 'twas at that I trembled.
But, were my falſe friend Leon here——

Clari. 'Tis he.

Malf. Where? where?

Clari. He is not come yet.

Malf. 'Tis well for him,
I am ſo full of wrath.
Clari. Or fear.—This Leon,
Howe'er my kinſman, hath abus'd you groſly,
And this night vows to take me hence perforce,
And marry me to another: 'Twas for this,
Preſuming on your love, I did entreat you
To put your armour on, that with more ſafety
You might defend me.
Malf. And I'll do it bravely.
Clari. You muſt ſtand here to beat him off, and ſuffer
No human thing to paſs you, tho' it appear
In my lord's ſhape or lady's: Be not cozen'd
With a diſguiſe.
Malf. I have been fool'd already,
But now I'm wiſe.
Clari. You muſt ſwear not to ſtir hence.
Malf. Upon theſe lips.
Clari. Nor move until I call you.
Malf. I'll grow here rather.
Clari. This night's taſk well ended,
I'm yours tomorrow. Keep ſure guard. [*Exit.*
Malf. Adieu!
My honeycomb, how ſweet thou art, did not
A neſt of hornets keep it! what impoſſibilities
Love makes me undertake! I know myſelf
A natural coward, and, ſhould Leon come,
Tho' this were cannon-proof, I ſhould deliver
The wench before he aſk'd her. I hear ſome footing!
'Tis he: Where ſhall I hide myſelf? that is
My beſt defence.

Enter Cleander.

Cle. I cannot ſleep; ſtrange viſions
Make this poor life I fear'd of late to loſe,
A toy that I grow weary of.
Malf. 'Tis Leon.
Cle. What's that?
Malf. If you are come, Sir, for Clarinda,
I'm glad I have her for you; I reſign
My intereſt: You'll find her in her chamber;

I did

I did ſtay up to tell you ſo.
Cle. Clarinda?
And Leon? There is ſomething more in this
Than I can ſtay to aſk. [*Exit.*
Malf. What a cold pickle,
And that none of the ſweeteſt, do I find
My poor ſelf in!
Cle. [*within.*] Yield, villain!

Enter Clarinda and Leon running, Cleander following.

Clari. 'Tis my lord!
Shift for yourſelf.
Leon. His life ſhall firſt make anſwer
For this intruſion! [*Kills Cleander.*
Malf. I am going away!
I'm gone already! [*Falls in a ſwoon.*
Cle. Heav'n take mercy on
My ſoul! too true-preſaging Hoſt! [*Dies.*
Clari. He's dead,
And this wretch little better. Do you ſtare
Upon your handy-work?
Leon. I am amaz'd.
Clari. Get o'er the garden-wall; fly for your life,
But leave your ſword behind; enquire not why:
I'll faſhion ſomething out of it, tho' I periſh,
Shall make way for revenge.
Leon. Theſe are the fruits
Of luſt, Clarinda!
Clari. Hence, repenting milk-ſop! [*Exit Leon.*
Now 'tis too late. Liſander's ſword? Ay, that,
[*Puts the ſword in Malfort's hand.*
That is the baſe I'll build on. So; I'll raiſe
The houſe. Help! murder! a moſt horrid murder!
Monſieur Beronte! noble Dorilaus!
All buried in ſleep? Ah me! a murder!
A moſt unheard-of murder!

Enter Dorilaus, as from bed.

Dor. More lights, knaves!
Beronte! Alcidon! more lights!

Enter

Enter Beronte, Alcidon, and Servants with lights.

Clari. By this
I ſee too much.
Dor. My ſon Cleander bathing
In his own gore. The devil to tell truth
I'th' ſhape of an hoſt!
Ber. My brother?
Malf. I have been
I'th' other world, in hell I think, theſe devils
With fire-brands in their paws ſent to torment me
(Tho' I ne'er did the deed) for my lewd purpoſe
To be a whoremaſter.
Dor. Who's that?
Alc. 'Tis one
In armour. A bloody ſword in's hand.
Dor. Sans queſtion,
The murderer.
Malf. Who? I? you do me wrong:
I never had the heart to kill a chicken;
Nor do I know this ſword.
Alc. I do, too well.
Ber. I've ſeen Liſander wear it.
Clari. This confirms
What yeſter-night I whiſper'd: Let it work;
The circumſtance may make it good.
Malf. My lord?
And I his murderer?
Ber. Drag the villain hence!
The rack ſhall force a free confeſſion from him.
Malf. I am ſtruck dumb; you need not ſtop my mouth.
Ber. Away with him! [*Malf. carried off.*

Enter Caliſta and Olinda.

Cal. Where is my lord?
Dor. All that
Remains of him lies there. Look on this object,
And then turn marble.
Cal. I am ſo already,
Made fit to be his monument: But wherefore

Do

Do you, that have both life and motion left you,
Stand ſad ſpectators of his death, and not
Bring forth his murderer?
Ber. That lies in you:
You muſt, and ſhall produce him.
Dor. She, Beronte?
Ber. None elſe.
Dor. Thou lieſt! I'll prove it on thy head,
Or write it on thy heart.
Alc. Forbear! there is
Too much blood ſhed already.
Ber. Let not choler
Stifle your judgment! Many an honeſt father
Hath got a wicked daughter. If I prove not,
With evident proofs, her hand was in the blood
Of my dear brother, (too good a huſband for her)
Give your revenge the reins, and ſpur it forward.
Dor. In any circumſtance but ſhew her guilty,
I'll ſtrike the firſt ſtroke at her.
Ber. Let me aſk
A queſtion calmly: Do you know this ſword?
Have you not ſeen Liſander often wear it?
Dor. The ſame with which he reſcued me.
Cal. I do:
What inference from this to make me guilty?
Ber. Was he not with you in the houſe to-night?
Cal. No, on my ſoul!
Ber. Nor ever heretofore
In private with you, when you feign'd a ſickneſs,
To keep your huſband abſent?
Cal. Never, Sir,
To a diſhoneſt end.
Ber. Was not this woman
Your inſtrument? Her ſilence does confeſs it.
Here lies Cleander dead, and here the ſword
Of falſe Liſander, too long cover'd with
A maſk of ſeeming truth.
Dor. And is this all
The proof you can alledge? Liſander guilty,

Or

Or my poor daughter an adultereſs?
Suppoſe that ſhe had charg'd diſcourſe with one
To whom ſhe ow'd much more?
Cal. Thou haſt thy ends,
Wicked Clarinda! [*She falls.*
Olin. Help! the lady ſinks;
Malice hath kill'd her.
Dor. I would have her live,
Since I dare ſwear ſhe's innocent. 'Tis no time
Or place to argue now; this cauſe muſt be
Decided by the judge; and, tho' a father,
I will deliver her into the hands
Of juſtice: If ſhe prove true gold when tried,
She's mine; if not, with curſes I'll diſclaim her.
Take up your part of ſorrow; mine ſhall be
Ready to anſwer with her life the fact
That ſhe is charg'd with.
Ber. Sir, I look upon you
As on a father.
Dor. With the eyes of ſorrow,
I ſee you as a brother[27]. Let your witneſſes
Be ready.
Ber. 'Tis my care.
Alc. I am for Lidian:
This accident, no doubt, will draw him from
His hermit's life.
Clari. Things yet go right; perſiſt, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Liſander and Lancelot.

Liſ. Are the horſes dead?
Lan. Out-right. If you ride at this rate,
You muſt reſolve to kill your two a-day,

[27] *I ſee you as a* brother.] *i. e. As a partaker in ſorrow*, if the place is right: Otherwiſe, to make an *antitheſis*, it ought to be,

I ſee you as a ſon;

Beronte having before led the way by ſaying,

I look upon you as a father. *Sympſon.*

Admirable explanation!—Mr. Sympſon muſt have forgot, that Beronte was the *brother* of Cleander; and it is not clear that he remember'd Dorilaus was Caliſta's *father*.

And

And that's a large proportion.

Lif. Will you pleaſe,
At any price, and ſpeedily, to get freſh ones?
You know my danger, and the penalty
That follows it, ſhould I be apprehended:
Your duty in obeying my commands
Will in a better language ſpeak your ſervice,
Than your unneceſſary and untimely care
Of my expence.

Lan. I'm gone, Sir. [*Exit.*

Lif. In this thicket
I will expect you.—Here yet I have leiſure
To call myſelf unto a ſtrict account
For my paſs'd life, how vainly ſpent! I would
I ſtood no further guilty! but I have
A heavier reckoning to make! This hand,
Of late as white as innocence, and unſpotted,
Now wears a purple colour, died in gore;
My ſoul of the ſame tincture! Purblind paſſion,
With flatt'ring hopes, would keep me from deſpair,
Pleading I was provok'd to't; but my reaſon,
Breaking ſuch thin and weak defences, tells me,
I've done a double murder; and for what?
Was it in ſervice of the king? his edicts
Command the contrary: Or for my country?
Her genius, like a mourning mother, anſwers,
In Cloridon and Chryſanthes ſhe hath loſt
Two hopeful ſons, that might have done their parts
To guard her from invaſion. For what cauſe then?
To keep th' opinion of my valour upright
I'th' popular breath; a ſandy ground to build on!
Bought with the king's diſpleaſure, as the breach
Of Heav'n's decrees, the loſs of my true comforts,
In parents, kinſmen, friends; as the fruition
Of all that I was born to, and that ſits
Like to a hill of lead here. In my exile,
(Never to be repeal'd, if I eſcape ſo)
I have cut off all hopes ever to look on

Enter

Enter Lidian like a hermit.

Divine Caliſta, from her ſight and converſe
For ever baniſh'd!
Lid. I ſhould know this voice.
His naming too my ſiſter, whom Liſander
Honour'd, but in a noble way, aſſures me
That it can be no other: I ſtand bound
To comfort any man I find diſtreſs'd;
But to aid him that ſav'd my life, religion
And thankfulneſs, commands! and it may be
High providence for this good end hath brought him
Into my ſolitary walk.—Liſander!
Noble Liſander!
Lif. Whatſoe'er thou art,
That honourable attribute thou giv'ſt me,
I can pretend no right to. Come not near me;
I am infectious; the ſanctity
Of thy profeſſion (for thou appear'ſt
A rev'rend hermit) if thou fly not from me,
As from the plague or leproſy, can't keep thee
From being polluted.
Lid. With good counſel, Sir,
And holy prayers to boot, I may cure you,
Tho' both ways ſo infected. You look wildly,
(Peace to your conſcience!) Sir, and ſtare upon me,
As if you never ſaw me: Hath my habit
Alter'd my face ſo much, that yet you know not
Your ſervant Lidian?
Lif. I am amaz'd!
So young, and ſo religious?
Lid. I purpoſe
(Heav'n make me thankful for't) to leave the world:
I've made ſome trial of my ſtrengths in this
My ſolitary life; and yet I find not
A faintneſs to go on.
Lif. Above belief!
Do you inhabit here?
Lid. Mine own free choice, Sir:

I live

I live here poorly, but contentedly,
Becauſe I find enough to feed my fortunes;
Indeed too much: Theſe wild fields are my gardens,
The cryſtal rivers they afford their waters,
And grudge not their ſweet ſtreams to quench afflictions;
The hollow rocks their beds, which, tho' they're hard,
(The emblems of a doting lover's fortune)
Yet they are quiet; and the weary ſlumbers
The eyes catch there, ſofter than beds of down, friend;
The birds my bell to call me to devotions;
My book the ſtory of my wandring life,
In which I find more hours due to repentance
Than time hath told me yet.

Liſ. Anſwer me truly.

Lid. I will do that without a conjuration.

Liſ. I' th' depth of meditation, do you not
Sometimes think of Olinda?

Lid. I endeavour
To raze her from my memory, as I wiſh
You would do the whole ſex; for know, Liſander,
The greateſt curſe brave man can labour under,
Is the ſtrong witchcraft of a woman's eyes.
Where I find men, I preach this doctrine to 'em:
As you're a ſcholar, knowledge make your miſtreſs,
The hidden [28] beauties of the Heav'ns your ſtudy;
There ſhall you find fit wonder for your faith,
And for your eye inimitable objects;
As you're a profeſs'd ſoldier, court your honour;
Tho' ſhe be ſtern, ſhe's honeſt, a brave miſtreſs!
The greater danger you oppoſe to win her,
She ſhews the ſweeter, and rewards the nobler;
Woman's beſt loves to hers mere ſhadows be,
For after death ſhe weds your memory.
Theſe are my contemplations.

Liſ. Heav'nly ones;
And in a young man more remarkable.
But wherefore do I envy, and not tread in
This bleſſed track? Here's in the heart no falſhood

[28] *The* hidden *beauties.*] *Hidden, i. e.* unobſerv'd before. *Sympſon.*

To

To a vow'd friend, no quarrels ſeconded
With challenges, which, anſwer'd in defence
Of the word *reputation*, murder follows.
A man may here repent his ſins, and tho'
His hand like mine be ſtain'd in blood, it may be
With penitence and true contrition waſh'd off;
You've prov'd it, Lidian?

Lid. And you'll find it true,
If you perſevere.

Lif. Here then ends my flight,
And here the fury of the king ſhall find me
Prepar'd for Heav'n, if I am mark'd to die
For that I truly grieve for.

Enter Friar, and Clarange in a friar's habit.

Friar. Keep yourſelf
Conceal'd; I am inſtructed.

Clara. How the ſight
Of my dear friend confirms me!

Lif. What are theſe?

Lid. Two reverend friars; one I know.

Friar. To you
This journey is devoted.

Lid. Welcome, father!

Friar. I know your reſolution ſo well grounded,
And your adieu unto the world ſo conſtant,
That tho' I am the unwilling meſſenger
Of a ſtrange accident to try your temper,
It cannot ſhake you. You had once a friend,
A noble friend, Clarangè.

Lid. And have ſtill,
I hope, good father.

Friar. Your falſe hopes deceive you;
He's dead.

Lif. Clarangè dead?

Friar. I buried him.
Some ſaid he died of melancholy, ſome of love,
And of that fondneſs periſh'd.

Lid. Oh, Clarange!

Clara. Haſt thou ſo much brave nature, noble Lidian,

So

So tenderly to love thy rival's memory?
The bold Liſander weeps too.
Friar. I expected
That you would bear this better.
Lid. I'm a man, Sir,
And, my great loſs weigh'd duly——
Friar. His laſt words were,
After confeſſion, 'Live long, dear Lidian,
'Poſſeſs'd of all thy wiſhes!' And of me
He did deſire, bathing my hand with tears,
That with my beſt care, I ſhould ſeek and find you,
And from his dying mouth prevail ſo with you,
That you a while ſhould leave your hermit's ſtrictneſs,
And on his monument pay a tear or two,
To witneſs how you lov'd him.
Lid. Oh, my heart!
To witneſs how I lov'd him? 'Would he had not
Led me unto his grave, but ſacrific'd
His ſorrows upon mine. He was my friend,
My noble friend; I will bewail his aſhes.
His fortunes and poor mine were born together,
And I will weep 'em both: I will kneel by him,
And on his hallow'd earth do my laſt duties.
I'll gather all the pride of ſpring to deck him;
Woodbines ſhall grow upon his honour'd grave,
And, as they proſper, claſp to ſhew our friendſhip,
And, when they wither, I'll die too.
Clara. Who would not
Deſire to die, to be bewail'd thus nobly?
Friar. There is a legacy he hath bequeath'd you;
But of what value I muſt not diſcover,
Until thoſe rites and pious ceremonies
Are duly tender'd.
Lid. I'm too full of ſorrow
To be inquiſitive.
Liſ. To think of his,
I do forget mine own woes.

Enter Alcidon.

Alc. Graze thy fill, now

Th' haſt done thy buſineſs. Ha! who have we here?
Liſander? Lidian? and two rev'rend friars?
What a ſtrange ſcene of ſorrow is expreſs'd
In different poſtures, in their looks and ſtation!
A common painter eying theſe, to help
His dull invention, might draw to the life
The living ſons of Priam, as they ſtood
On the pale walls of Troy, when Hector fell
Under Achilles' ſpear. I come too late;
My horſe, tho' good and ſtrong, mov'd like a tortoiſe:
Ill news had wings, and hath got here before me.
All Pythagoreans? not a word[29]?
Lid. Oh, Alcidon!
Deep rivers with ſoft murmurs glide along,
The ſhallow roar. Clarangè!
Liſ. Cloridon!
Chryſanthes! Spare my grief, and apprehend
What I ſhould ſpeak.
Alc. Their fates I have long ſince
For your ſake mourn'd: Clarange's death (for ſo
Your ſilence doth confirm) till now I heard not:
Are theſe the bounds that are preſcrib'd unto
The ſwelling ſeas of ſorrow?
Liſ. The bounds, Alcidon[30]?
Can all the winds of miſchief from all quarters,
Euphrates, Ganges, Tigris, Volga, Po,
Paying at once their tribute to this ocean,
Make it ſwell higher? I'm a murderer,

[29] *All Pythagoreans? not a word?*] Alluding to the five years' ſilence enjoined by Pythagoras to his diſciples, before they were admitted to his converſation, or, as ſome ſay, even to the ſight of him. *R.*

The ſame expreſſion occurs in Ben Jonſon's Silent Woman, on the entrance of Truewit to Moroſe: 'Fiſhes? *Pythagoreans?*' alluding to their muteneſs and taciturnity.

[30] ——*The bounds, Alcidon?*
Can all the winds *of miſchief from all quarters,*
Euphrates, Ganges, Tigris, Volga, Po,
Paying at once their tribute to this ocean.] Mr. Seward wiſhes to read *floods* for *winds*; which Mr. Sympſon does not agree to, but puts the two laſt lines in a parentheſis. We think the paſſage requires no aſſiſtance, and that the ſimple ſenſe is, 'neither *winds* nor 'waters can add to this ſea of calamity.'

Baniſh'd,

Baniſh'd, proſcrib'd: Is there aught elſe that can
Be added to it?
Lid. I have loſt a friend,
Priz'd dearer than my being, and he dead,
My miſeries[31] at the height contemn the worſt
Of Fortune's malice.
Alc. How our human weakneſs,
Grown deſperate from ſmall diſaſters, makes us
Imagine them a period to our ſorrows,
When the firſt ſyllable of greater woes
Is not yet written!
Lid. How?
Lif. Speak it at large:
Since grief muſt break my heart, I am ambitious
It ſhould be exquiſite.
Alc. It muſt be told;
Yet, ere you hear it, with all care put on
The ſureſt armour, anvil'd in the ſhop
Of patient Fortitude. The good Cleander,
Your friend, is murder'd.
Lif. 'Tis a terrible pang,
And yet it will not do; I live yet. Act not
The torturer's part; if that there be a blow
Beyond this, give it, and at once diſpatch me.
Alc. Your ſword, died in his heart-blood, was found near him;
Your private conference at midnight urg'd
With fair Caliſta; which by her, whoſe pure truth
Would never learn to tell a lie, being granted,
She by enrag'd Beronte is accus'd
Of murder and adultery, and you
(However I dare ſwear it falſe) concluded
Her principal agent.
Lid. Wave upon wave rolls o'er me!
My ſiſter! my dear ſiſter!
Clara. Hold, great heart!

[31] *My* miſery's *at the height contemn*, &c.] So firſt folio. Second reads, *miſeries*. Octavo 1750,

——*and he dead,*
My miſery *at th' height, contemn the worſt*, &c.

Friar. Tear open his doublet.
Lif. Is this wound too narrow
For my life to get out at? Bring me to
A cannon loaded, and ſome pitying friend
Give fire unto it, while I nail my breaſt
Unto his thundring mouth, that in the inſtant
I may be piece-meal torn, and blown ſo far
As not one joint of my diſmember'd limbs
May ever be, by ſearch of man, found out.
Cleander! Yet why name I him? However
His fall deſerv'd an earthquake, if compar'd
With what true honour in Caliſta ſuffers,
Is of no moment. My good angel, keep me
From blaſphemy, and ſtrike me dumb, before
I' th' agony of my ſpirit, I do accuſe
The pow'rs above, for their unjuſt permiſſion
Of virtue, innocent virtue, to be branded
With the leaſt vicious mark.
Clara. I never ſaw
A man ſo far tranſported.
Alc. Give it way;
'Tis now no time to ſtop it.

Enter Lancelot.

Lan. Sir, I've bought
Freſh horſes; and, as you reſpect your life,
Speedily back 'em; the archers of the king's guard
Are every where in queſt of you.
Lif. My life? [*Strikes Lancelot.*
Periſh all ſuch with thee that wiſh it longer!
Let it but clear Caliſta's innocence,
And Neſtor's age to mine was youth. I'll fly
To meet the rage of my incenſed king,
And wiſh his favourite's ghoſt appear'd in flames,
To urge him to revenge. Let all the tortures
That tyranny e'er found out circle me,
Provided Juſtice ſet Caliſta free!
Alc. I'll follow him. [*Exe. Lif. Alc. and Lan.*
Lid. I'm rooted here.
Friar. Remember

Your

Your dear friend's laſt requeſt, your ſiſter's dangers,
With th' aids that you may lend her.
Lid. Pray you ſupport me;
My legs deny their office.
Clara. I grow ſtill
Further engag'd unto his matchleſs virtues;
And I am dead indeed, until I pay
The debt I owe him in a noble way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Dorilaus and Servant.

Dor. THOU haſt him ſafe?
Serv. As faſt as locks can make him:
He muſt break thro' three doors, and cut the throats
Of ten tall fellows, if that he eſcape us.
Beſides, as far as I can apprehend,
He hath no ſuch intention[32], for his looks,
Are full of penitence.
Dor. Truſt not a knave's looks;
They're like a whore's oaths. How does my poor daughter
Brook her reſtraint?
Serv. With ſuch a reſolution
As well becomes your lordſhip's child. [*Knock within.*
Dor. Who's that?

Enter Lemure.

Serv. Monſieur Lemure.
Dor. This is a ſpecial favour,
And may ſtand an example in the court
For courteſy: It is the client's duty
To wait upon his patron; you prevent me,

[32] *No ſuch* invention.] Mr. Seward concurr'd with me in the preſent alteration. *Sympſon.*

That am your humble ſuitor.

Lem. My near place
About the king, tho' it ſwell others, cannot
Make me forget your worth and age, which may
Challenge much more reſpect: And I am ſorry
That my endeavours for you have not met with
The good ſucceſs I wiſh'd; I mov'd the king
With my beſt advantage, both of time and place,
I' th' favour of your daughter.

Dor. How d' you find
His majeſty affected?

Lem. Not to be
Sway'd from the rigour of the law; yet ſo far
The rarity o' th' cauſe hath won upon him,
That he reſolves to have in his own perſon
The hearing of't; her trial will be noble,
And to my utmoſt ſtrength, where I may ſerve her,
My aids ſhall not be wanting.

Dor. I'm your ſervant.

Lem. One word more: If you love Liſander's life,
Adviſe him, as he tenders it, to keep
Out of the way; if he be apprehended,
This city cannot ranſom him. So, good morrow! [*Exit.*

Dor. All happineſs attend you! Go thy ways;
Thou haſt a clear and noble ſoul. For thy ſake,
I'll hold that man mine enemy, who dares mutter
The court is not the ſphere where Virtue moves,
Humanity and Nobleneſs waiting on her.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Two gentlemen (but what they are I know not,
Their faces are ſo muffled) preſs to ſee you,
And will not be denied.

Dor. Whate'er they are,
I am too old to fear.

Serv. They need no uſher;
They make their own way.

Enter Liſander and Alcidon.

Dor. Take you yours.—Liſander! [*Exit Servant.*

My

My joy to ſee you, and my ſorrow for
The danger you are in, contend ſo here,
(Tho' different paſſions, nay, oppos'd in nature)
I know not which to entertain.

Liſ. Your hate
Should win the victory from both: With juſtice
You may look on me as a homicide,
A man whoſe life is forfeited to th' law;
But if, howe'er I ſtand accus'd, in thought
I ſin'd againſt Cleander's life, or live
Guilty of the diſhonour of your daughter,
May all the miſeries that can fall on man
Here, or hereafter, circle me!

Dor. To me
This proteſtation's uſeleſs; I embrace you,
As the preſerver of my life, the man
To whom my ſon owes his; with life, his honour:
And howſoever your affection
To my unhappy daughter, tho' it were
(For I have ſifted her) in a noble way,
Hath printed ſome taint on her fame, and brought
Her life in queſtion; yet I would not purchaſe
The wiſh'd recovery of her reputation,
With ſtrong aſſurance of her innocence
Before the king her judge, with certain loſs
Of my Liſander, for whoſe life[33], if found,
There's no redemption: My exceſs of love
(Tho' to enjoy you one ſhort day would lengthen
My life a dozen years) boldly commands me,
Upon my knees, which yet were never bent
But to the king and Heaven, to entreat you
To fly hence with all poſſible ſpeed, and leave
Caliſta to her fortune.

Liſ. Oh, bleſs'd ſaints!
Forſake her in affliction? Can you
Be ſo unnatural to your own blood,

[33] *For* whole *life, if found.*] *Whoſe* is the right reading, the other a manifeſt error of the preſs.
Both folios read WHOSE!!! *Sympſon.*

To one ſo well deſerving, as to value
My ſafety before hers? Shall innocence
In her be branded, and my guilt eſcape
Unpuniſh'd? Does ſhe ſuffer ſo much for me,
For me unworthy, and ſhall I decline
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment,
The courſe of juſtice, to draw out a life?
A life? I ſtile it falſe, a living death,
Which, being uncompell'd laid down, will clearer,
And write her name anew in the fair legend
Of the beſt women. Seek not to diſſuade me,
I will not, like a careleſs poet, ſpoil
The laſt act of my play, 'till now applauded,
By giving the world juſt cauſe to ſay I fear'd
Death, more than loſs of honour.
Dor. But ſuppoſe
Heav'n hath deſign'd ſome other ſaving means
For her deliv'rance?
Lif. Other means? That is
A miſchief above all I have groan'd under;
Shall any other pay my debt, while I
Write myſelf bankrupt? or Caliſta owe
The leaſt beholdingneſs for that which ſhe,
On all the bonds of gratitude I've ſeal'd to,
May challenge from me to be freely tender'd?
Avert it, mercy! I'll go to my grave
Without the curſes of my creditors;
I'll vindicate her fair name, and ſo cancel
My obligation to her: To the king,
To whom I ſtand accountable for the loſs
Of two of his lov'd ſubjects' lives, I'll offer
Mine own in ſatisfaction; to Heav'n
I'll pay my true repentance; to the times
Preſent, and future, I'll be regiſter'd
A memorable precedent to admoniſh
Others, however valiant, not to truſt
To their abilities to dare and do;
And much leſs for the airy words of honour,
And falſe-ſtamp'd reputation, to ſhake off

The

The chains of their religion and allegiance,
The principal means appointed to prefer
Societies and kingdoms[34]. [*Exit.*

Dor. Let's not leave him;
His mind's much troubled.

Alc. Were your daughter free,
(Since from her dangers his diſtraction riſes)
His cauſe is not ſo deſperate for the ſlaughter
Of Floridon and Chryſanthes, but it may
Find paſſage to the mercy of the king,
The motives urg'd in his defence, that forc'd him
To act that bloody ſcene.

Dor. Heav'n can ſend aids,
When they are leaſt expected. Let us walk;
The hour of trial draws near.

Alc. May it end well! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Olinda and Lidian.

Olin. That for my love you ſhould turn hermit, Lidian,
As much amazes me as your report
Clarangè's dead.

Lid. He is ſo, and all comforts
My youth can hope for, madam, with him buried;
Nor had I ever left my cell, but that
He did enjoin me at his death to ſhed
Some tears of friendſhip on his monument;
And thoſe laſt rites perform'd, he did bequeath you,
As the beſt legacy a friend could give,
Or I indeed could wiſh, to my embraces.

Olin. 'Tis ſtill more ſtrange; is there no foul play in it?
I muſt confeſs I am not ſorry, Sir,
For your fair fortune; yet 'tis fit I grieve
The moſt untimely death of ſuch a gentleman;

34 ——*appointed to* prefer *Societies*, &c.] The Editors of 1750 think it probable we ſhould read *preſerve* inſtead of *prefer*. We do not conceive any variation neceſſary, *prefer* meaning PROMOTE *the intereſt and welfare of ſocieties and kingdoms.*

He

He was my worthy ſervant.
Lid. And for this
Acknowledgment, if I could prize you at
A higher rate, I ſhould; he was my friend,
My deareſt friend.
Olin. But how ſhould I be aſſur'd, Sir,
(For ſlow belief is the beſt friend of truth)
Of this gentleman's death? If I ſhould credit it,
And afterward it fall out contrary,
How am I ſham'd! how is your virtue tainted!
Lid. There is a friar that came along with me,
His buſineſs, to deliver you a letter
From dead Clarangè: You ſhall hear his teſtimony.
Father! my reverend father! Look upon him;
Such holy men are authors of no fables.

Enter Clarange and Friar.

Olin. They ſhould not be; their lives and their opinions,
Like brighteſt pureſt flames, ſhould ſtill burn upwards.
To me, Sir? [*Clârange delivers a letter.*
Clara. If you are the fair Olinda.
Friar. I do not like theſe croſs points.
Clara. Give me leave;
I'm neareſt to myſelf: What I have plotted
Shall be purſu'd; you muſt not over-rule me.
Olin. D' you put the firſt hand to your own undoing
Play to betray your game? Mark but this letter!
'Lady, I'm come to claim your noble promiſe: [*Reads.*
'If you be miſtreſs of your word, you're mine;
'I'm laſt return'd. Your riddle is diſſolv'd[35],
'And I attend your faith. Your humble ſervant,
Clarange.'
Is this the friar that ſaw him dead?
Lid. 'Tis he;
Clarangè, on my life! I am defeated!

35 *Your* RIDDLE *is* DISSOLV'D.] This confirms, we apprehend, the conjecture offered in p. 394. But ſhould not we read here,
——*your riddle is* RESOLV'D.

Such

Such reverend habits juggle? my true ſorrow
For a falſe friend, not worth a tear, derided?
Friar. You have abus'd my truſt.
Olin. It is not well,
Nor like a gentleman.
Clara. All ſtratagems
In love, and that the ſharpeſt war, are lawful.
By your example, I did change my habit,
Caught you in your own toil, and triumph in it;
And what by policy's got, I will maintain
With valour! No Liſander ſhall come in
Again to fetch you off.
Lid. His honour'd name,
Pronounc'd by ſuch a treacherous tongue, is tainted.
Maintain thy treaſon with thy ſword? With what
Contempt I hear it! in a wilderneſs
I durſt encounter it, and would, but that
In my retired hours, (not counterfeited
As thy religious ſhape was) I have learn'd,
When juſtice may determine, ſuch a cauſe,
And of ſuch weight, as this fair lady is,
Muſt not be put to Fortune. I appeal
Unto the king; and he whoſe wiſdom knows
To do his ſubjects right in their eſtates,
As graciouſly with judgment will determine
In points of honour.
Olin. I'll ſteer the ſame courſe with you.
Clara. I'll ſtand the trial.
Friar. What have you done? or what
Intend you?
Clara. Aſk not; I'll come off with honour. [*Exe.*

Enter Beronte, Clarinda, Malfort; a bar ſet forth, officers.

Ber. Be conſtant in your proofs: Should you ſhrink back now,
Your life muſt anſwer it; nor am I ſafe,
My honour being engag'd to make that good
Which you affirm.
Clari. I'm confident, ſo dearly

I honour'd

I honour'd my dead lord, that no reſpect,
Or of my lady's bounties, (which were great ones,
I muſt confeſs) nor of her former life,
(For while that ſhe was chaſte, indeed I lov'd her)
Shall hinder me from lending my aſſiſtance
Unto your juſt revenge—mine own I mean.— [*Aſide.*
If Leon keep far off enough, all's ſecure.
Liſander dares not come in; modeſt bluſhes
Parted with me long ſince, and impudence,
Arm'd with my hate unto her innocence,
Shall be the weapon I will fight with now.

Ber. The rack
Being preſented to you, you'll roar out
What you conceal yet.

Malf. Conceal? I know nothing
But that I ſhall be hang'd, and that I look for:
It is my deſtiny; I ever had
A hanging look; and a wiſe woman told me,
Tho' I had not the heart to do a deed
Worthy the halter, in my youth or age,
I ſhould take a turn with a wry mouth; and now
'Tis come about. I have penn'd mine own ballad
Before my condemnation, in fear
Some rhimer ſhould prevent me.—Here's my lady:
'Would I were in Heaven, or a thouſand miles hence,
That I might not bluſh to look on her!

Enter Dorilaus, Caliſta, and Olinda.

Dor. You
Behold this preparation, and the enemies
Who are to fight againſt your life; yet if
You bring no witneſs here, that may convince you
Of breach of faith to your lord's bed, and hold up
Unſpotted hands before the king, this trial
You are to undergo will but refine,
And not conſume, your honour.

Cal. How confirm'd
I am here, whatſoever fate falls on me,
You ſhall have ample teſtimony. 'Till the death

Of

Of my dear lord, (to whoſe ſad memory
I pay a mourning widow's tears) I liv'd
Too happy in my holiday trim of glory,
And courted with felicity [36]; that drew on me,
With other helps of nature, as of fortune,
The envy, not the love, of moſt that knew me;
This made me to preſume too much, perhaps
Too proud; but I am humbled: And if now
I do make it apparent, I can bear
Adverſity with ſuch a conſtant patience
As will ſet off my innocence, I hope, Sir,
In your declining age, when I ſhould live
A comfort to you, you ſhall have no cauſe,
Howe'er I ſtand accus'd, to hold your honour
Shipwreck'd in ſuch a daughter.

Olin. Oh, beſt friend!
My honour's at the ſtake too; for——

Dor. Be ſilent:
The king!

Enter King, Lemure, and attendants.

Lem. Sir, if you pleaſe to look upon
The priſoner, and the many ſervices
Her father hath done for you——

King. We muſt look on
The cauſe, and not the perſons. Yet beholding,
With an impartial eye, th' excelling beauties
Of this fair lady, (which we did believe
Upon report, but till now never ſaw 'em)
It moves a ſtrange kind of compaſſion in me.
Let us ſurvey you nearer! She's a book
To be with care perus'd; and 'tis my wonder,
If ſuch miſhapen gueſts as Luſt and Murder,

[36] Courted *with felicity.*] The whole ſenſe of the paſſage calls manifeſtly for a change of,

Courted *with felicity,*

Into

Sported *with felicity.* *Sympſon.*

Courted WITH *felicity* is here uſed (rather licentiouſly) for *courted* BY *felicity,* gives very good ſenſe, and calls for no change.

At

At any price, ſhould ever find a lodging
In ſuch a beauteous inn! Miſtake us not;
Tho' we admire the outward ſtructure, if
The rooms be foul within, expect no favour.
I were no man, if I could look on beauty
Diſtreſs'd, without ſome pity; but no king,
If any ſuperficial gloſs of feature
Could work me to decline the courſe of juſtice.
But to the cauſe, Cleander's death! what proofs
Can you produce againſt her?

Ber. Royal Sir,
Touching that point, my brother's death, we build
On ſuppoſitions——.

King. Suppoſitions? how?
Is ſuch a lady, Sir, to be condemn'd
On ſuppoſitions?

Ber. They're well-grounded, Sir;
And if we make it evident ſhe's guilty
Of the firſt crime we charge her with, Adultery,
That being the parent, it may find belief
That murder was the iſſue.

King. We allow
It may be ſo; but that it may be, muſt not
Infer a neceſſary conſequence
To caſt away a lady's life. What witneſſes
To make this good?

Ber. The principal, this woman,
For many years her ſervant; ſhe hath taken
Her oath in court. Come forward!

King. By my crown,
A lying face!

Clari. I ſwore, Sir, for the King;
And if you are the party, as I do
Believe you are, (for you have a good face,
However mine appears) ſwearing for you, Sir,
I ought to have my oath paſs.

King. Impudent too?
Well, what have you ſworn?

Clari. That this lady was

A goodly

A goodly tempting lady, as ſhe is:
How thinks your majeſty? And I her ſervant,
Her officer, as one would ſay, and truſted
With her cloſeſt chamber-ſervice; that Liſander
Was a fine-timber'd gentleman, and active;
That he could do fine gambols
To make a lady merry; that this pair,
A very loving couple, mutually
Affected one another: So much for them, Sir!
That I, a ſimple waiting-woman, having taken
My bodily oath, the firſt night of admittance
Into her ladyſhip's ſervice, on her ſlippers,
(That was the book) to ſerve her will in all things,
And to know no religion but her pleaſure,
('Tis not yet out of faſhion with ſome ladies)
That I, as the premiſes ſhew, being commanded
To do my function, in conveyance of
Liſander to her chamber, (my lord abſent,
On a pretended ſickneſs) did the feat,
(It cannot be denied) and at dead midnight
Left 'em together: What they did, ſome here
Can eaſily imagine. I have ſaid, Sir.

Doct. The devil's oratrix!

King. Then you confeſs
You were her bawd?

Clari. That's coarſe; her agent, Sir.

King. So, goody Agent! And you think there is
No puniſhment due for your agentſhip?

Clari. Let her ſuffer firſt,
Being my better, for adultery,
And I'll endure the mulct impos'd on bawds,
Call it by the worſt name.

Cal. Live I to hear this?

King. Take her aſide. Your anſwer to this, lady.

Cal. Heav'n grant me patience! To be thus confronted
(Oh, pardon, royal Sir, a woman's paſſion!)
By one (and this the worſt of my misfortunes)
That was my ſlave, but never to ſuch ends, Sir,

Would

Would give a ſtatue motion into fury.
Let my paſt life, my actions, nay intentions,
Be by my grand accuſer juſtly cenſur'd,
(For her I ſcorn to anſwer) and if they
Yield any probability of truth
In that ſhe urges, then I will confeſs
A guilty cauſe. The peoples' voice, which is
The voice of truth, my huſband's tenderneſs
In his affection to me, (that, no dotage,
But a reward of humbleneſs) the friendſhip
Echo'd thro' France between him and Liſander,
All make againſt her. For him, in his abſence,
(Whatever imputation it draw on me)
I muſt take leave to ſpeak: 'Tis true, he lov'd me,
But not in ſuch a wanton way; his reaſon
Maſter'd his paſſions: I grant I had
At midnight conf'rence with him; but if he
Ever receiv'd a further favour from me
Than what a ſiſter might give to a brother,
May I ſink quick! And thus much, (did he know
The ſhame I ſuffer for him, with the loſs
Of his life for appearing) on my ſoul,
He would maintain.

Enter Liſander and Alcidon.

Liſ. And will, thou clear example
Of womens' pureneſs!

King. Tho' we hold her ſuch,
Thou haſt expreſs'd thyſelf a deſp'rate fool,
To thruſt thy head into the lion's jaws,
The juſtice of thy king.

Liſ. I came prepar'd for't,
And offer up a guilty life to clear
Her innocence: The oath ſhe took, I ſwear to;
And for Cleander's death, to purge myſelf
From any colour malice can paint on me,
Or that ſhe had a hand in't, I can prove
That fatal night when he in's own houſe fell,
And many days before, I was diſtant from it

A long

A long day's journey.

Clari. I am caught. [*Aſide.*

Ber. If ſo,
How came your ſword into this ſteward's hands?
Stand forth.

Malf. I have heard nothing that you ſpake:
I know I muſt die; and what kind of death
Pray you reſolve me; I ſhall go away elſe
In a qualm; I'm very faint.

Enter Leon, Servants, and guard.

King. Carry him off;
His fear will kill him. [*Malf. carried off.*

Dor. Sir, 'twas my ambition,
My daughter's reputation being wounded
I'th' general opinion, to have it
Cur'd by a public trial; I had elſe
Forborne your majeſty's trouble. I'll bring forth
Cleander's murderer; in a wood I heard him,
As I rode ſadly by, unto himſelf,
With ſome compunction, tho' this devil had none,
Lament what he had done, curſing her luſt
That drew him to that bloody fact.

Leon. To leſſen
The foulneſs of it, (for which I know juſtly
I am to ſuffer) and with my laſt breath
To free theſe innocents, I do confeſs all,
This wicked woman only guilty with me.

Clari. Is't come to this? Thou puling rogue! die thou
With prayers in thy mouth; I'll curſe the laws
By which I ſuffer! All I grieve for is,
That I die unreveng'd.

Leon. But one word more, Sir,
And I have done: I was by accident where
Liſander met with Cloridon and Chryſanthes,
Was an ear-witneſs when he ſought for peace,
Nay, begg'd it upon colder terms than can
Almoſt find credit, his paſt deeds conſider'd;

But they, deaf to his reaſons, ſev'rally
Aſſaulted him; but ſuch was his good fortune,
That both fell under it. Upon my death
I take it uncompell'd, that they were guilty
Of their own violent ends; and he, againſt
His will, the inſtrument.

Alc. This I will ſwear too;
For I was not far off.

Dor. They have alledg'd
As much to wake your ſleeping mercy, Sir,
As all the advocates of France can plead
In his defence.

King. The criminal judge ſhall ſentence
Theſe to their merits. With mine own hand, lady,
I take you from the bar, and do myſelf
Pronounce you innocent.

[*Leon and Clarinda taken away guarded.*

All. Long live the King!

King. And, to confirm you ſtand high in our favour,
And as ſome recompence for what you have
With too much rigour in your trial ſuffer'd,
Aſk what you pleaſe, becoming me to grant,
And be poſſeſs'd of't.

Cal. Sir, I dare not doubt
Your royal promiſe; in a king it is
A ſtrong aſſurance; that emboldens me
Upon my humble knees to make my boon
Liſander's pardon!

Dor. My good genius
Did prompt her to it.

Lem. At your feet thus proſtrate,
I ſecond her petition.

Alc. Never king
Pour'd forth his mercy on a worthier ſubject.

Ber. To witneſs my repentance, for the wrong
In my unjuſt ſuſpicion I did both,
I join in the ſame ſuit.

Liſ. The life you give,
Still ready to lay down for your ſervice,

Shall

Shall be againſt your enemies employ'd,
Not hazarded in brawls.
All. Mercy, dread Sir!
King. So many preſſing me, and with ſuch reaſons
Moving compaſſion, I hope it will not
Be cenſur'd levity in me, tho' I borrow
In this from juſtice, to relieve my mercy:
I grant his pardon at your interceſſion,
But ſtill on this condition; you, Liſander,
In expiation of your guilt, ſhall build
A monument for my Cloridon and Cryſanthes;
And never henceforth draw a ſword, but when
By us you are commanded, in defence of
The Flower-de-Luce; and, after one year's ſorrow
For your dear friend Cleander's wretched fate,
Marry Caliſta.

Enter Lidian.

Liſ. On your ſacred hand,
I vow to do it ſeriouſly.
Lid. Great Sir, ſtay!
Leave not your ſeat of juſtice, 'till you have
Giv'n ſentence in a cauſe as much important
As this you have determin'd.
King. Lidian?

Enter Clarange and Friar.

Lid. He, Sir,
Your humbleſt ſubject. I accuſe Clarange
Of falſhood in true friendſhip at the height;
We both were ſuitors to this lady, both
Enjoin'd one penance——
Clara. Trouble not the King
With an unneceſſary repetition,
Of what the court's familiar with already.
King. Clarangè?
Dor. With a ſhaven crown?
Olin. Moſt ſtrange!
Clara. Look on thy rival—your late ſervant, madam,

But now devoted to a better miſtreſs,
The Church, whoſe orders I have took upon me:
I here deliver up my intereſt in her [37],
And what was got with cunning (as you thought)
I ſimply thus ſurrender. Heretofore,
You did outſtrip me in the race of friendſhip;
I am your equal now.

Dor. A ſuit ſoon ended!

Clara. And joining thus your hands, (I know both willing)
I may do in the church my friar's office
In marrying you.

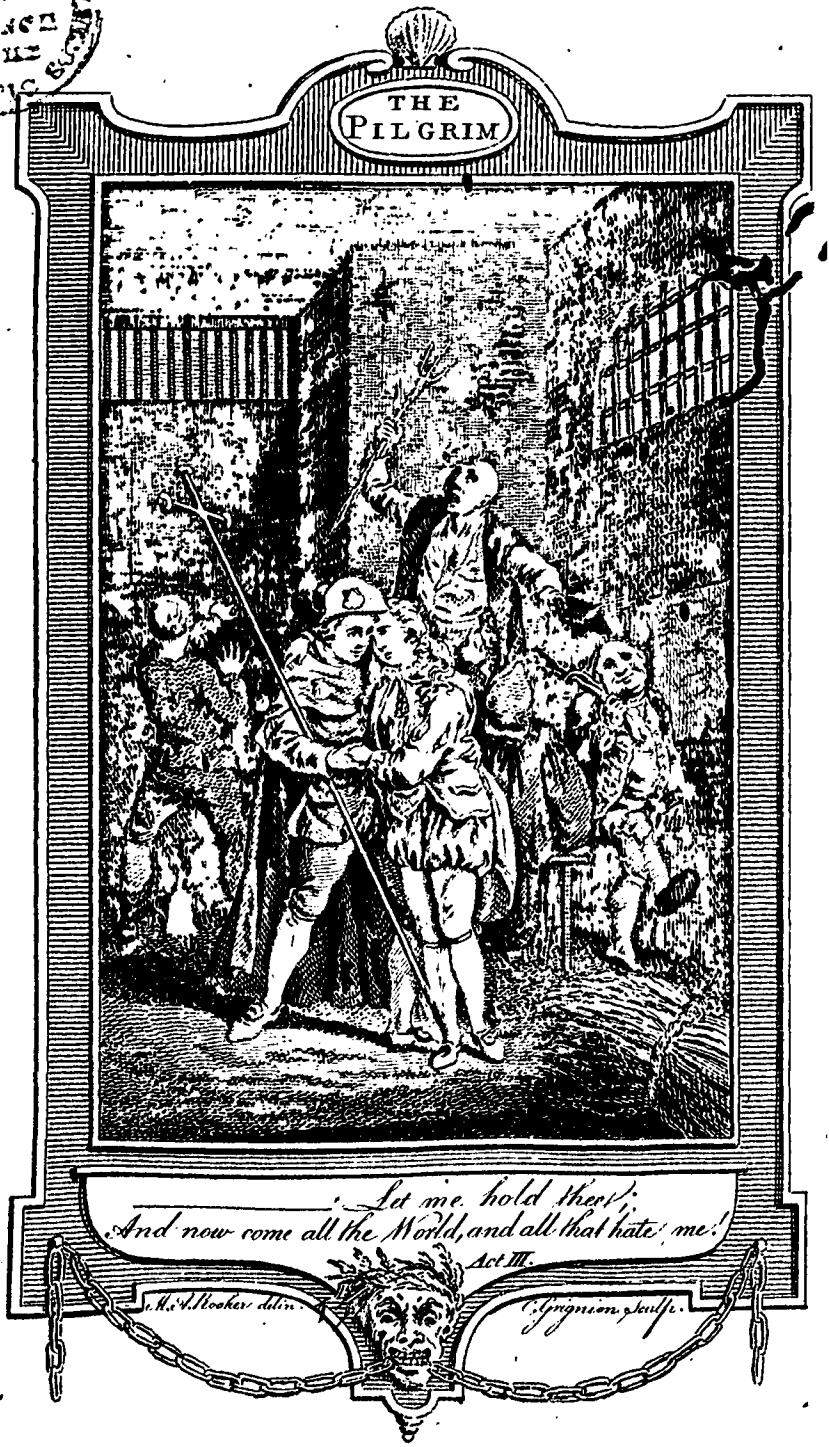
Lid. The victory is yours, Sir.

King. It is a glorious one, and well ſets off
Our ſcene of mercy. To the dead we tender
Our ſorrow; to the living, ample wiſhes
Of future happineſs. 'Tis a King's duty
To prove himſelf a father to his ſubjects
And I ſhall hold it, if this well ſucceed,
A meritorious and praiſe-worthy deed. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

STILL doubtful, and perplex'd too, whether be
Hath done Fletcher right in this hiſtory,
The Poet ſits within; ſince he muſt know it,
He, with reſpect, deſires that you would ſhew it
By ſome accuſtom'd ſign; if from our action,
Or his endeavours, you meet ſatisfaction,
With ours he hath his ends; we hope the beſt,
To make that certainty in you doth reſt.

37 *Intereſt* to *her.*] Former editions.


THE PILGRIM
Let me hold thee;
And now come all the World, and all that hate me!
Act III.

THE

PILGRIM.

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner aſcribe this Play to Fletcher alone. In the year 1700, *Sir John Vanbrugh altered it, at the deſire of Mr. Dryden, for whoſe benefit it was then repreſented at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane. Mr. Dryden added to it a Prologue, Epilogue, Dialogue, and Maſque, which were the laſt productions of his muſe. The Play, with Vanbrugh's alterations, hath been performed at Covent-Garden Theatre within a very few years paſt. It was acted at Drury-Lane Theatre alſo, while under Mr. Garrick's management. The Pilgrim was originally printed in the folio of* 1647.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Governor *of Segovia.*
Verdugo, *a captain under him.*
Alphonſo, *an old angry gentleman.*
Curio, Seberto, } *two gentlemen, friends to Alphonſo.*
Pedro, *the* Pilgrim, *a noble gentleman, ſervant to Alinda.*
An Old Pilgrim.
Roderigo, *rival to Pedro, captain of the outlaws.*
Lopez, Jaques, } *two outlaws under Roderigo.*
A Gentleman *of the country.*
Maſter *and* Keepers *of the mad folks.*
A Scholar, *A* Parſon, *An* Engliſhman, Jenkin, *a Welſhman,* } *madmen.*

Courtiers, Porter, three Gentlemen, and four Peaſants.

WOMEN.

Alinda, *daughter to Alphonſo.*
Juletta, *Alinda's maid, a witty laſs.*
Fool.
Ladies.

SCENE, SPAIN.

THE

THE PILGRIM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonſo, Curio, and Seberto.

Curio. SIGNOR Alphonſo, ye're too rugged to her,
Believe't, too full of harſhneſs.
Alph. Yes, it ſeems ſo!
Seb. A father of ſo ſweet a child, ſo happy,
(Fy, Sir!) ſo excellent in all endowments,
In bleſſedneſs of beauty, ſuch a mirror.
Alph. She is a fool; away!
Seb. Can you be angry?
Can any wind blow rough, upon a bloſſom
So fair and tender? Can a father's nature,
A noble father's too——
Alph. All this is but prating:
Let her be rul'd; let her obſerve my humour;
With my eyes let her ſee; with my ears liſten:
I am her father; I begot her, bred her,
And I will make her——
Curio. No doubt, you may compel her;
But what a miſchievous unhappy fortune
May wait upon this will of yours! as commonly
Such forcings ever end in hates and ruins——
Alph. Is't not a man I wiſh her to? a ſtrong man?
What can ſhe have? what would ſhe have? a gentleman?
A young man? and an able man? a rich man?
A handſome man? a valiant man? d'you mark me?

None of your piec'd companions, your pin'd gallants,
That fly to fitters[1], with ev'ry flaw of weather;
None of your impt bravadoes: What can ſhe aſk more?
Is't not a mettled man, fit for a woman?
A ſtrong-chin'd man? I'll not be fool'd, nor flurted!

Seb. I grant you, Roderigo is all theſe,
And a brave gentleman: Muſt it therefore follow
Upon neceſſity ſhe muſt dote upon him?
Will you allow no liberty in chuſing?

Curio. Alas! ſhe's tender yet.

Alph. Enough, enough, enough, Sir;
She's malleable, ſhe'll endure the hammer:
And why not that ſtrong workman that ſtrikes deepeſt?
Let me know that: She's fifteen, with the vantage,
And if ſhe be not ready now for manage——

Seb. You know he is a baniſh'd man, an outlaw,
And how he lives; his nature rough, and bloody
By cuſtomary rapines: Now, her ſweet humour,
That is as eaſy as a calm, and peaceful;
All her affections, like the dews on roſes;
Fair as the flowers themſelves, as ſweet and gentle;
How would you have theſe meet?

Alph. A-bed, a-bed, Sir:
Let her be the faireſt roſe, and the ſweeteſt,
Yet I know this fair roſe muſt have her prickles.
I grant you, Roderigo is an outlaw;
An eaſy compoſition calls him in again.
He is a valiant man, and he's a rich man,
And loves the fool; a little rough by cuſtom;
She'll like him ten times better. She'll dote upon him,
(If e'er they come to grappling) run mad for him:
But there's another in the wind, ſome caſtrel,
That hovers over her, and dares her daily[2].
Some flickring ſlave!

Curio. I dare not think ſo poorly.

---

[1] *Fitters.*] See note 35 on the Cuſtom of the Country.

[2] *And* dares *her daily.*] *i. e.* Makes her afraid. *Sympſon.*

This is a ſtrange way of acquiring a preference.—A *caſtrel* is a mean kind of hawk, and *dare*, in terms of hawking, ſignifies to *allure*.

Alph.

Alph. Something there is, and muſt be; but I ſhall ſcent it,
And hunt it narrowly.
Seb. I never ſaw her yet
Make offer at the leaſt glance of affection,
But ſtill ſo modeſt, wiſe——
Alph. They're wiſe to gull us.
There was a fellow, old Fernando's ſon,
(I muſt confeſs handſome, but my enemy,
And the whole family I hate) young Pedro;
That fellow I have ſeen her gaze upon,
And turn, and gaze again, and make ſuch offers
As if ſhe'd ſhoot her eyes like meteors at him:
But that cauſe ſtands remov'd.
Curio. You need not doubt him,
For long ſince (as 'twas thought, on a griev'd conſcience)
He left his father, and his friends; more pity!
For truth reports he was a noble gentleman.
Alph. Let him be what he will, he was a beggar!
And there I'll leave him.
Seb. The more the court muſt anſwer.
But certainly I think, tho' ſhe might favour him,
And love his goodneſs, (as he was an honeſt man)
She never with looſe eyes ſtuck on his perſon.
Alph. She is ſo full of conſcience too, and charity,
And outward holineſs, ſhe will undo me;
Relieves more beggars than an hoſpital;
And all poor rogues, that can but ſay their prayers,
And turn their pipes to lamentations,

Enter Alinda and Juletta.

She thinks ſhe's bound to dance to.—Good-morrow to you!
And that's as you deſerve too! You know my mind,
And ſtudy to obſerve it; do it chearfully,
And readily, and home!
Alin. I ſhall obey you;
But, noble Sir——
Alph. Come, come, away with your flatteries,

And

And your fine phraſes——

Curio. Pray you be gentle to her.

Alph. I know 'em, and know your feats! If you will find me
Noble and loving, ſeek me in your duty;
You know I'm too indulgent.

Seb. Alas, poor lady!

Alph. To your devotions! I take no good thing from you.
Come, gentlemen, leave pitying and moaning of her,
And praiſing of her virtues, and her whim-whams:
It makes her proud, and ſturdy. [*Exit.*

Seb. Curio. Good hours wait on you! [*Exeunt.*

Alin. I thank ye, gentlemen: I want ſuch comforts.
I would thank you too, father, but your cruelty
Hath almoſt made me ſenſeleſs of my duty;
Yet ſtill I muſt know—'would I had known nothing!
What poor attend my charity to-day, wench?

Jul. Of all ſorts, madam; your open-handed bounty
Makes 'em flock every hour: Some worth your pity,
But others that have made a trade of begging.

Alin. Wench, if they aſk it truly, I muſt give it:
It takes away the holy uſe of charity
To examine wants.

Jul. I would you would be merry!
A chearful-giving hand, as I think, madam,
Requires a heart as chearful.

Alin. Alas, Juletta,
What is there to be merry at? what joy now,
Unleſs we fool our own afflictions,
And make them ſhew ridiculous?

Jul. Sure, madam,
You could not ſeem thus ſerious, if you were married,
Thus ſad, and full of thoughts.

Alin. Married? to whom, wench?
Thou think'ſt if there be a young handſome fellow,
As thoſe are plentiful, our cares are quench'd then.

Jul. Madam, I think a luſty handſome fellow,
If he be kind and loving, and a right one,

Is

Is ev'n as good a pill to purge this melancholy,
As ever Galen gave; I'm ſure more natural,
And merrier for the heart, than wine and ſaffron:
Madam, a wanton youth is ſuch a cataplaſm——
Alin. Wh' has been thy tutor, wench?
Jul. Ev'n my own thoughts, lady;
For tho' I be barr'd the liberty of talking,
Yet I can think unhappily, and as near the mark, madam:
'Faith, marry, and be merry.
Alin. Who will have me?
Who will be troubled with a tettiſh girl?
(It may be proud, and to that vice expenceful)
Who can aſſure himſelf I ſhall live honeſt?
Jul. Let ev'ry man take his fortune.
Alin. And, o' my conſcience,
If once I grow to breeding, a whole kingdom
Will not contain my ſtock.
Jul. The more the merrier:
'Tis brave to be a mother of new nations.
Alin. Why, I ſhould bury a hundred huſbands.
Jul. 'Tis no matter,
As long as you leave ſufficient men to ſtock you.
Alin. Is this thy mirth? are theſe the joys of marriage?
Away, light-headed fool! are theſe contentments?
If I could find a man——
Jul. You may, a thouſand.
Alin. Mere men I know I may: And there a woman
Has liberty (at leaſt ſhe'll venture for it)
To be a monſter, and become the time too;
But to enjoy a man, from whoſe example,
As from a compaſs, we may ſteer our fortunes,
Our actions, and our age, and ſafe arrive at
A memory that ſhall become our aſhes,
Such things are few, and far to ſeek; to find one
That can but rightly manage the wild beaſt Woman,
And ſweetly govern her[3]—But no more of this, wench;

[3] *And ſweetly govern* with *her.*] We have, contrary to the authority of all the copies, omitted the word *with*, as materially injuring the ſenſe of this paſſage.

'Tis

'Tis not for thy diſcourſe: Let's in, and ſee
What poor afflicted wait our charity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter a Porter, four Beggars, Pedro, and Old Pilgrim.

Por. Stand off, and keep your ranks! Twenty foot further;
There louſe yourſelves with reaſon and diſcretion.
The ſun ſhines warm; the further ſtill the better:
Your beaſts will bolt anon, and then 'tis dangerous.

1 *Beg.* Heav'n bleſs our miſtreſs!

Por. Does the crack go that way?
'Twill be o' th' other ſide anon.

2 *Beg.* Pray you, friend——

Por. Your friend? and why your friend? Why, goodman Turncoat,
What doſt thou ſee within me, or without me,
Or what itch doſt thou know upon me, tell me,
That I ſhould be thy friend? What do I look like?
Any of thy acquaintance hung in gibbets?
Haſt thou any friends, kindred, or alliance,
Or any higher ambition than an alms-baſket?

2 *Beg.* I would be your worſhip's friend.

Por. So you ſhall, ſirrah,
When I quarter the ſame louſe with you.

3 *Beg.* 'Tis twelve o'clock.

Por. 'Tis ever ſo with thee, when th' haſt done ſcratching,
For that provokes thy ſtomach to ring noon.
Oh, the infinite ſeas of porridge thou haſt ſwallow'd!
And yet thou look'ſt as if they had been but cliſters:
Thou feedſt abundance, thou hadſt need of ſuſtenance.
Alms do you call it to relieve theſe raſcals?
Nothing but a gen'ral rot of ſheep can ſatisfy 'em!

Enter Alphonſo, Curio, and Seberto.

Alph. Did not I tell you, how ſhe would undo me?
What

What marts of rogues and beggars!
Seb. It is charity:
Methinks you are bound to love her for——
Alph. Yes, I warrant you!
If men could ſail to Heav'n in porridge-pots,
With maſts of beef and mutton, what a voyage ſhould I make!
What are all theſe?
1 *Beg.* Poor people, an't like your worſhip!
2 *Beg.* Wretched poor people!
3 *Beg.* Very hungry people!
Alph. And very louſy.
4 *Beg.* Yes, forſooth, ſo, ſo.
Por. I'll undertake five hundred head about 'em,
And that's no needy graſier.
Alph. What are you?
Old Pil. Strangers that come to wonder at your charity,
Yet people poor enough to beg a bleſſing.
Curio. Uſe them with favour, Sir; their ſhows are reverend.
It ſeems ye're holy pilgrims?
Old Pil. You gueſs right, Sir;
And bound far off, to offer our devotions.
Alph. What make ye this way? We keep no relics here,
Nor holy ſhrines.
Old Pil. The holieſt we e'er heard of;
You keep a living monument of goodneſs,
A daughter of that pious excellence,
The very ſhrines of ſaints ſink[3] at her virtues,
And ſweat[4] they cannot hold pace with her pieties.
We come to ſee this lady; not with prophane eyes,
Nor wanton bloods, to dote upon her beauties,
But, thro' our tedious ways, to beg her bleſſings.

[3] *Shrines of ſaints* ſink *at*——] The Poet probably deſigned to ſay *ſhrink*. *Sympſon.*

[4] *And* ſwear *they cannot*, &c.] *Sweat* is undoubtedly the true word, being the proper metaphor to *ſhrines*. *Seward.*

Alph.

Alph. This is a new way of begging, and a neat one,
And this cries money for reward; good ſtore too:
Theſe commendations beg not with bag, and bottle.
Well, well, the fainting of this woman, gentlemen,
I know what it muſt come to; theſe women-ſaints
Are plaguy heavy ſaints, they out-weigh a he-ſaint
Three thouſand thick; I know, I feel.

Seb. You're more afraid than hurt, Sir.

Alph. Have you your commendations ready too?
He bows, and nods.

Curio. A handſome well-built perſon.

Alph. What country-craver are you?—Nothing but motion?
A puppet-pilgrim?

Old Pil. He's a ſtranger, Sir;
This four days I have travell'd in his company,
But little of his buſineſs, or his language,
As yet I've underſtood.

Seb. Both young and handſome;
Only the ſun has been too ſaucy with him.

Alph. Would you have money, Sir, or meat? what kind of bleſſing
Does your devotion look for?—Still more ducking!
Be there any ſaints that underſtand by ſigns only?
More motion yet?—This is the prettieſt Pilgrim,
The pink of Pilgrims! I'll be for you, Sir:
Do you diſcourſe with ſigns? You're heartily welcome,
A poor *viaticum!*—Very good gold, Sir;
But holy men affect a better treaſure:
I kept it for your goodneſs; but, nevertheleſs,
Since it can prove but burdenſome to your holineſs,
And you affect light prayer, fit for carriage,
I'll put this up again.

Curio. You're too unreverent;
You talk too broad[6].

Alph. Muſt I give way, and wealth too,

[6] Alph. *Ye talk too broad.*] Theſe words are, we think, the concluſion of Curio's ſpeech, and that Alphonſo's begins with, *Muſt I give away*, &c.

To

To every toy, that carries a grave ſeeming?
Muſt my good angels wait on him?—If the proud hilding[7]
Would yield but to my will, and know her duty,
I know what I would ſuffer.

Seb. Good Sir, be patient!
The wrongs you do theſe men may light on you,
Too heavy too; and then you'll wiſh you'd ſaid leſs:
A comely and ſweet uſage becomes ſtrangers.

Alph. We ſhall have half the kingdom ſtrangers ſhortly,
An this fond prodigality be ſuffer'd;
But I muſt be an aſs! See 'em reliev'd, ſirrah.
If I were young again, I would ſooner get bear-whelps,
And ſafer too, than any of theſe ſhe-ſaints!
But I will break her.

Curio. Such a face, for certain!

Seb. Methinks I've ſeen it too; but we are cozen'd.
But fair befall thee, Pilgrim! thou look'ſt lovely. [*Exit.*

Por. Will ye troop up, ye porridge regiment?
Captain Poor's-quarter, will ye move?

Enter Alinda and Juletta.

Alin. You dull knave,
Are not theſe wretches ſerved yet?

Beggars. 'Bleſs my miſtreſs!

Alin. Do you make ſport, Sir, with their miſeries?
You drowſy rogue!

Por. They are too high fed, madam;
Their ſtomachs are aſleep yet.

Alin. Serve 'em plentifully,
Or I'll ſerve you out next; e'en out o' doors, ſirrah!
And ſerve 'em quickly too.

Beggars. Heav'n bleſs the lady!

Alin. Bleſs the good end I mean it for.

[7] *Hilding.*] *i. e.* A pitiful, mean woman. The word is uſed in Shakeſpeare's Romeo and Juliet:

'Out on her, *hilding!*'

(ſpeaking of Juliet) ſays Capulet.

Jul. I would I knew it!
If it be for any man's ſake, I'll cry 'amen' too.
Well, madam, you've e'en as pretty a port of penſioners[8]——

Alin. Vain-glory would ſeek more, and handſomer;
But I appeal to Virtue what my end is. [*Exe. Beggars.*
What men are theſe?

Jul. It ſeems, they're holy Pilgrims.
That handſome youth ſhould ſuffer ſuch a penance!
'Would I were e'en the ſaint they make their vows to!
How eaſily I would grant!

Old Pil. Heav'ns grace in-wheel you,
And all good thoughts and prayers dwell about you!
Abundance be your friend! and holy Charity
Be ever at your hand, to crown you glorious!

Alin. I thank you, Sir. Peace guide your travels too,
And what you wiſh for moſt, end all your troubles!
Remember me by this; and in your prayers,
When your ſtrong heart melts, mediate my poor fortunes.

Old Pil. All my devotions wait upon your ſervice!

Alin. Are you of this country, Sir?

Old Pil. Yes, worthieſt lady,
But far off bred; my fortunes further from me.

Alin. Gentle[9], I dare believe?

Old Pil. I have liv'd freer.

Alin. I'm no inquiſitor; that were too curious.
Whatever vow or penance pulls you on, Sir,
Conſcience, or love, or ſtubborn diſobedience,
The ſaint you kneel to, hear, and eaſe your travels!

Old Pil. Yours ne'er begin! and thus I ſeal my prayers. [*Exit.*

[8] Port *of penſioners.*] The ſenſe of the place is plain, tho' the manner of expreſſion is difficult. In caſes of criticiſm, of ſuch a nature as this before us, we may oftener ſay with certainty, *this* or *that* is wrong, than what we would ſubſtitute in its room is right. So here, though I think I may juſtly condemn *port*, yet whether *ſort*, or *cohort*, or neither, is the true lection, muſt be left to the judgment of the candid and ingenious reader. *Sympſon.*

[9] *Gentle.*] *i. e.* (According to the old acceptation) a *gentleman.*

Alin.

Alin. How conſtantly this man looks! how he ſighs!
Some great affliction hatches his devotions.
Right holy Sir—How young, and ſweet he ſuffers!
Jul. 'Would I might ſuffer with him!
Alin. He turns from us.
Alas, he weeps too! Something preſſes him
He would reveal, but dare not. Sir, be comforted;
You come for that, and take it. If't be want, Sir,
To me you appear ſo worthy of relieving,
I am your ſteward: Speak, and take. He's dumb ſtill!
Now, as I have a faith, this man ſo ſtirs me,
His modeſty makes me afraid I have treſpaſs'd.
Jul. 'Would he would ſtir me too! I like his ſhape well.
Alin. May-be he'd ſpeak alone: Go off, Juletta.
(Afflicted hearts fear their own motions)
Be not far off.
Jul. 'Would I were nearer to him!
A young ſmug handſome holineſs has no fellow. [*Exit.*
Alin. Why do you grieve? Do you find your penance ſharp?
Or are the vows you've made too mighty for you?
Does not the world allure you to look back,
And ſorrow for the ſweet time you have loſt?
You're young, and fair: Be not deluded, Sir;
A manly made-up heart contemns theſe ſhadows,
And yours appears no leſs: Griefs for your fears,
For hours ill-ſpent, for wrongs done raſh and rudely,
For foul contempts, for faiths ill violated,
Become tears well [10]; (I dare not taſk your goodneſs)
And then a ſorrow ſhews in his true glory,

[10] ——— *Griefs for your* fears,
For hours *ill-ſpent, for wrongs done raſh and rudely,*
For foul contempts, for faiths ill violated,
Become fears *well*; ——] *Fears* in the laſt line is undoubtedly corrupt, and *tears* evidently the true word. But *fears* alſo in the firſt line looks very ſuſpiciouſly: *Sins* is the propereſt word; and I have often found the late editions make as great changes in words as from *ſins* to *fears*, and the firſt editor or tranſcriber might do the ſame: But as there is a word often uſed by our Author, which changing only an *r* to a *t*, gives propriety to the text, that ſeems moſt probable: I conjecture therefore,

When the whole heart is excellently ſorry.
I pray you be comforted.
Pedro. I am, dear lady;
And ſuch a comfort you have caſt upon me,
That, tho' I ſtruggle with mine own calamities,
Too mighty and too many for my manage;
And tho', like angry waves, they curl'd upon me,
Contending proudly who ſhould firſt devour me,
Yet I would ſtem their danger [11].
Alin. He ſpeaks nobly!
What do you want?
Pedro. All that can make me happy;

——— *Griefs for your* FEATS,
i. e. *actions*, as in the Two Noble Kinſmen,
——— *give me words*,
Such as you've ſhew'd me feat. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's conjecture, however ingenious, I cannot entirely agree to; the reaſons are not many, nor difficult to be conceiv'd.

My good friend by reading *feats*, was not aware of making the Poet guilty of tautology, ſeeing *wrongs done raſh and rudely*, muſt be ſome of theſe very *feats* he is here contending for. Beſides this, by admitting *feats* into the text we ſhall ſtill be at a loſs for ſomething eaſy and natural to precede and introduce *hours*, to which the participle *ſpent* may be common, and with which both the ſubſtantives may agree: The correction I would offer has both theſe laſt mention'd qualities, and 'tis this,

——— *Grief for your* years,
For hours ill-ſpent, &c.

i. e. The grieving for the ill-ſpending, not only of the larger but leſſer portions of your life paſt, becomes, *&c.* *Sympſon.*

The laſt *fears* is very properly changed to *tears*; but *Griefs for your* FEARS is, we think, right; and 'Griefs for your *fears* become 'tears well,' ſignifies, that 'ſorrow for fearing that he could not 'endure the ſeverity of the penance he had impoſed on himſelf was '(among his other failings) a proper cauſe for *tears*.'

[11] *Yet I would ſtem their* danger.] Though *danger* is ſenſe here, eſpecially if we read *the danger*, yet *anger* carries on the metaphor ſo much more poetically, that I have little doubt of its being the true word; and what almoſt makes it certain is, that the old edition has put the *d* quite diſtant from the reſt of the word *d anger*; the ſetter of the preſs, taking it firſt for *danger*, begun with a *d*, then ſeeing his miſtake, put *anger* by itſelf, but forgot to take away the *d*. *Seward.*

This is doubtful; and yet the expreſſion of ANGRY *waves* ſeems to countenance the conjecture.

I want

I want myſelf!

Alin. Yourſelf? Who robb'd you, Pilgrim?—
Why does he look ſo conſtantly upon me?
'I want myſelf.'—Indeed, you holy wanderers
Are ſaid to ſeek much; but to ſeek yourſelves——

Pedro. 'I ſeek myſelf, and am but myſelf's ſhadow;'
Have loſt myſelf, and now am not ſo noble.

Alin. 'I ſeek myſelf?' Something I yet remember
That bears that motto. 'Tis not he; he's younger,
And far more tender.—For that ſelf-ſake, Pilgrim,
Be who it will, take this! [*Offers him money.*

Pedro. Your hand I dare take;
(That be far from me, lady!) thus I kiſs it,
And thus I bleſs it too. Be conſtant, fair, ſtill;
Be good, and live to be a great example! [*Exit.*

Alin. One word more, Pilgrim!—H' has amaz'd me ſtrangely!
'Be conſtant, fair, ſtill?' 'Tis the poſy here;
And here without, 'Be good.' He wept to ſee me.
Juletta!

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Madam.

Alin. Take this key, and fetch me
The marygold-jewel that lies in my little cabinet;
I think 'tis that. What eyes had I, to miſs him!
[*Exit Juletta.*
Oh me, what thoughts! He had no beard then, and,
As I remember well, he was more ruddy.
If this be he, he has a manly face yet,
A goodly ſhape.

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Here, madam.

Alin. Let me ſee it!
'Tis ſo; too true! It muſt be he, or nothing;
He ſpake the words juſt as they ſtand engrav'd here;
'I ſeek myſelf, and am but myſelf's ſhadow.'
Alas, poor man! Didſt thou not meet him, Juletta?
The Pilgrim, wench?

Jul. He went by long ago, madam.
Alin. I forgot to give him ſomething.
Jul. 'Twas ill done, lady;
For, o' my troth, he is the handſom'ſt man
I ſaw this many a day: 'Would he'd all my wealth,
And me too boot! What ails ſhe, to grow ſullen?
Alin. Come, I forgot; but I will recompenſe it.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonſo, Curio, Seberto, Juletta, Porter, and Servants.

Alph. CAN ſhe ſlip thro' a cat-hole? tell me that!
Reſolve me, can ſhe fly i' th' air? is ſhe
A thing inviſible? Gone, and none know it?
Seb. You amaze your ſervants.
Alph. Some pelting rogue has watch'd her hour of itching,
And claw'd her, claw'd her; do you mark me? claw'd her!
Some that I foſter up.
Curio. They are all here, Sir.
Alph. Let 'em be where they will, they're arrant raſcals,
And, by this hand, I'll hang 'em all!
Seb. Deal calmly:
You will not give 'em time to anſwer you.
Alph. I'll choke 'em, famiſh 'em! What ſay you, wagtail?
You knew her mind, you were of council with her;
Tell me, and tell me true.
Curio. Aſk with diſcretion.
Alph. Diſcretion? hang diſcretion! hang ye all!
Let me know where ſhe is.
Jul. Would you know o' me, Sir?

Alph.

Alph. O' thee, Sir! ay, o' thee, Sir! What art thou, Sir?

Jul. Her woman, Sir, an't like your worſhip, Sir.

Alph. Her bawd, her fiddle-ſtick,
Her lady-fairy, to oil the doors o' nights,
That they may open with diſcretion,
Her gin, her nut-crack!

Jul. 'Tis very well, Sir.

Alph. Thou lieſt! 'tis damnable ill, 'tis moſt abominable!
Will you confeſs, thing?

Jul. Say I were guilty, Sir,
I would be hang'd before I would confeſs:
Is this a world to confeſs in?

Curio. Deal directly.

Jul. Yes, if my matter lie direct before me;
But when I'm forc'd and ferreted——

Alph. Tell me the truth,
And, as I live, I'll give thee a new petticoat.

Jul. An you would give me ten, I would not tell you;
Truths bears a greater price than you're aware of.

Seb. Deal modeſtly.

Jul. I do not pluck my cloaths up.

Alph. What ſay you, ſirrah? you? or you? are ye dumb all?

Por. I ſaw her laſt night, an't ſhall like your worſhip,
When I ſerv'd in her livery.

Alph. What's that, ſirrah?

Por. Her chamber-pot, an't pleaſe you.

Seb. A new livery.

Alph. Where lay ſhe? who lay with her?

Por. In truth, not I, Sir:
I lay with my fellow Frederick, in the flea-chamber;
An't like your worſhip, we are almoſt worried.

Jul. I left her by herſelf, in her own cloſet,
And there I thought ſh' had ſlept.

Alph. Why lay you from her?

Jul. It was her will I ſhould; ſhe is my miſtreſs,
And my part is obedience.

Alph. Were all the doors lock'd?

Por. All mine.

Serv. And mine: She could not get out thoſe ways
Unleſs ſhe leap'd the walls; and thoſe are higher
Than any woman's courage dare aſpire at.

Alph. Come, you muſt know!

Curio. Conceal it not, but deal plain.

Jul. If I did know, and her truſt lay upon me,
Not all your angers, nor your flatteries,
Should make me ſpeak; but having no more intereſt
Than I may well deliver to the air,
I'll tell you what I know, and tell it liberally:
I think ſhe's gone, becauſe we cannot find her;
I think ſhe's weary of your tyranny,
And therefore gone; may-be, ſhe is in love;
May-be, in love where you ſhew no great liking,
And therefore gone; may-be, ſome point of conſcience,
Or vow'd devotion——

Alph. Theſe are nothing, minion!
You that can aim at theſe, muſt know the truth too.

Jul. Any more truth than this, if I know, hang me,
Or where to ſearch for't! If I make a lie
To gain your love, and envy my beſt miſtreſs [12],
Pin me againſt a wall, with my heels upwards.

Alph. Out of my doors!

Jul. That's all my poor petition;
For if your houſe were gold, and ſhe not in it,
Sir, I ſhould count it but a cage to whiſtle in.

Alph. Whore! If ſhe be above ground, I will have her.

Jul. I'd live in a coal-pit, then, were I your daughter.

Seb. Certain ſhe does not know, Sir.

Alph. Hang her, hang her,

[12] *To gain your love, and* envy *my beſt miſtreſs.*] Mr. Seward, thinking *envy* corrupt, would ſubſtitute *injure*; and Mr. Sympſon would read, *and my beſt miſtreſs' envy*, which tranſpoſition, he ſays, 'will make the ſenſe very clear.' We do not think ſo, and believe the old reading genuine, but that the verb *envy* admitted a different conſtruction formerly to what it bears at preſent: It ſeems here to ſignify, to *blame* or *accuſe*.

She

She knows too much! Search all the houſe, all corners,
And where 'tis poſſible ſhe may go out! [*Exeunt Serv.*
If I do find your tricks——
Jul. Reward me for 'em.
Or, if I had ſuch tricks you could diſcover,
So weak, and ſlightly woven, you might look thro',
All the young girls ſhould hoot me out o' th' pariſh.
You are my maſter, but you own an anger
Becomes a ſchool-boy, that hath loſt his apples!
Will you force things into our knowledges?
Alph. Come hither, Juletta; thou didſt love me.
Jul. And do ſtill;
You are my lady's father, and I reverence you.
Alph. Thou wouldſt have pleas'd my humour.
Jul. Any good way,
That carried not ſuſpicion in't, or flattery,
Or fail of truſt.
Alph. Come, come, thou wouldſt have——
Jul. Stay, Sir!
Alph. And thou haſt felt my bounty for't, and ſhalt do.
Doſt thou want cloaths, or money?
Jul. Both.
Alph. Shalt have both.
Jul. But not this way; I had rather be an Adamite,
And bring fig-leaves into faſhion again.
If you were young, Sir,
Handſome, and fitted to a woman's appetite,
And I a giddy-headed girl, that car'd for nothing,
Much might be done; then you might fumble with me,
And think to grope out matters of ſome moment,
Which now you will put too ſhort for:
For what you have ſeen hitherto,
And known by me, has been but honeſt ſervice,
Which I dare pin i'th' market-place to anſwer;
And let the world, the fleſh and devil examine it,
And come you in too, I dare ſtand your ſtricteſt.
And ſo, much good may do you with your dreams
Of courteſy!

Alph. This is moſt monſtrous!

Enter Porter and Servants.

Seb. Sure ſhe does not know, Sir;
She durſt not be ſo confident, and guilty.

Alph. How now? what news? what hopes and ſteps diſcover'd[13]?
Speak any thing that's good, that tends to th' matter.
Do you ſtand ſtaring ſtill?

1 *Serv.* We are no gods, Sir,
To ſay ſhe's here, or there, and what ſhe's doing;
But we have ſearch'd.

Por. I'm ſure ſhe's not i'th' cellar;
For, look you, Sir, if ſhe had been i'th' cellar—

Alph. I'm ſure thou haſt been there.

Por. As I carried the matter,
For I ſearch'd every piece of wine; yes, ſure, Sir,
And every little tierce that could but teſtify;
And I drew hard to bolt her out.

Alph. Away with him!
Fling him i'th' hay-mow, let him lie a-mellowing;
He ſtinks of muſkadel like an Engliſh Chriſtmas.
Are theſe your cares? your ſervices?

2 *Serv.* Pray you hear, Sir;
We've found where ſhe went out; her very footing.

Alph. Where? where? go on.

Curio. Obſerve then with more ſtaidneſs.

2 *Serv.* Searching the garden, at the little poſtern
That opens to the park, we firſt diſcover'd it.

Alph. A little foot?

1 *Serv.* It muſt be hers, or none, Sir.

Alph. How far beyond that?

2 *Serv.* To the park it leads us;
But there the ground being hard, we could not mark it.

Alph. She always kept that key; I was a coxcomb,
A fool, an aſs, to give a girl that liberty!

[13] *What* hopes *and ſteps diſcover'd?*] Sympſon ſuppoſes the Author wrote,

What hops *and ſteps.*

Saddle

Saddle my horſes, rogues! ye drunken varlets,
Your precious diligence lies in pint-pots,
Your brains in butts! My horſes, ye pin-buttocks!
You'll bear me company?
Seb. We dare not leave you,
Unleſs we found a quieter ſoul within you.
Curio. If we may do the lady any ſervice,
Sweet, gentle ſoul!—
Alph. I ſay again, my horſes!—
Are you ſo hot? have you your private pilgrimages?
Muſt you be Jumping-Joan? I'll wander with you,
I'll jump you, and I'll joggle you!—My horſes!
And keep me this young lirry-poop within doors.
I will diſcover, dame——
Jul. 'Tis fit you ſhould, Sir,
If you knew what.—Well, love, if thou be'ſt with her,
Or what power elſe that arms her reſolution,
Conduct her fair, and keep her from this madman;
Direct her to her wiſhes, dwell about her,
That no diſhonourable end o'er-take her,
Danger, or want; and let me try my fortune!
Alph. You know the place we meet in?
Seb. We ſhall hit it.
Alph. And, as you're honeſt gentlemen, endeavour—
Curio. We'll ſearch the beſt we can; if ſhe light in our hands——
Alph. Tie her to th' horſe-tail!
Seb. We know how to uſe her;
But not your way, for all your ſtate.
Alph. Make haſte there!—
And get you in, and look to th' houſe. If you ſtir out, damſel,
Or ſet o' foot any new motion this way,
When I come home, (which ſhall be ſuddenly)
You know my mind—if you do play the raſcal—
I have my eyes and ears in ſundry places;
If you do prance——
Jul. I ſhall do that that's fit, Sir—
And fit to croſs your fooleries; I'll fail elſe.

And

And ſo I'll to my chamber. [*Exit.*

Alph. To your prayers,
And leave your ſtubborn tricks!—She is not far yet,
She cannot be; and we dividing ſuddenly——

Curio. Keep her from thy hands, I beſeech! [*Aſide.*

Alph. Our horſes!—
Come, chearfully. I'll teach her to run gadding! [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Enter Roderigo and four Outlaws.

1 *Outl.* Captain, you are not merry.

Rod. We get nothing,
We have no ſport; whoring and drinking ſpoils us,
We keep no guards.

2 *Outl.* There come no paſſengers,
Merchants, nor gentlemen, nor whoſoever,
But we have tribute.

Rod. And whilſt we ſpend that idly,
We let thoſe paſs that carry the beſt purchaſe.
I'll have all ſearch'd and brought in: Rogues and beggars
Have got the trick now to become bank-maſters.
I'll have none 'ſcape; only my friends, and neighbours,
That may deliver to the king my innocence,
Thoſe I would have regarded; (it is policy)
But otherwiſe, nor gravities, nor ſhadows,
Appear they how they will, that may have purſes,
For they ſhall pay.

3 *Outl.* You ſpeak now like a captain;
And if we ſpare, flay us, and coin our caſſocks!
Will you look blithe?

Rod. You hear no preparation
The king intends againſt us yet?

4 *Outl.* Not a word, Sir:
Good man, he's troubled with matter of more moment;
Hummings of higher nature vex his brains, Sir.
Do not we ſee his garriſons?

Rod.

Rod. Who are out now?

4 *Outl.* Good fellows, Sir, that, if there be any purchaſe ſtirring,
Will ſtrike it dead; Jaques and Lopez, lads
That know their quarters, as they know their knapſacks,
And will not off.

Rod. Where is the boy you brought me?
A pretty lad, and of a quick capacity,
And bred up neatly.

1 *Outl.* He's within at meat, Sir[14];
The knave is hungry; yet he ſeaſons all
He eats or drinks with many tears and ſighings.
The ſaddeſt appetite I ever look'd on!

Rod. The boy is young; 'tis fear, and want of company
He knows and loves; uſe him not rough, nor harſhly,
He will be quickly bold. I'll entertain him:
I want a pretty boy to wait upon me,
And, when I'm ſad or ſleepy, to prate to me.
Beſides, there's ſomething in his face I like well;
And ſtill the more I look, more like. Let him want nothing,
And uſe him gently, all.

2 *Outl.* Here's a ſmall box, Sir,
We took about him, which he griev'd to part with;
May-be, ſome wealth.

Rod. Alas, ſome little money
The poor knave carried to defray his lodgings:
I'll give it him again, and add unto it.
'Twere ſin to open ſuch a petty purchaſe.

Enter Lopez and Jaques, with Pedro.

How now? who's this? what have you brought me, ſoldiers?

[14] *He's within at meat, Sir,* &c.] This line and the twelve following (ending *uſe him gently, all)* are in the folios made one ſpeech, and given to the *Firſt Outlaw*. The octavo 1711 gives *Roderigo* the latter part of it (beginning, *I'll entertain him)*; as do the Editors of 1750, who, however, think that *Roderigo* ſhould ſpeak all but the firſt four lines, as printed in our text, which we have no doubt is the true reading.

Lopez.

Lopez. We know not well what; a ſtrange ſtaving fellow[15];
Sullen enough, I am ſure.

Rod. Where took ye him?

Jaq. Upon the ſkirt o'th' wood, viewing, and gaping,
And ſome time ſtanding ſtill, as if h'had meant
To view the beſt acceſſes to our quarters.
Money he has enough; and, when we threaten'd him,
He ſmil'd and yielded, but not one word utter'd.

Lopez. His habit ſays he's holy; if his heart
Keep that proportion too, 'tis beſt you free him.
We'll keep his wallet here; I'm ſure 'tis heavy.

Rod. Pilgrim! come hither, Sir! Are you a Pilgrim?
A piece of pretty holineſs! D' you ſhrink, Sir?
A ſmug young ſaint! What country were you born in?
You have a Spaniſh face. In a dumb province?
And had your mother too this excellent virtue?
No tongue, d' you ſay? ſure ſhe was a matchleſs woman!
What a fine family is this man ſprung from!
Certain, he was begotten in a calm,
When all was huſht; the midwife was dumb midnight.
Are you ſeal'd up? or do you ſcorn to anſwer?
You're in my hands, and I have med'cines for you
Can make you ſpeak. Pull off his bonnet, ſoldiers!
You have a ſpeaking face.

Lopez. I'm ſure a handſome:
This Pilgrim cannot want ſhe-ſaints to pray to.

Rod. Stand nearer; ha!

Pedro. Come, do your worſt! I'm ready.

Rod. Is your tongue found? Go off, and let me talk with him;
And keep your watches round.

---

[15] *A ſtrange* ſtaving *fellow.*] Mr. Seward agrees with me in explaining *ſtaving*, *i. e.* Having a Pilgrim's ſtaff in his hands, as in adding farther, that if the reader is ſtill diſſatisfied with the place, he may ſuppoſe the Poet to have wrote,

——— *a ſtrange* ſtaring *fellow.*

And there may be ſome reaſon for it from Jaques's ſpeech a little lower, where, ſpeaking of this new captive, he ſays, they took him,

Upon the ſkirt o'th' wood, viewing, *and* gaping, *&c.*

Sympſon.

All.

All. We're ready, captain. [*Exeunt Outlaws.*

Rod. So; now what are you?

Pedro. Am I?

My habit ſhews me what I am.

Rod. Thy heart,

A deſp'rate fool [16], and ſo thy fate ſhall tell thee.

What devil brought thee hither? for I know thee.

Pedro. I know thou doſt; and ſince it is my fortune

To light into thy fingers, I muſt think too

The moſt malicious of all devils brought me:

Yet ſome men ſay, thou'rt noble.

Rod. Not to thee;

That were a benefit to mock the giver.

Thy father hates my friends and family,

And thou haſt been the heir of all his malice:

Can two ſuch ſtorms meet then, and part with kiſſing?

Pedro. You have the mightier hand.

Rod. And ſo I'll uſe it.

Pedro. I cannot hinder you; leſs can I beg

Submiſſive at his knees that knows not honour;

That bears the ſtamp of man, and not his nature.

You may do what you pleaſe.

Rod. I will do all.

Pedro. And when you've done all, which is my poor ruin,

(For further your baſe malice cannot venture)

Diſhonour's ſelf will cry you out a coward.

Hadſt thou been brave, and noble, and an enemy,

Thou wouldſt have fought me whilſt I carried arms,

Whilſt my good ſword was my profeſſion,

And then have cried out, 'Pedro, I defy thee!'

---

[16] Thy heart

A deſperate fool.] This paſſage ſurely ought to run ſo,

Thou art

A deſp'rate fool, &c.

In this Mr. Seward likewiſe concurred. *Sympſon.*

I can by no means think ſo; the old text is not only ſenſe, but ſpirited; while the variation is inſipid. 'My habit, ſays Pedro, 'SHEWS I AM a Pilgrim.' '*Thy heart* (i. e. thy *temerity*), replies 'Roderigo, SHEWS THOU ART a deſperate fool, and ſo thy fate, &c.' *J. N.*

Then

Then ſtuck Alphonſo's quarrel on the point,
The mercenary anger thou ſerv'ſt under
To get his daughter; then thou ſhouldſt have brav'd me,
And, arm'd with all thy family's hate, upon me
Done ſomething, worthy feat[17]: Now, poor and baſely
Thou ſet'ſt toils to betray me; and, like the peaſant
That dare not meet the lion in the face,
Dig'ſt crafty pit-falls! thou ſham'ſt the Spaniſh honour;
Th' haſt neither point of man, nor conſcience in thee.

Rod. Sir, Sir, you're brave! you plead now in a ſanctuary,
You think your Pilgrim's bulwark can defend you:
You will not find it ſo.

Pedro. I look not for't:
The more unhallow'd ſoul haſt thou to offer it!

Rod. When you were braveſt, Sir, and your ſword ſharpeſt,
I durſt affront you; when the court-ſun gilded you,
And every cry was the young hopeful Pedro,
Fernando's ſprightly ſon! then durſt I meet you,
When you were maſter of this fame and faſhion,
And all your glories in the full meridian,
The king's proof-favour buckled on your body:
Had we then come to competition,
Which I have often ſought——

Pedro. And I deſir'd too.

Rod. You ſhould have ſeen this ſword, (howe'er you ſlight it)
And felt it too, ſharper than ſorrow felt it,
In execution quicker than thy ſcorns;
Thou ſhouldſt have ſeen all this, and ſhrunk to ſee it!
Then, like a gentleman I would have us'd thee,
And giv'n thee the fair fortune of thy being;
Then with a ſoldier's arm I had honour'd thee:

[17] *Done* ſomething *worthy feat.*] A comma or two here will put all to right, thus,

Done ſomething, *worthy feat.*

But Mr. Seward thinks that ſomething farther is requiſite, and to make the whole run more naturally, we ought to read thus,

Have *done* ſome *worthy feat.* *Sympſon.*

But

But ſince thou ſteal'ſt upon me like a ſpy,
And thief-like think'ſt that holy caſe ſhall carry thee
Thro' all my purpoſes, and ſo betray me,
Baſe as the act[18], thy end be, and I forget thee.

Pedro. What poor evaſions thou build'ſt on, t' abuſe me!
The goodneſs of a man, ne'er taught theſe principles.
I come a ſpy? Durſt any noble ſpirit
Put on this habit, to become a traitor?
Ev'n in an enemy ſhew me this antipathy,
Where there is Chriſtian faith, and this not reverenc'd.
I come a ſpy? No, Roderigo, no.
A hater of thy perſon, a maligner?
So far from that, I brought no malice with me,
But rather, when I meet thee, tears to ſoften thee.
When I put on this habit, I put off
All fires, all angers, all thoſe ſtarts of youth
That clapt too rank[19] a bias to my being,
And drew me from the right mark all ſhould aim at;
Inſtead of ſtubborn ſteel, I put on prayers;
For raſh and haſty heats, a ſweet repentance;
Long weary ſteps, and vows, for my vain-glories.
Oh, Roderigo!

Rod. If thy tongue could ſave thee,
Prating be thy bail, thou haſt a rare benefit!—
Soldiers, come out, and bring a halter with ye.
I'll forgive your holy habit, Sir, but I'll hang you.

Enter Outlaws, Lopez, and Jaques.

1 *Outl.* Wherefore this halter, captain?

Rod. For this traitor.
Go, put it on him, and then tie him up.

1 *Outl.* D' you want a band, Sir? This is a coarſe wearing;

[18] *Baſe as* you *act, thy end be.*] Firſt folio ſays, YOU *act*; ſecond, THE *act*. Sympſon thinks a variation neceſſary, which ſhould be either, YOUR or THIS *act*. THE *act* is a good reading, and being that of the ſecond folio, ſhould be preferred.

[19] *Clapt too* rank *a bias.*] *i. e.* Strong, great, *&c. Sympſon.*

'Twill

'Twill ſit but ſcurvily upon this collar:
But patience is as good as a French pickadel[20].
Lopez. What's his fault, captain?
Rod. 'Tis my will he periſh,
And that's his fault.
Pedro. A captain of good government!
Come, ſoldiers, come; ye're roughly bred, and bloody;
Shew your obedience, and the joy ye take
In executing impious commands;
Ye have a captain ſeals your liberal pardons.
Be no more Chriſtians, put religion by,
'Twill make ye cowards; feel no tenderneſs,
Nor let a thing call'd Conſcience trouble ye;
Alas, 'twill breed delay. Bear no reſpect
To what I ſeem; were I'a ſaint indeed,
Why ſhould that ſtagger ye? ye know not holineſs;
To be excellent in evil, is your goodneſs;
And be ſo, 'twill become ye. Have no hearts,
For fear you ſhould repent; that will be dangerous;
For if there be a knocking there, a pricking,
And that pulſe beat back to your conſiderations,
How ye have laid a ſtiff hand on religion——
Rod. Truſs him, I ſay!
Pedro. And violated faith——
Rod. Hear him not prate!
Pedro. Why, what a thing will this be!
What ſtrange confuſion then will breed among ye—
Rod. Will none of ye obey?
Pedro. What devils vex ye!
The fears ye live in, and the hourly dangers,
Will be delights to theſe; thoſe have their ends,
But theſe out-live all time, and all repentance:
And if it creep into your conſcience once,

[20] *Pickadel.*] Cotgrave, in his Dictionary of the French and Engliſh tongues, 1611, explains the word *piccadilles* as 'the ſeverall 'diviſions or peeces faſtened together about the brimme of the collar 'of a doublet, &c.' And a late author informs us, that in *Piccadilly*, in the Haymarket, 'There were formerly no houſes, and only one 'ſhop for Spaniſh ruffs, which was called the *Piccadilly* or ruff-ſhop.' See London and its Environs deſcribed, vol. v. R.

Be

Be ſure ye lock that cloſe.

Rod. Why ſtand ye gazing?

Pedro. Farewell, ſleep, peace, all that are human comforts!

Better ye had been trees, or ſtones, and happier;
For thoſe die here, and ſeek no further being,
Nor hopes, nor puniſhments.

Rod. Rots take ye, raſcals!

Jaq. What would you have us do?

Rod. Diſpatch the prater.

Jaq. And have religious blood hang on our conſciences?

We're bad enough already; ſins enough
To make our graves ev'n loath us.

Rod. No man love me?

Lopez. Altho' I be a thief, I am no hangman;
They're two mens' trades, and let another execute.
Lay violent hands on holy things?

Rod. Baſe cowards!

Put to your powers, ye raſcals, I command ye!
Holy, or unholy, if I ſay it,
I'll have it done.

1 *Outl.* If I do't, let me ſtarve for't.

2 *Outl.* Or I.

3 *Outl.* Or I. We will obey things handſome,
And bad enough; and over-do obedience,
But to be made ſuch inſtruments of miſchief——

Jaq. I've done as many villainies as another,
And with as little reluctation;
Let me come clear of theſe, and wipe that ſcore off.
Put me upon a felt and known perdition?

Rod. Have ye conſpir'd, ye ſlaves?

Pedro. How vilely this ſhews,
In one that would command another's temper,
And bear no bound in's own.

Rod. Am I thus jaded?

Pedro. Is it my life thou long'ſt for, Roderigo?
And can no ſacrifice appeaſe thy malice,
But my blood ſpilt? Do it thyſelf, diſpatch it;

And, as thou tak'ſt the whole revenge unto thee,
Take the whole ſin upon thee, and be mighty,
Mighty in evil, as thou art in anger;
And let not theſe poor wretches howl for thy ſake.
Thoſe things that in thine own glaſs ſeem moſt monſtrous,
Wouldſt thou abuſe their weak ſights with, for amiable?
Is it, thou think'ſt to fear me with thy terrors,
And into weak condition draw my virtue?
If I were now to learn to die, I'd ſue to thee;
Or did I fear death, then I'd make thee glorious;
But knowing what and how far I can ſuffer,
And all my whole life being but death's preface,
My ſleep but at next door——

Rod. Are you ſo valiant?
I'll make you feel, I'll make you know and feel too!
And, raſcals, ye ſhall tremble! Keep him here,
And keep him ſafe too; if he 'ſcape your guards—

Pedro. Fear not, I will not.

Rod. As I live, ye die for't!
I will not be thus baffled. [*Exit.*

Jaq. What a devil have ye done, Pilgrim? or what miſchief
Have you conſpir'd, that he ſhould rage and rave thus?
Have you kill'd his father, or his mother?
Or ſtrangled any of his kindred?

Lopez. Has he no ſiſters? have you not been bouncing
About their belly-pieces?

Jaq. Why ſhould that be dangerous,
Or any way deſerve death? is't not natural?
Bar us the Chriſtian liberty of women,
And build us up with brick, take away our free-ſtone.

1 *Outl.* Becauſe thou'rt holier than he, upon my conſcience,
He does not envy thee; that's not his quarrel;
For, look you, that might be compounded without prayers.

Lopez. Nor that thou ſeem'ſt an honeſter man; for here
We have no trading with ſuch tinſel-ſtuff;

To

To be an excellent thief is all we aim at.
Wilt thou take a ſpit and ſtride, and ſee if thou canſt out-run us?

Pedro. I ſcorn to ſhift his fury; keep your obedience;
For tho' your government admit no precedent,
Keep yourſelves careful in't.

Jaq. Thou wilt be hang'd then.

Pedro. I cannot die with fewer faults upon me.

2 *Outl.* 'Tis ten to one he'll ſhoot him; for the devil's in him
If he hang him himſelf.

Lopez. He has too proud a nature;
He will compel ſome one.

Jaq. I'm confident.

Lopez. And ſo are all, I think.

Pedro. Be not moleſted;
If I muſt die, let it not trouble you;
It ſtirs not me; 'tis the end I was born for:
Only this honeſt office I deſire ye,
If there be courteſy in men of your breed,
To ſee me buried; not to let his fury
Expoſe my body to the open violence
Of beaſts and fowls; ſo far I urge humanity.

Enter Roderigo and Alinda.

Jaq. He ſha'n't deny us that; we'll ſee you under ground,
And give you a volley of as good cups of ſack,
For that's our diſcipline——

Lopez. He comes again,
As high in rage as ever; the boy with him.

1 *Outl.* Will he compel the child?

Lopez. He's bent to do it,
And muſt have ſomebody.

Rod. If thou lov'ſt me, do it!
Love me, or love me not, I ſay thou ſhalt do it!
Stare not, nor ſtagger, ſirrah! if ye deny me——
Do you ſee this, rogue?

Alin. What would you have me do, Sir?

Heav'n's goodneſs bleſs me!

Rod. Do? why, hang a raſcal,
That would hang me.

Alin. I am a boy, and weak, Sir.

Rod. Thou'rt ſtrong enough to tie him to a bough,
And turn him off. Come, thou ſhalt be my jewel,
And I'll allow thee horſe, and all thy pleaſures,
And twenty gallant things; I'll teach thee arms too;
Make thee mine heir.

Alin. Let me inherit death firſt!

Rod. Make me not angry, ſirrah!

Alin. Which is the man, Sir?
I'll pluck up the beſt heart I can; yet——

Rod. Fear not;
It is my will. That in the Pilgrim's coat there,
That devil in the ſaint's ſkin.

Alin. Guard me, goodneſs!

Rod. Diſpatch him preſently.

Pedro. I wait your worſt, Sir.

Jaq. Will the boy do it? is the rogue ſo confident?
So young, ſo deep in blood?

Lopez. He ſhakes and trembles.

Pedro. Doſt thou ſeek more coals ſtill to fear thy conſcience?
Work ſacred innocence to be a devil?
Do it thyſelf for ſhame, thou beſt becom'ſt it.

Rod. Sirrah, I ſcorn my finger ſhould be 'fil'd with thee;
And yet I'll have it done; this child ſhall ſtrangle thee:
A crying girl, if ſhe were here, ſhould maſter thee.

Alin. How ſhould I ſave him? how myſelf from violence? [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Leave your tongue-valour, and diſpatch your hate, Sir;
The patience of my death ſhall more torment thee,
(Thou painted honour, thou baſe man made backward)
Than all my life has fear'd thee.

Rod. Gag him, ſirrah!

Jaq. The boy looks chearfully now; ſure he will do it.

Lopez.

Lopez. He'll maul him elſe.
Alin. Are you prepar'd to die, Sir?
Pedro. Yes, boy, and ready; prithee to thy buſineſs.
Alin. Why are you then ſo angry? ſo perplex'd, Sir?
Patience wins Heaven, and not the heat of paſſion.
Why do you rail?
Lopez. The boy's a pretty prieſt.
Pedro. I thank you, gentle child; you teach me truly.
Alin. You ſeem to fear too.
Pedro. Thou ſeeſt more than I feel, boy.
Alin. You tremble, ſure.
Pedro. No, ſure, boy; 'tis thy tenderneſs.
Prithee make haſte, and let that gulph be ſatisfied.
Alin. Are you ſo willing to go to't?
Pedro. Moſt willing:
I would not borrow from his courteſy
One hour of life, to gain an age of glory.
Alin. And is your reckoning ſtraight, Sir?
Pedro. As ſtraight as truth, boy;
I cannot go more joyfully to a wedding.
Alin. Then to your prayers; I'll diſpatch you preſently.—
Now guide my tongue, thou bleſſedneſs! [*Aſide.*
Rod. A good boy!
Alin. But hark you, Sir, one word; and pray you reſolve me.
Let me ſpeak privately.
Rod. What wouldſt thou have, child?
Alin. Shall this man die?
Rod. Why doſt thou make that queſtion?
Alin. Pray you be not angry; if he muſt, I'll do it.
But muſt he now?
Rod. What elſe? who dare reprieve him?
Alin. Pray you think again; and as your injuries
Are great, and full, you ſuffer from this fellow,
Do not you purpoſe ſo to ſuit your vengeance?
Rod. I do, and muſt.
Alin. You cannot, if he die now.
Rod. Cannot?

Alin. No, cannot; be not vex'd; you'll find it.
I have conſider'd, and I know it certain,
You ſuffer below him; loſe all your angers.
Rod. Why, my beſt boy?
Alin. I love and tender you,
I would not tell you elſe. Is that revenge,
To ſlight your cauſe, and ſaint your enemy?
Clap the dove's wings of downy peace unto him,
And let him ſoar to Heaven, whilſt you are ſighing?
Is this revenge?
Rod. I'd have him die.
Alin. Prepar'd thus?
The bleſſing of a father never reach'd it!
His contemplation now ſcorns you, contemns you,
And all the tortures you can uſe: Let him die thus,
And theſe that know and love revenge will laugh at you.
Here lies the honour of a well-bred anger,
To make his enemy ſhake and tremble under him,
Doubt, nay, almoſt deſpair, and then confound him.
This man you rock aſleep, and all your rages
Are *requiems* to his parting ſoul, mere anthems.
Rod. Indeed he's ſtrongly built.
Alin. You cannot ſhake him;
And the more weight you put on his foundation,
Now as he ſtands, you fix him ſtill the ſtronger.
If you love him, honour him, would heap upon him
Friendſhips and benefits beyond example,
Hope him a ſtar in Heaven, and there would ſtick him,
Now take his life.
Rod. I'd rather take mine own, boy.
Alin. I'll eaſe him preſently.
Rod. Stay, be not haſty.
Alin. Bleſs my tongue ſtill! [*Aſide.*
Lopez. What has the boy done to him?
How dull and ſtill he looks!
Alin. You are a wiſe man,
And long have buckled with the world's extremities,
A valiant man, and no doubt know both fortunes;

And

And would you work your maſter-piece thus madly,
Take the bare name of honour, that will pity you[21],
When the world knows you've prey'd on a poor Pilgrim?

Rod. The boy has ſtagger'd me: What wouldſt thou have me——

Alin. Have you? d' you not feel, Sir? does 't not ſtir you?

D' you aſk a child? I'd have you do moſt bravely,
(Becauſe I moſt affect you) like yourſelf, Sir;
Scorn him, and let him go; ſeem to contemn him,
And, now you've made him ſhake, ſeal him his pardon.
When he appears a ſubject fit for anger,
And fit for you, his pious armour off,
His hopes no higher than your ſword may reach at,
Then ſtrike, and then you know revenge, then take it.
I hope I've turn'd his mind. [*Aſide.*

Rod. Let the fool go there.
I ſcorn to let looſe ſo baſe an anger
May light on thee: See me no more, but quit me;
And when we meet again——

Pedro. I'll thank you, captain. [*Exit.*

Alin. Why, this was like yourſelf.—But which way goes he?
Shall we ne'er happy meet? [*Aſide.*

Rod. I'm drowſy, boy;
Go with me, and diſcourſe: I like thy company;
Oh, child! I love thy tongue. [*Exit.*

Alin. I ſhall wait on you. [*Exit.*

Lopez. The boy has done't; a plaguy witty raſcal!

[21] *Take the bare name of Honour,* that *will pity ye,*
When the world knows ye have prey'd on a poor Pilgrim?] Mr. Seward ſuppoſes a tranſpoſition here, and would read,

Take the bare name of Honour? when the world knows
Ye've prey'd on a poor Pilgrim, they *will pity ye.*

Mr. Sympſon 'can't allow of ſo bold a proceeding againſt the text,' which he thinks 'may be ſet right with leſs trouble ſo,'

Take the bare name of Honour, it *will pity you*
When the world knows you've prey'd on a poor Pilgrim.

We think the text gives the ſame ſenſe with Seward's tranſpoſition; and do not like Sympſon's reading.

And I ſhall love him terribly.

Jaq. 'Twas he, moſt certain;
For, if you mark, how earneſt he was with him,
And how he labour'd him!

Lopez. A cunning villain!
But a good rogue. This boy will make's all honeſt.

1 *Outl.* I ſcarce believe that; but I like the boy well.
Come, let's to ſupper; then upon our watches.

Lopez. This Pilgrim 'ſcap'd, a joyful one [22].

Jaq. Let's drink round
To the boy's health, and then about our buſineſs.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Roderigo, Jaques, Lopez, and three Outlaws.

Rod. NONE of you know her?

Jaq. Alas, Sir, we ne'er ſaw her,
Nor e'er heard of her, but from your report.

Rod. No happy eye?

Lopez. I do not think 'tis ſhe, Sir;
Methinks, a woman dares not——

Rod. Thou ſpeak'ſt poorly;
What dares not woman, when ſhe is provok'd?
Or what ſeems dangerous to love or fury?
That it is ſhe, this has confirm'd me certain,
Theſe jewels here, a part of which I ſent her,

[22] *This Pilgrim 'ſcap'd a* joyful *one.*] This may be underſtood as if this Pilgrim was joyful on account of his eſcape, but 'tis more in character to make *one* relate to *ſupper*, and then, though *joyful*, underſtood ironically, may ſtand, yet *woful* ſeems a more humourous word. I read therefore,

This Pilgrim 'ſcap'd a woful *one.* *Seward.*

A *comma* at the word '*ſcap'd* will, I believe, give us the Author's meaning. The *Outlaw* ſays, 'Let's to our watches!' 'Mine, ſays 'Lopez, will be a *joyful* watch, as this Pilgrim has eſcap'd;' his execution would have made it melancholy. *J. N.*

And,

And, tho' unwilling, yet her father wrought her
To take and wear.

Lopez. A wench, and we not know it?
And among us? Where were our underſtandings?
I could have gueſs'd unhappily, have had ſome feeling
In ſuch a matter: Here are as pretty fellows,
At the diſcovery of ſuch a jigambob!
A handſome wench too? Sure we've loſt our faculties,
We have no notions[23]. What ſhould ſhe do here, Sir?

Rod. That's it that troubles me. Oh, that baſe raſcal!
There lies the miſery! How cunningly ſhe quit him,
And how ſhe urg'd! Had ye been conſtant to me,
I ne'er had ſuffer'd this.

1 *Outl.* You might have hang'd him;
And 'would he had been hang'd! that's all we care for't,
So our hands had not done't.

Rod. She's gone again too;
And what care have ye for that? gone, and contemn'd me;
Maſter'd my will and power, and now laughs at me.

Lopez. The devil that brought her hither, Sir, I think
Has carried her back again inviſible,
For we ne'er knew nor heard of her departure.

Jaq. No living thing came this night thro' our watches;
She went with you.

Rod. Was by me till I ſlept,
But when I wak'd, and call'd—Oh, my dull pate here!
If I had open'd this when it was given me,
This roguy box——

Lopez. We could but give it you.

Rod. Pilgrim? a pox o' Pilgrims! there the game goes,
There's all my fortune fled; I know't, I feel it.

Enter Alphonſo and two Outlaws.

Alph. Bring me unto thy captain! where's thy captain?

[23] *We have no* motions.] The *n* and the *m* have taken the ſame turn here as in Shakeſpeare. Read,
We have no notions. *Sympſon.*

I'm

I'm founder'd, melted; ſome fairy thing or other
Has led me dancing; the devil has haunted me
I' th' likeneſs of a voice.—Give me thy captain!
2 *Outl.* He's here, Sir; there he ſtands.
Alph. How doſt thou, captain?
I have been fool'd and jaded, made a dog-bolt!
My daughter's run away; I have been haunted too;
I've loſt my horſe; I'm hungry, and out of my wits alſo.
Rod. Come in; I'll tell you what I know; ſtrange things!
And take your eaſe; I'll follow her recovery:
Theſe ſhall be yours the whilſt, and do you ſervice.
Alph. Let me have drink enough; I'm almoſt choak'd too.
Rod. You ſhall have any thing. What think you now, ſoldiers?
Jaq. I think a woman, is a woman, that's any thing.
The next we take, we'll ſearch a little nearer;
We'll not be boy'd again with a pair of breeches. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Enter Juletta.

Jul. He's gone in here: This is Roderigo's quarter,
And I'll be with him ſoon, I'll ſtartle him.
A little better than I have done. All this long night
I've led him out o'th' way, to try his patience,
And made him ſwear, and curſe, and pray, and ſwear again,
And cry for anger; I made him leave his horſe too,
Where he can never find him more; whiſtled to him,
And then he'd run thro' thick and thin to reach me;
And down in this ditch, up again, and ſhake him,
And ſwear ſome certain bleſſings; then into that buſh
Pop goes his pate, and all his face is comb'd over,
And I ſit laughing: A hundred tricks I've ſerv'd him,
And I will double 'em, before I leave him:

I'll

I'll teach his anger to diſpute with women.
But all this time I cannot meet my miſtreſs,
I cannot come to comfort her, that grieves me,
For ſure ſhe's much afflicted; till I do,
I'll haunt thy ghoſt, Alphonſo; I'll keep thee waking.
Yes, I muſt get a drum: I am villainous weary,
And yet I'll trot about theſe villages
'Till I have got my will, and then have at you!
I'll make your anger drop out at your elbows, ere I leave you. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Seberto and Curio.

Seb. 'Tis ſtrange, in all the circuit we have ridden,
We cannot croſs her; no way light upon her.

Curio. I don't think ſhe is gone thus far, or this way;
For certain, if ſhe had, we ſhould have reach'd her,
Made ſome diſcovery, heard ſome news; we've ſeen nothing.

Seb. Nor paſs'd by any body that could promiſe any thing.
She's certainly diſguis'd; her modeſty
Durſt never venture elſe.

Curio. Let her take any ſhape,
And let me ſee it once, I can diſtinguiſh it.

Seb. So ſhould I think too. Has not her father found her?

Curio. No, I'll be hang'd then; he has no patience
(Unleſs ſhe light in's teeth) to look about him:
He gueſſes now [24], and chafes, and frets like tinſel.

Seb. Let him go on, he cannot live without it;
But keep her from him, Heav'n! Where are we, Curio?

Curio. In a wood I think; hang me, if I know elſe!
And yet I've ridden all theſe coaſts at all hours,

[24] *He gueſſes* now, and *chafes and frets like tinſel.*] Mr. Sympſon propoſes reading,

He gueſſes not, but *chafes and frets like tinſel.*

We are of opinion, that *gueſſes* is corrupt.

And

And had an aim.

Seb. I would we had a guide.

Curio. And if I be not much awry, Seberto,
Not far off ſhould be Roderigo's quarter;
For in this faſtneſs, if I be not cozen'd,
He and his Outlaws live.

Seb. This is the place then
We appointed him to meet in.

Enter Alinda.

Curio. Yes, I think ſo.

Seb. 'Would we could meet ſome living thing!—
What's that there?

Curio. A boy, I think. Stay; why mayn't he direct us?

Alin. I'm hungry, and I'm weary, and I cannot find him.
Keep my wits, Heav'n! I feel 'em wavering.
Oh, God, my head!

Seb. Boy! doſt thou hear? thou ſtripling!

Alin. Now they will tear me, torture me! now Roderigo
Will hang him without mercy. Ha!

Curio. Come hither!
A very pretty boy. What place is this, child?
And whither doſt thou travel? How he ſtares!
Some ſtubborn maſter has abus'd the boy,
And beaten him: How he complains!—Whither goeſt thou?

Alin. I go to Segovia, Sir, to my ſick mother;
I have been taken here by drunken thieves,
And (oh, my bones!) I have been beaten, Sir,
Miſ-us'd and robb'd; extremely beaten, gentlemen.
Oh, God, my ſide!

Seb. What beaſts would uſe a boy thus?
Look up, and be of good cheer.

Alin. Oh, I cannot.
My back, my back, my back!

Curio. What thieves?

Alin.

Alin. I know not,
But they call the captain Roderigo.
Curio. Look you!
I knew we were thereabouts.
Seb. Doſt thou want any thing?
Alin. Nothing but eaſe, but eaſe, Sir.
Curio. There's ſome money,
And get thee to thy mother.
Alin. I thank ye, gentlemen.
Seb. This was extremely foul, to vex a child thus.
Come, let's along; we cannot loſe our way now. [*Exe.*
Alin. Tho' ye are honeſt men, I fear your fingers,
And glad I am got off. Oh, how I tremble!
Send me but once within his arms, dear Fortune,
And then come all the world! What ſhall I do now?
'Tis almoſt night again, and where to lodge me
Or get me meat, or any thing, I know not.
Theſe wild woods, and the fancies I have in me,
Will run me mad.

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Boy! boy!
Alin. More ſet to take me?
Jul. Doſt thou hear, boy? thou pointer!
Alin. 'Tis a boy too,
A lacky-boy; I need not fear his fierceneſs.
Jul. Canſt thou beat a drum?
Alin. A drum?
Jul. This thing, a drum here.
Didſt thou ne'er ſee a drum? Canſt thou make this grumble?
Alin. Juletta's face and tongue! Is ſhe run mad too?
Here may be double craft. [*Aſide.*]—I have no ſkill in't.
Jul. I'll give thee a ryal but to go along with me.
Alin. I care not for thy ryal; I've other buſineſs.
Drum to thyſelf, and dance to't.
Jul. Sirrah, ſirrah!
Thou ſcurvy ſirrah! thou ſnotty-nos'd ſcab! doſt thou hear me?

If

If I lay down my drum——

Alin. Here comes more company!

I fear a plot; Heav'n ſend me fairly from it. [*Exit.*

Enter Roderigo and two Outlaws.

Jul. Baſta! who's here?

Lopez. Captain, do you need me further?

Rod. No, not a foot. Give me the gown; the ſword now.

Jul. This is the devil thief; and, if he take me,
Woe be to my gally-gaſkins!

Lopez. Certain, Sir,
She'll take her patches off, and change her habit.

Rod. Let her do what ſhe pleaſe. No, no, Alinda,
You cannot cozen me again in a boy's figure,
Nor hide the beauty of that face in patches,
But I ſhall know't.

Jul. A boy? his face in patches?

Rod. Nor ſhall your tongue again betwitch mine anger.
If ſhe be found i'th' woods, ſend me word preſently,
And I'll return; (ſhe cannot be far gone yet)
If ſhe be not, expect me when you ſee me.
Uſe all your ſervice to my friend Alphonſo,
And have a care to your buſineſs. Farewell!
No more: Farewell! [*Exeunt.*

Jul. I'm heartily glad thou'rt gone yet.
This boy in patches was the boy came by me,
The very ſame; how haſtily it ſhifted!
What a mope-ey'd aſs was I [25], I could not know her!
This muſt be ſhe, this is ſhe, now I remember her;
How loth ſhe was to talk too, how ſhe fear'd me!
I could now piſs mine eyes out for mere anger.
I'll follow her—But who ſhall vex her father then?
One flurt at him, and then I'm for the voyage.
If I can croſs the captain too—Come, tabor! [*Exit.*

25 *What a* mop-*ey'd aſs*, &c.] Former editions.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Jaques and First Outlaw.

Jaq. Are they all ſet?
1 *Outl.* All, and each quarter quiet.
Jaq. Is the old man aſleep?
1 *Outl.* An hour ago, Sir.
Jaq. We muſt be very careful in his abſence,
And very watchful.
1 *Outl.* It concerns us nearly.
He will not be long from us.
Jaq. No, he cannot.
1 *Outl.* A little heat of love, which he muſt wander out;
And then again—Hark! [*Drum afar off.*
Jaq. What?
1 *Outl.* 'Tis not the wind, ſure;
That's ſtill and calm; no noiſe, nor flux of waters.
Jaq. I hear a drum, I think.
1 *Outl.* That, that; it beats again now.
Jaq. Now it comes nearer. Sure we are ſurpris'd, Sir;
Some from the king's command. We're loſt, we're dead all!
1 *Outl.* Hark, hark! a charge now! my captain has betray'd us,
And left us to this ruin, run away from us!

Enter two Outlaws.

Lopez. Another beats o' that ſide.
2 *Outl.* Fly, fly, Jaques!
We're taken in a toil, ſnapt in a pitfall;
Methinks I feel a ſword already ſhave me.
3 *Outl.* A thouſand horſe and foot, a thouſand pioneers,
If we get under ground, to fetch us out again;
And every one an axe to cut the woods down.
Lopez. This is the diſmal'ſt night—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Alphonſo.

Alph. Where is my nag now?
And what make I here to be hang'd? what devil
Brought me into this danger? Is there ne'er a hole,
That I may creep in deep enough, and die quickly?
Ne'er an old ditch to choke in? I ſhall be taken
For their commander now, their general,
And have a commanding gallows ſet up for me
As high as a may-pole, and naſty ſongs made on me;
Be printed with a pint-pot and a dagger.
They are all kill'd by this time. Can I pray?
Let me ſee that firſt—I've too much fear to be faithful.
Where's all my ſtate now? I muſt go hunt for daughters,
Daughters, and damſels of the lake [26], damn'd daughters!
A hundred crowns for a good tod of hay,
Or a fine hollow tree, that would contain me.
I hear 'em coming; I feel the nooſe about me!

Enter Seberto, Curio, Outlaws, and Jaques.

Seb. Why do you fear, and fly? here are no ſoldiers,
None from the king to vex you.

1 *Outl.* The drum, the drum, Sir!

Curio. I never ſaw ſuch pigeon-hearted people!
What drum? what danger? who's that that ſhakes behind there?
Mercy upon me, Sir, why are you fear'd thus?

Alph. Are we all kill'd? no mercy to be hop'd for?
Am I not ſhot, d' you think?

Seb. You're ſtrangely frighted;
Shot with a fiddle-ſtick! Who's here to ſhoot you?
A drum we ſaw indeed; a boy was beating it,
And hunting ſquirrels by moon-light.

[26] *Damſels of the lake.*] This alludes to the *Lady of the Lake*, a famous character in the old romances; particularly the very popular one called *Morte Arthur*; where many miracles are performed, and much enchantment is conducted, by means of the interpoſition of the *Lady of the Lake*. See Warton on Spenſer, vol. i. p. 28. *R.*

Lopez.

Lopez. Nothing elſe, Sir?

Curio. Not any thing; no other perſon ſtirring.

Alph. Oh, that I had that boy! this is that devil,
That fairy rogue, that haunted me laſt night!
H' has ſleeves like dragon's wings.

Seb. A little foot-boy.

Alph. Come, let's go in, and let me get my cloaths on.
If e'er I ſtay here more to be thus martyr'd——
Did ye not meet the wench?

Seb. No, ſure, we met her not.

Alph. She has been here in boy's apparel, gentlemen,
(A gallant thing, and famous for a gentlewoman)
And all her face patch'd over for diſcovery;
A Pilgrim too, and thereby hangs a circumſtance,
That ſhe hath play'd her maſter-prize, a rare one.
I came too ſhort.

Curio. Such a young boy we met, Sir.

Alph. In a grey hat?

Curio. The ſame; his face all patch'd too.

Alph. 'Twas ſhe, a rot run with her! ſhe, that rank ſhe!
Walk in, I'll tell ye all; and then we'll part again:
But get ſome ſtore of wine; this fright ſits here yet.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Juletta.

Jul. What a fright I've put 'em in; what a brave hurry!
If this do bolt him [47], I'll be with him again
With a new part, was never play'd: I'll firk him;
As he hunts her, ſo I'll hunt him; I'll claw him.
Now will I ſee if I can croſs her footing.
Yet ſtill I'll watch his water, he ſhall pay for't;
And when he thinks moſt malice, and means worſe,
I'll make him know the mare's the better horſe. [*Exit.*

[47] *If this* do *bolt him.*] Probably the negative is wanting, *If this* don't *bolt him.* *Sympſon.*

SCENE V.

Enter Pedro and a Genileman.

Gent. You are a ſtranger, Sir; and, for humanity,
Being come within our walls, I'd ſhew you ſomething.
You've ſeen the caſtle?

Pedro. Yes, Sir; 'tis a ſtrong one,
And well maintain'd.

Gent. Why are you ſtill thus ſad, Sir?
How do you like the walks?

Pedro. They're very pleaſant;
Your town ſtands cool and ſweet.

Gent. But that I would not
Affect you with more ſadneſs, I could ſhew you
A place worth view.

Pedro. Shows ſeldom alter me, Sir;
Pray you ſpeak it, and then ſhew it.

Gent. 'Tis a houſe here
Where people of all ſorts, that have been viſited
With lunacies and follies, wait their cures:
Their fancies, of a thouſand ſtamps and faſhions,
Like flies in ſeveral ſhapes, buz round about ye,
And twice as many geſtures; ſome of pity,
That it would make you melt to ſee their paſſions:
And ſome as light again, that would content you.
But I ſee, Sir, your temper is too modeſt,
Too much inclin'd to contemplation,
To meet with theſe.

Pedro. You could not pleaſe me better;
And I beſeech you, Sir, do me the honour
To let me wait upon you.

Gent. Since you're willing,
To me it ſhall be a pleaſure to conduct you.

Pedro. I ne'er had ſuch a mind yet to ſee miſery!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter two Keepers.

1 *Keep.* Carry Mad Beſs ſome meat, ſhe roars like thunder;

And

And tie the parſon ſhort, the moon's i' th' full,
H' has a thouſand pigs in's brains. Who looks to the prentice?
Keep him from women, he thinks h' has loſt his miſtreſs;
And talk of no ſilk ſtuffs, 'twill run him horn-mad.
2 *Keep.* The juſtice keeps ſuch a ſtir yonder with his charges,
And ſuch a coil with warrants!
1 *Keep.* Take away his ſtatutes;
The devil has poſſeſs'd him in the likeneſs
Of penal laws; keep him from *aqua-vitæ*,
For if that ſpirit creep into his quorum,
He will commit us all. How is it with the ſcholar?
2 *Keep.* For any thing I ſee, he's in his right wits.
1 *Keep.* Thou art an aſs! in's right wits, goodman coxcomb?
As tho' any man durſt be in's right wits, and be here:
It is as much as we dare be, that keep 'em.

Enter Engliſh madman.

Engl. Give me ſome drink!
1 *Keep.* Oh, there's the Engliſhman.
Engl. Fill me a thouſand pots, and froth 'em, froth 'em!
Down o' your knees, ye rogues, and pledge me roundly!
One, two, three, and four;
We ſhall all be merry within this hour.
To the great Turk!
1 *Keep.* Peace, peace, thou heathen drunkard!
Theſe Engliſh are ſo malt-mad, there's no meddling with 'em;
When they've a fruitful year of barley there,
All the whole iſland's thus.
Engl. A ſnuff, a ſnuff, a ſnuff,
A lewd notorious ſnuff! give't him again, boy.

Enter She-Fool.

Fool. God ye good even, gaffer!
2 *Keep.* Who let the Fool looſe?

1 *Keep.* If any of the madmen take her, ſhe is pepper'd;
They'll bounce her loins.
Fool. Will you walk into the coal-houſe?
1 *Keep.* She is as lecherous too as a ſhe-ferret.
2 *Keep.* Who a vengeance looks to her? Go in, Kate,
I'll give thee a fine apple.
Fool. Will you buſs me,
And tickle me, and make me laugh?
1 *Keep.* I'll whip you.
Engl. Fool, Fool! come up to me, Fool.
Fool. Are you peeping?
Engl. I'll get thee with five fools.
Fool. Oh, fine, oh, dainty!
Engl. And thou ſhalt lie-in in a horſe-cloth, like a lady.
Fool. And ſhall I have a coach?
Engl. Drawn with four turkies;
And they ſhall tread thee too.
Fool. We ſhall have eggs then!
And ſhall I ſit upon 'em?
Engl. Ay, ay, and they ſhall be all addle,
And make an admirable tanſey for the devil.
Come, come away; I'm taken with thy love, Fool,
And will mightily belabour thee.
1 *Keep.* How the Fool bridles! how ſhe twitters at him!
Theſe Engliſhmen would ſtagger a wiſe woman.
If we ſhould ſuffer her to have her will now,
We ſhould have all the women in Spain as mad as ſhe here.
2 *Keep.* They would ſtrive who ſhould be moſt fool,
Away with her!

Enter Maſter, three Gentlemen, Scholar, and Pedro.

Fool. Pray ye ſtay a little! let's hear him ſing; h' has a fine breaſt[28].

[28] *Let's hear him ſing; h' has a* fine breaſt.] In Sir John Hawkins's Hiſtory of Muſick, vol. iii. p. 466, he cites part of Tuſſer's 'Five Hundred

1 *Keep.* Here comes my maſter. To the ſpit, you whore,
And ſtir no more abroad, but tend your buſineſs;
You ſhall have no more ſops i' th' pan elſe, nor no porridge:
Beſides, I'll whip your breech.
Fool. I'll go in preſently.
1 *Gent.* I'll aſſure you, Sir, the Cardinal's angry with you
For keeping this young man.
Maſt. I'm heartily ſorry.
If ye allow him ſound, pray ye take him with ye.
3 *Gent.* This is the place, and now obſerve their humours.
2 *Gent.* We can find nothing in him light, nor tainted;
No ſtartings, nor no rubs, in all his anſwers;
In all his letters, nothing but diſcretion,
Learning, and handſome ſtile.
Maſt. Be not deceiv'd, Sir;
Mark but his look.
1 *Gent.* His grief, and his impriſonment,
May ſtamp that there.
Maſt. Pray talk with him again then.
2 *Gent.* That will be needleſs; we have tried him long enough,

---

'Hundred Points of Huſbandry, 1580,' in which the following line occurs:

'The better *breſt*, the leſſer reſt;'

upon which he makes this obſervation: 'In ſinging, the ſound is 'originally produced by the action of the lungs; which are ſo eſſential 'an organ in this reſpect, that to have a good *breaſt* was formerly a 'common periphraſis to denote a good ſinger. The Italians make 'uſe of the terms *Voce de Petto* and *Voce di Teſta*, to ſignify two kinds 'of voice, of which the firſt is the beſt. In Shakeſpeare's comedy of 'Twelfth-Night, after the Clown is aſked to ſing, Sir Andrew Ague-'cheek ſays,

"By my troth, the fool has an excellent *breaſt*.'

'And in the ſtatutes of Stoke-College, in Suffolk, founded by Parker, 'Archbiſhop of Canterbury, is a proviſion in theſe words: 'Of which "ſaid queriſters after their *breaſts* are changed (*i. e.* their voices broke) "we will the moſt apt of wit and capacity be helpen with exhibitions "of forty ſhillings, *&c.*' Strype's Life of Parker, p. 9.' *R.*

And if he had a taint we ſhould have met with't.
Yet to diſcharge your care——
Pedro. A ſober youth!
Pity ſo heavy a croſs ſhould light upon him.
2 *Gent.* You find no ſickneſs?
Schol. None, Sir, I thank Heaven,
Nor nothing that diverts my underſtanding.
1 *Gent.* Do you ſleep o'nights?
Schol. As ſound, and ſweet, as any man.
2 *Gent.* Have you no fearful dreams?
Schol. Sometimes, as all have
That go to bed with raw and windy ſtomachs;
Elſe, I'm all one piece.
1 *Gent.* Is there no unkindneſs
You have conceiv'd from any friend, or parent?
Or ſcorn from what you lov'd?
Schol. No, truly, Sir:
I never yet was maſter of a faith
So poor, and weak, to doubt my friend or kindred;
And what love is, unleſs it lie in learning,
I think I'm ignorant
1 *Gent.* This man is perfect;
A civiler diſcourſer I ne'er talk'd with.
Maſt. You'll find it otherwiſe.
2 *Gent.* I muſt tell you true, Sir,
I think you keep him here to teach him madneſs!
Here's his diſcharge from my lord cardinal.
And come, Sir, go with us.
Schol. I'm bound unto ye;
And farewell, maſter.
Maſt. Farewell, Stephano.
Alas, poor man!
1 *Gent.* What flaws and whirls of weather,
Or rather ſtorms, have been aloft theſe three days;
How dark, and hot, and full of mutiny!
And ſtill grows louder.
Maſt. It has been ſtubborn weather.
2 *Gent.* Strange work at ſea; I fear me there's old tumbling.
1 *Gent.* Bleſs my old uncle's bark! I have a venture.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* And I, more than I'd wiſh to loſe.
Schol. Do you fear?
2 *Gent.* Ha! how he looks!
Maſt. Nay, mark him better, gentlemen.
2 *Gent.* Mercy upon me, how his eyes are alter'd!
Maſt. Now tell me how you like him; whether now
He be that perfect map ye credited?
Schol. Does the ſea ſtagger ye?
Maſt. Now ye have hit the nick.
Schol. Do ye fear the billows?
1 *Gent.* What ails him? who has ſtirr'd him?
Schol. Be not ſhaken,
Nor let the ſinging of the ſtorm ſhoot thro' ye;
Let it blow on, blow on! let the clouds wreſtle,
And let the vapours of the earth turn mutinous,
The ſea in hideous mountains riſe and tumble,
Upon a dolphin's back I'll make all tremble,
For I am Neptune!
Maſt. Now what think ye of him?
2 *Gent.* Alas, poor man!
Schol. Your bark ſhall plough thro' all,
And not a ſurge ſo ſaucy to diſturb her;
I'll ſee her ſafe, my power ſhall fail before her!

Down, ye angry waters all;
Ye loud whiſtling whirlwinds, fall;
Down, ye proud waves; ye ſtorms, ceaſe;
I command ye, be at peace.
Fright not with your churliſh notes,
Nor bruiſe the keel of bark that floats;
No devouring fiſh come nigh,
Nor monſter in my empery
Once ſhew his head, or terror bring;
But let the weary ſailor ſing:
Amphitrite with white arms
Strike my lute, I'll ſing thy charms.

Maſt. He muſt have muſick now: I muſt obſerve him;
His fit will grow too full elſe. [*Muſick, ſong.*
2 *Gent.* I muſt pity him.

Maſt. Now he will in himſelf, moſt quietly,
And clean forget all, as he had done nothing.
1 *Gent.* We're ſorry, Sir, and we have ſeen a wonder.
From this hour we'll believe; and ſo we'll leave ye.
Pedro. This was a ſtrange fit. [*Exe. two Gent.*
Maſt. Did you mark him, Sir?
Pedro. He might have cozen'd me with his behaviour.
Maſt. Many have ſworn him right[28], and I have thought ſo;
Yet on a ſudden, from ſome word or other,
When no man could expect a fit, he has flown out:
I dare not give him will.

Enter Alinda.

Pedro. Pray Heav'n recover him!
Alin. Muſt I come in too?
Maſt. No, my pretty lad;
Keep in thy chamber, boy; 'ſhalt have thy ſupper.
Pedro. I pray you what is he, Sir?
Maſt. A ſtrange boy, that laſt night
Was found i' th' town, a little craz'd, diſtracted,
And ſo ſent hither.
Pedro. How the pretty knave looks,
And plays, and peeps upon me!—Sure ſuch eyes
I've ſeen, and lov'd!—What fair hands!—Certainly—
Maſt. Good Sir, you'll make him worſe.
Pedro. I pray believe not:
Alas, why ſhould I hurt him?—How he ſmiles!—
The very ſhape, and ſweetneſs of Alinda!—
Let me look once again: Were it in ſuch cloaths
As when I ſaw her laſt—This muſt be ſhe!—
How tenderly it ſtrokes me!
Maſt. Pray you be mild, Sir!
I muſt attend elſewhere. [*Exit.*
Pedro. Pray you be ſecure, Sir.
What would ye ſay?—How my heart beats and trembles!

[28] *Many have ſworn him right.*] This is one of the moſt ſkilful exhibitions of madneſs that this play affords.

He

He holds me hard by th' hand. O' my life, her fleſh too!
I know not what to think! Her tears, her true ones,
Pure orient tears!—Hark, do you know me, little one?
Alin. Oh, Pedro, Pedro!
Pedro. Oh, my ſoul!
3 *Gent.* What fit's this?
The Pilgrim's off the hooks too!
Alin. Let me hold thee;
And now come all the world, and all that hate me!
Pedro. Be wiſe, and not diſcover'd. Oh, how I love you!
How do you now?
Alin. I have been miſerable;
But your moſt virtuous eyes have cur'd me, Pedro.
Pray you think it no immodeſty, I kiſs you.
My head's wild ſtill!
Pedro. Be not ſo full of paſſion,
Nor do not hang ſo greedily upon me;
'Twill be ill taken.
Alin. Are you weary of me?
I will hang here eternally, kiſs ever,
And weep away for joy.

Enter Maſter.

Maſt. I told you, Sir,
What you would do! For ſhame, do not afflict him!
You've drawn his fit upon him fearfully.
Either depart, and preſently, I'll force you elſe.
Who waits within?

Enter two Keepers.

Pedro. Alas, good Sir——
Maſt. This is the way never to hope recovery.
Stay but one minute more, I'll complain to th' governor.
Bring in the boy. D' you ſee how he ſwells and tears himſelf?
Is this your cure? Be gone! If the boy miſcarry
Let me ne'er find you more, for I'll ſo hamper you—
3 *Gent.* You were to blame, too raſh.
Pedro. Farewell for ever! [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonſo, a Gentleman, and Juletta.

Gent. YOU'RE now within a mile o'th' town, Sir; if my buſineſs
Would give me leave, I'd turn and wait upon ye.
But for ſuch gentlemen as you enquire of,
Certain, I ſaw none ſuch; but for the boy ye ſpoke of,
I will not ſay 'tis he, but ſuch a one,
Juſt of that height——

Alph. In ſuch cloaths?

Gent. I much miſtake elſe.——
Was ſent in th' other night, a little maddiſh,
And where ſuch people wait their cures.

Alph. I underſtand you.

Gent. There you may quickly know.

Alph. I thank you, Sir.

Jul. So do I too; and if there be ſuch a place,
I aſk no more; but you ſhall hear more of me.
She may be there, and you may play the tyrant;
I'll ſee what I can do. I'm almoſt founder'd
In following him; and yet I'll never leave him,
I'll crawl of all four firſt; my cauſe is meritorious,
And come what can come!

Gent. All you've told me's certain,
Complexion, and all elſe.

Alph. It may be ſhe then;
And I'll ſo fumble her! Is ſhe grown mad now?
Is her blood ſet ſo high? I'll have her madded.
I'll have her worm'd!

Jul. Mark but the end, old maſter;
If thou be'ſt not ſick o'th' bots within theſe five hours,
And kick'ſt and roar'ſt—I'll make ye fart fire, ſignior.

Enter Alinda, as the Fool.

Gent. Here's one o'th' houſe, a fool, an idiot, Sir: May-

May-be, ſhe's going home; ſhe'll be a guide to ye,
And ſo I kiſs your hand. [*Exit.*
Alph. I am your ſervant.
Alin. Oh, now I'm loſt, loſt, loſt! Lord, how I tremble!
My father, arm'd in all his hates and angers!
This is more miſery than I have 'ſcap'd yet.
Alph. Fool! Fool!
Alin. He knows me not.—Will you give me two-pence?
And, gaffer, here's a crow-flower, and a daiſy;
I've ſome pie in my pocket too.
Alph. This is an arrant fool,
An ignorant thing.
Alin. Believe ſo, and I'm happy. [*Aſide.*
Alph. Doſt thou dwell in Segovia, Fool?
Alin. No, no, I dwell in Heaven;
And I have a fine little houſe, made of marmalade,
And I am a lone woman, and I ſpin for Saint Peter;
I have a hundred little children, and they ſing pſalms with me.
Alph. 'Tis pity this pretty thing ſhould want underſtanding.
But why do I ſtand talking with a coxcomb?
If I do find her, if I light upon her—
I'll ſay no more. Is this the way to th' town, Fool?
Alin. You muſt go o'er the top of that high ſteeple, gaffer——
Alph. A plague o' your fool's face!
Jul. No; take her counſel.
Alin. And then you ſhall come to a river twenty mile over,
And twenty mile and ten, and then you muſt pray, gaffer,
And ſtill you muſt pray, and pray——
Alph. Pray Heav'n deliver me
From ſuch an aſs as thou art!
Alin. Amen, ſweet gaffer!—
And fling a ſop of ſugar-cake into it;

And

And then you muſt leap in naked——

Jul. 'Would he would believe her!

Alin. And ſink ſeven days together: Can you ſink, gaffer?

Alph. Yes, coxcomb, yes. Prithee, farewell! a pox on thee!

A plague o' that fool too, that ſet me upon thee!

Alin. And then I'll bring you a ſup of milk ſhall ſerve you:

I'm going to get apples.

Alph. Go to the devil!

Was ever man tormented with a puppy thus?

Thou tell me news? thou be a guide?

Alin. And then, nuncle——

Alph. Prithee keep on thy way, good naunt. I could rail now

Theſe ten hours at mine own improvidence.

Get apples and be choak'd! farewell! [*Exit.*

Alin. Farewell, nuncle!

Jul. I rejoice in any thing that vexes him,

And I ſhall love this fool extremely for't.

Could I but ſee my miſtreſs now, to tell her

How I have truly, honeſtly wrought for her,

How I have worn myſelf away to ſerve her——

Fool, there's a ryal for the ſport thou mad'ſt me

In croſſing that old fool, that parted from thee.

Alin. (Thou'rt honeſt ſure, but yet thou muſt not ſee me.)

I thank you, little gentleman! Heav'n bleſs you,

And I'll pray for you too. Pray you keep this nutmeg;

'Twas ſent me from the lady of the Mountain,

A golden lady.

Jul. How prettily it prattles.

Alin. 'Tis very good to rub your underſtanding:

And ſo good night; the moon's up.

Jul. Pretty innocent!

Alin. Now, Fortune, if thou dar'ſt do good, protect me! [*Exit.*

Jul.

Jul. I'll follow him to yond town; he ſhall not 'ſcape me.
Stay; I muſt counterfeit a letter by the way firſt,
And one that muſt carry ſome credit with it; I am wide elſe,
And all this to no purpoſe that I aim at.
A letter muſt be had, and neatly handled;
And then if goodwife Fortune do not fail me,
Have at his ſkirts! I ſhall worſe anger him
Than ever I have done, and worſe torment him.
It does me good to think how I ſhall conjure him,
And crucify his crabbedneſs: He's my maſter;
But that's all one, I'll lay that on the left hand.
He would now perſecute my harmleſs miſtreſs;
A fault without forgiveneſs, as I take it,
And under that bold banner flies my vengeance [29];
A meritorious war, and ſo I'll make it.
I'th' name of innocence, what's this the Fool gave me?
She ſaid 'twas good to rub my underſtanding.
What ſtrange concealment? bread, or cheeſe, or a cheſnut?
Ha! 'tis a ring, a pretty ring, a right one:
A ring I know too! the very ſame ring!
Oh, admirable blockhead! oh, baſe eyes!
A ring my miſtreſs took from me, and wore it;
I know it by the poſy, 'Prick me, and heal me [30].'
None could deliver this but ſhe herſelf too.
Am I twice ſand-blind? twice ſo near the bleſſing
I would arrive at, and block-like ne'er know it?
I'm vengeance angry; but that ſhall light on thee,
And heavily, and quickly, I pronounce it.
There are ſo many croſs-ways, there's no foll'wing her [31],

[29] *That bold banner* flies *my vengeance.*] The diſcontinuity of the metaphor makes this place greatly obſcure, we ſhould probably read,
——*under that bold banner* fights *my vengeance.* *Sympſon.*

[30] *Prick me, and heal me.*] Theſe words, by what miſtake I know not, are wanting in the folio of 1679. *Sympſon.*

[31] ——*there's no foll'wing her;*
And yet I muſt not now.] The diſtraction of Juletta here will be finely expreſſed if we alter the pointing;
——*there's no following her;*——
And yet I muſt——*not now. I hope,* &c. *Sympſon.*

And

And yet I muſt—not now. I hope ſhe is right ſtill,
For all her outward ſhow, for ſure ſhe knew me;
And, in that hope, ſome few hours I'll forget her.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Roderigo, in a pilgrim's habit.

Rod. She's not to be recover'd, which I vex at;
And he beyond my vengeance, which torments me.
Oh, I am fool'd and ſlighted, made a raſcal;
My hopes are flatter'd [32], as my preſent fortunes!
Why ſhould I wander thus, and play the coxcomb?
Tire out my peace and pleaſure for a girl?
A girl that ſcorns me too? a thing that hates me?
And, conſider'd at the beſt, is but a ſhort breakfaſt
For a hot appetite. Why ſhould I walk, and walk thus,
And fret myſelf, and travel like a carrier,
And peep, and watch? want meat and wine, to cheriſh me,
When thouſand women may be had, ten thouſand,
And thank me too, and I ſit ſtill? Well, trim beauty
And chaſtity, and all that ſeem to ruin me,
Let me not take you, let me not come near you,
For I'll ſo trim you, I'll ſo buſtle with you—
'Tis not the name of virgin ſhall redeem you,
(I'll change that property) nor tears, nor angers;
I bear a hate about me ſcorns thoſe follies.
To find this villain too (for there's my main prize)
And if he ſcape me then [33]——

Enter Alinda.

Alin. Is not that Pedro?

[32] *My hopes are* flatter'd, *as my preſent fortunes.*] But *flatter'd* with what? If diſappointments are flatteries, then the paſſage is clear. Write without diſpute,

My hopes are flat as are *my preſent fortunes.* *Sympſon.*

It admits much diſpute. The text ſignifies the ſame as the emendation, *flatter'd* being uſed ironically: 'My hopes and fortunes are 'equally deſperate.'

[33] *And if he* ſnap *me then.*] Amended by Mr. Sympſon.

'Tis

'Tis he, 'tis he! Oh!
Rod. What art thou?
Alin. Ha! now, now, now,
Oh, now, moſt miſerable!
Rod. What a devil art thou?
Alin. No end of my misfortunes, Heaven?
Rod. What antick?
Speak, puppet, ſpeak!
Alin. That habit to betray me?
Ye holy Saints, can ye ſee this?
Rod. It danceth!
The devil in a fool's coat? is he turn'd innocent?
What mops and mowes[34] it makes! heigh, how it friſketh?
Is't not a fairy? or ſome ſmall hobgoblin?
It has a mortal face, and I have a great mind to it;
But if it ſhould prove the devil then?
Alin. Come hither.
Rod. I think 'twill raviſh me. It is a handſome thing,
But horribly ſun-burnt. What's that it points at?
Alin. Doſt thou ſee that ſtar there? that, juſt above the ſun?
Prithee go thither, and light me this tobacco;
And ſtop it with the horns o' th' moon.
Rod. The thing is mad,
Abominably mad, her brains are butter'd.
Go ſleep, fool, ſleep.
Alin. Thou canſt not ſleep ſo ſweetly;
For ſo I can ſay my prayers, and then ſlumber.

I am not proud, nor full of wine,
(This little flower will make me fine)
Cruel in heart, (for I ſhall cry,
If I ſee a ſparrow die):
I am not watchful to do ill,
Nor glorious[35] to purſue it ſtill:

[34] Mops *and* mowes.] This explains the paſſage in the Wild-Gooſe Chace. *Mops* we take to be *geſtures*, and *mowes*, *grimaces*.

[35] *Nor* glorious *to purſue.*] *i. e.* Take no pride, pleaſure in, *&c.* *Sympſon.*

Nor

Nor pitileſs to thoſe that weep;
Such as are, bid them go ſleep.
Do, do, do, and ſee if they can.

Rod. It ſaid true;
I feel it ſink into me forcibly.
Sure 'tis a kind of ſybil, ſome mad prophet.
I feel my wildneſs bound and fetter'd in me.

Alin. Give me your hand, and I'll tell you what's your fortune.

Rod. Here; prithee ſpeak.

Alin. Fy, fy, fy, fy, fy!
Waſh your hands, and pare your nails, and look finely;
You ſhall never kiſs the king's daughter elſe.

Rod. I waſh 'em daily.

Alin. But ſtill you foul 'em faſter.

Rod. This goes nearer.

Alin. You'll have two wives.

Rod. Two wives?

Alin. Ay, two fine gentlewomen;
(Make much of 'em, for they'll ſtick cloſe to you, Sir)
And theſe two, in two days.

Rod. That's a fine riddle.

Alin. To-day you ſhall wed Sorrow,
And Repentance will come to-morrow.

Rod. Sure ſhe's inſpir'd!

Alin. I'll ſing you a fine ſong, Sir.

He call'd down his merry men all,
By one, by two, by three;
William would fain have been the firſt,
But now the laſt is he.

Rod. 'Tis the mere chronicle of my miſhaps.

Alin. I'll bid you good even; for my boat ſtays for me yonder,
And I muſt ſup with the moon to-night in the Mediterranean. [*Exit.*

Rod. When fools and mad-folks ſhall be tutors to me,
And feel my ſores, yet I unſenſible——
Sure it was ſet by Providence upon me,

To

To ſteer my heart right. I am wondrous weary;
My thoughts too, which add more burden to me—
I have been ill, and, which is worſe, purſu'd it,
And ſtill run on: I muſt think better, nobler,
And be another thing, or not at all.
Still I grow heavier, heavier; Heav'n defend me!
I'll lie down, and take reſt, and goodneſs guard me!

Enter four Peaſants.

1 *Pea.* We've 'ſcap'd to-day well; certain, if the Outlaws
Had known we had been ſtirring, we had paid for't.
2 *Pea.* Plague on 'em, they have robb'd me thrice.
3 *Pea.* And me five times;
Beſide, they made my daughter one of us too,
An arrant drum: Oh, they're the lewdeſt raſcals!
The captain ſuch a damn'd piece of iniquity——
But we are far enough off on 'em, that's the beſt on't.
They cannot hear.
4 *Pea.* They'll come to me familiarly,
And eat up all I have; drink up my wine too,
And if there be a ſervant that contents 'em,
Let her keel hold, they'll give her ſtowage enough.
We have no children now, but thieves and Outlaws:
The very brats in their mothers' bellies have their qualities,
They'll ſteal into the world.
1 *Pea.* 'Would we had ſome of 'em here!
2 *Pea.* Ay, o' that condition we could maſter 'em;
They're ſturdy knaves.
3 *Pea.* A devil take their ſturdineſs!
We can neither keep our wives from 'em, nor our ſtates;
We pay the rent, and they poſſeſs the benefit.
1 *Pea.* What is this lies here? is it drunk or ſober?
It ſleeps, and ſoundly too.
2 *Pea.* 'Tis an old woman,
That keeps ſheep hereabouts. It turns and ſtretches.
4 *Pea.* Does ſhe keep ſheep with a ſword?
3 *Pea.* It has a beard too.

1 *Pea.* Peace, peace! It is the devil Roderigo!
Peace of all hands, and look.
2 *Pea.* 'Tis he.
3 *Pea.* Speak ſoftly.
4 *Pea.* Now we may fit him.
3 *Pea.* Stay, ſtay! let's be provident.
1 *Pea.* Kill him, and wake him then.
4 *Pea.* Let me come to him;
Ev'n one blow at his pate; if e'er he wake more—
3 *Pea.* So, ſo, ſo! lay that by.
2 *Pea.* I muſt needs kill him;
It ſtands with my reputation.
3 *Pea.* Stand off, I ſay,
And let us ſome way make him ſure; then torture him:
To kill him preſently, has no pleaſure in't;
H' has been tormenting of us at leaſt this twelvemonth.
Rod. Oh, me!
All. He comes, he comes.
4 *Pea.* Has he no guns about him?
3 *Pea.* Softly again! No, no; take that hand eaſily,
And tie it faſt there; that to t'other bough there.
Faſt, faſt, and eaſy, leſt he wake!
2 *Pea.* Have we got you?
This was a benefit we never aim'd at.
3 *Pea.* Out with your knives, and let us carve this cock-thief,
Daintily carve him!
1 *Pea.* I would he had been uſed thus
Ten years ago! we might have thought we had children.
3 *Pea.* Oh, that Sir Nicholas now our prieſt were here[36],
What a ſweet homily would he ſay over him,
For ringing all in, with his wife i'th' bellfry!
He would ſtand up ſtiff girt. Now pounce him lightly;
And, as he roars and rages, let's go deeper.

[36] *Sir Nicholas now our prieſt, &c.*] *Sir* was a title given (formerly) to any clergyman under the degree of a doctor. The reader can't but obſerve the great impropriety which the next line but one contains, the ſcene lying not in England but Spain. *Sympſon.*

We cannot think the *impropriety* ſo *great*: *Homily* is uſed generally for *ſermon*, and *preaching* is in all countries the duty of a prieſt.

Come

Come near; you are dim-ey'd; on with your ſpectacles.
Rod. Oh, what torments me thus? what ſlaves, what villains?
Oh, ſpare me; do not murder me!
3 *Pea.* We'll but tickle you:
You've tickled us at all points.
4 *Pea.* Where are his emblems?

Enter Pedro.

Rod. As ye're men, and Chriſtians——
2 *Pea.* Yes, we hear you;
And you ſhall hear of us too.
Rod. Oh! no mercy?
Pedro. What noiſe is this? what roar?—I cannot find her,
She is got free again; but where, or which way?
Rod. Oh, villains, beaſts!
Pedro. Murd'ring a man, ye raſcals?
Ye inhuman ſlaves, off, off, and leave this cruelty,
Or, as I am a gentleman—Do ye brave me?
Then have among ye all, ye ſlaves, ye cowards!
Take up that ſword, and ſtand [*to Roderigo*]. Stay, ye baſe raſcals,
Ye cut-throat rogues——
All. Away, away! [*Exeunt Peaſants.*
Pedro. Ye dog-whelps!
Rod. Oh! I am now more wretched far, than ever.
Pedro. A violence to that habit?—Ha! Roderigo?
What makes he here, thus clad? Is it repentance,
Or only a fair ſhow to guile his miſchiefs [37]?

[37] *Or only a fair ſhew to* guide *his miſchiefs?*] In this blunder do all the copies agree, yet that general conſent can't incline me to think the paſſage ſound. A *diſguiſe* is not us'd as a *guide*, but a *cover* or *colour*, and ſo it ought to be here. There are ſeveral ways of correcting this place, as *hide*, *'ſguiſe*, i. e. *diſguiſe*:' But I like (as Mr. Seward too directed) *guild* the beſt, there being great reaſon to believe that to be the original reading, from what the edition of 1679 exhibits, though corruptly,

——*fair ſhew to* guile *his miſchiefs.* *Sympſon.*

To *guide it* ſenſe; but to *guile*, having authority, we have preferred, not only as ſenſe, but as extremely poetical.

Rod. This benefit has made me ſhame to ſee him;
To know him, bluſh.
Pedro. You are not much hurt?
Rod. No, Sir;
All I can call a hurt, ſticks in my conſcience;
That pricks and tortures me.
Pedro. Have you conſider'd
The nature of theſe men, and how they us'd you?
Was it fair play? did it appear to you handſome?
Rod. I dare not ſpeak; or, if I do, 'tis nothing
Can bring me off, or juſtify me.
Pedro. Was it noble
To be o'er-lay'd with odds and violence?
Manly, or brave, in theſe thus to oppreſs you?
D' you bluſh at this, in ſuch as are mere rudeneſs?
That have ſtopt ſouls, that never knew things gentle?
And dare you glorify worſe in yourſelf, Sir?
You us'd me with much honour, and I thank you;
In this, I have requited ſome. You know me:
Come, turn not back; you muſt and you ſhall know me.
Had I been over-ſeaſon'd with baſe anger,
And ſuited all occaſions to my miſchiefs,
Bore no reſpect to honeſty, religion;
No faith, no common tie of man, humanity,
Had I had in me; but giv'n reins and licence
To a tempeſtuous will, as wild as winter,
This day, know, Roderigo, I had ſet
As ſmall a price upon thy life and fortunes
As thou didſt lately on mine innocence;
But I reſerve thee to a nobler ſervice.
Rod. I thank you, and I'll ſtudy more to honour you:
You have the nobler ſoul, I muſt confeſs it,
And are the greater maſter of your goodneſs.
Tho' it be impoſſible I ſhould now recover,
And my rude will grow handſome, in an inſtant,
Yet, touching but the pureneſs of your metal,
Something ſhall ſhew like gold, at leaſt ſhall gliſter;

That

That men may hope, altho' the mine be rugged,
Stony and hard to work, yet time and honour
Shall find and bring forth that that's rich and worthy.
Pedro. I'll try that; and to th' purpoſe. You told me, Sir,
In noble emulation, (ſo I take it,
I'll put your hatred far off, and forget it)
You had a fair deſire to try my valour;
You ſeem'd to court me to't: You have found a time,
A weapon in your hand, an equal enemy,
That, as he puts this off, puts off all injuries,
And only now for honour's ſake defies you!
Now, as you are a man, (I know you're valiant)
As you are gentle bred, a ſoldier faſhion'd——
Rod. His virtue ſtartles me!—I dare fight, Pedro.
Pedro. And as you have a miſtreſs that you honour,
Mark me! a miſtreſs——
Rod. Ha!
Pedro. A handſome miſtreſs:
As you dare hold yourſelf deſerving of her——
Rod. Deſerving? what a word was that to fire me?
Pedro. I could compel you now without this circumſtance,
But I'll deal free and fairly, like a gentleman:
As you are worthy of the name you carry,
A daring man——
Rod. Oh, that I durſt not ſuffer!
For all I dare do now implies but penance.
Pedro. Now do me noble right.
Rod. I'll ſatisfy you;
But not by th' ſword. Pray you hear me, and allow me.
I have been rude; but ſhall I be a monſter,
And teach my ſword to hurt that that preſerv'd me?
Tho' I be rough by nature, ſhall my name
Inherit that eternal ſtain of *barbarous?*
Give me an enemy, a thing that hates you,
That never heard of yet, nor felt, your goodneſs,
(That is one main antipathy to ſweetneſs)
And ſet me on! You cannot hold me coward.

If I have ever err'd, 't has been in hazard [38].
The temper of my ſword ſtarts at your virtue,
And will fly off, nay, it will weep to fight you [39]:
Things excellently mingled, and of pure nature,
Hold ſacred love and peace with one another.

Pedro. See how it turns [40]! this is a ſtrange converſion!
And can you fail your miſtreſs? can you grow cold
In ſuch a caſe?

Rod. Thoſe heats that they add to us,
(Oh, noble Pedro!) let us feel 'em rightly,
And rightly but conſider how they move us.

Pedro. Is not their honour ours?

Rod. If they be virtuous;
And then the ſword adds nothing to their luſtre,
But rather calls in queſtion what's not doubted:
If they be not, the beſt ſwords and beſt valours
Can never fight 'em up to fame again,
No, not a Chriſtian war; and that's held pious.

Pedro. How bravely now he's temper'd! I muſt fight,
And rather make it honourable, than angry.
I would not taſk thoſe ſins to me committed.

Rod. You cannot, Sir; you've caſt thoſe by, diſcarded 'em;
And, in a noble mind, ſo low and looſely

---

[38] *If I have err'd, 't has been in hazard.*] The meaning of this line is, 'My errors have ariſen from accident.' Mr. Seward, in a very puzzling and unintereſting note, propoſes to read,

If I have err'd ſhall thy life be *in hazard?*

[39] *To* light *ye.*] Mr. Sympſon obſerves, that 'we have here either an *elliptis.* (the paſſage meaning *to light* ON *you*) or a corruption.' If we ſuppoſe the latter, he ſays we may read, on authority of Chaucer, *to* FIGHT *you*, i. e. STRIKE; or elſe, '*to* SLIGHT *you*, i. e. *cut*, '*wound*, &c. from the *A. S. Slitan, ſcindere, lacerare.*' We think that *to* FIGHT *you* is much more eaſy and probable than the other words propoſed, and more agreeable to the context.

[40] *See how it turns!*] Theſe words, which are made a continuation of *Roderigo's* ſpeech in all former editions, cannot belong to him, but to *Pedro:*

See how it turns? *this is a ſtrange* converſion!

To

To look back, and collect ſuch lumps, and lick 'em
Into new horrid forms again——
Pedro. Still braver!
Rod. To fight becauſe I dare, were worſe and weaker
Than if I had a woman in my cauſe, Sir,
And more proclaim'd me fool; yet I muſt confeſs
I have been covetous of all occaſions,
And this I have taken upon truſt for noble,
The more ſhame mine! Deviſe a way to fight thus,
That, like the wounded air, no blood may iſſue,
Nor, where the ſword ſhall enter, no loſt ſpirit,
And ſet me on! I would not ſcar that body,
That virtuous, valiant body, nor deface it,
To make the kingdom mine. If one muſt bleed,
Let me be both the ſacrifice and altar,
And you the prieſt; I have deſerv'd to ſuffer.
Pedro. The noble Roderigo now I call you,
And thus my love ſhall ever count and hold you.
Rod. I am your ſervant, Sir; and now this habit,
Devotion, not diſtruſt, ſhall put upon me.
I'll wait upon your fortunes, (that's my way now)
And where you grieve, or joy, I'll be a partner.
Pedro. I thank you, Sir; I ſhall be too proud of you.
Oh, I could tell you ſtrange things!
Rod. I gueſs at 'em;
And I could curſe myſelf, I made 'em ſtranger.
Yet my mind ſays, you are not far from happineſs.
Pedro. It ſhall be welcome. Come, let's keep us thus ſtill,
And be as we appear, Heav'n's hand may bleſs us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Alphonſo, Maſter, and Keepers.

Maſt. Yes, Sir, here be ſuch people; but how pleaſing
They will appear to you——
Alph. Pray let me ſee 'em;
I come to that end; pray let me ſee 'em all.

Maſt. They will confound you, Sir, like bells rung backward;
They're nothing but confuſion, and mere noiſes.
Alph. May-be, I love a noiſe. But, hark ye, Sir!
Have you no boys? handſome young boys?
Maſt. Yes, one, Sir;
A very handſome boy.
Alph. Long here?
Maſt. But two days;
A little craz'd, but much hope of recovery.
Alph. Ay, that boy let me ſee; may-be, I know him;
That boy, I ſay.—This is the boy he told me of,
And it muſt needs be ſhe!—That boy, I beſeech ye, Sir!
That boy I come to ſee.
Maſt. And you ſhall ſee him,
Or any elſe; but pray be not too violent.
Alph. I know what to do, I warrant you; I am for all fancies;
I can talk to 'em, and diſpute——
1 *Keep.* As madly?
For they are very mad, Sir.
Alph. Let 'em be horn-mad.
2 *Keep.* We have few citizens; they have bedlams of their own, Sir;
And are mad at their own charges.
Alph. Who lies here?
Maſt. Pray you don't diſturb 'em, Sir; here lie ſuch youths
Will make you ſtart if they but dance their trenchmores [41].

[41] *If they but dance their* trenchmores.] *Trenchmore* was a dance, of which (ſays Sir John Hawkins, Hiſtory of Muſick, vol. iv. p. 391.) 'Frequent mention is made by our old dramatick writers: Thus, in 'the Iſland Princeſs of Beaumont and Fletcher, act v. one of the 'Townſmen ſays,

'*All the windows of the town dance a new* trenchmore.

'In the Table-Talk of Seldon, tit. King of England, is the following 'humourous paſſage: 'The court of England is much altered. At a "ſolemn dancing, firſt, you had the grave meaſures, then the "corantoes and the galliards, and this kept up with ceremony; and "at length to *trenchmore*, and the cuſhion-dance: Then all the com-

"pany

Fetch out the boy, ſirrah.—Hark! [*Exit Keeper.*
Alph. Heigh, boys! [*Shake irons within.*

Enter Engliſh madman, Scholar, and Parſon.

Engl. Bounce!
Clap her o' th' ſtar-board! bounce! top the can.
Schol. Dead, you dog, dead! D' you quarrel in my kingdom?
Give me my trident!
Engl. Bounce, 'twixt wind and water,
Loaden with mackrel! Oh, brave meat!
Schol. My ſea-horſes!
I'll charge the northern-wind, and break his bladder.
Par. I'll ſell my bells, before I be out-brav'd thus.
Alph. What's he? what's he?
Maſt. A parſon, Sir, a parſon,
That run mad for tithe-goſlings.
Alph. Green ſauce cure him!
Par. I'll curſe ye all! I'll excommunicate ye!
Thou Engliſh heretick, give me the tenth pot.
Engl. Sue me; I'll drink up all. Bounce, I ſay once more.
Oh, have I ſplit your mizen? Blow, blow, thou Weſt-wind,
Blow till thou rive [42], and make the ſea run roaring.

" pany dances, lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid, no diſtinction.
" So in our court, in Queen Elizabeth's time, gravity and ſtate were
" kept up. In King James's time, things were pretty well. But in
" King Charles's time, there has been nothing but *trenchmore* and
" the cuſhion-dance, omnium gatherum, tolly polly, hoite come
" toite.' And in the comedy of the Rehearſal, the earth, ſun, and
' moon, are made to dance the hey, to the tune of *trenchmore*. From
' all which it may be inferred, that the *trenchmore* was alſo a lively
' movement.' *R.*

[42] *Blow till thou rive.*] This is a manifeſt copying from Shakeſpeare's Boatſwain in the Tempeſt,

Blow till thou burſt thy *wind, if room enough,*

which paſſage is not ſenſe as it ſtands, but ought to be altered thus,

Blow till thou burſt thee, *Wind*, &c.

By which reading he (Boatſwain) addreſſes the Wind as a perſon, and the ſentence acquires a dignity which it had not before. *Sympſon.*

This ſame variation of Shakeſpeare's text, is propoſed by Mr. Steevens (as his own conjecture) in the edition of Shakeſpeare publiſhed in 1773.

I'll

I'll hiſs it down again with a bottle of ale.
Schol. Triton! why, Triton!
Engl. Triton's drunk with metheglin.
Schol. Strike, ſtrike the ſurges, ſtrike!
Engl. Drink, drink; 'tis day-light;
Drink, didle, didle, didle, drink, Parſon, proud Parſon:
A pig's tail in thy teeth, and I defy thee!
Par. Give me ſome porridge, or I'll damn thee, Engliſh.
Alph. How comes this Engliſh madman here?
Maſt. Alas,
That is no queſtion; they're mad ev'ry where, Sir.—
Their fits are cool now; let 'em reſt.

Enter Keepers, and She-Fool in boy's cloaths.

Alph. Mad gallants,
Moſt admirable mad; I love their fancies [43].
1 *Keep.* You ſtinking whore!—Who knew of this? who look'd to him?
Pox take him, he was ſleepy when I left him.
2 *Keep.* Certain, he made the Fool drunk.
Maſt. How now? who's this here?
Where is the boy?
1 *Keep.* The boy, Sir?
Maſt. Ay, the boy, Sir.
1 *Keep.* Here's all the boys we found.
Maſt. Theſe are his cloaths;
But where's the boy?
Fool. The boy is gone a-maying;
He'll bring me home a cuckow's neſt. D'you hear, maſter?
I put my cloaths off, and I dizen'd him,
And pinn'd a plumb [44] in's forehead, and a feather,
And buſs'd him twice, and bid him go ſeek his fortune:
He gave me this fine money, and fine wine too,
And bid me ſop, and gave me theſe trim cloaths too,

[43] *I love their faces.*] Varied by Mr. Sympſon.

[44] *Plumb.*] We take this to be a name of ſome cap; as we now call that worn by children *a pudding*.

And

And put 'em on.

Alph. Is this the boy you'd ſhew?

Fool. I'll give you two-pence, maſter.

Alph. Am I fool'd of all ſides?
I met a Fool i'th' woods, (they ſaid ſhe dwelt here)
In a long pied coat.

Maſt. That was the very boy, Sir.

Fool. Ay, ay, ay; I gave him leave to play forſooth:
He'll come again to-morrow, and bring peſcods.

Maſt. I'll bring your bones!

Alph. Pox o' your fools, and bedlams!
Plague o' your owls and apes!

Maſt. Pray you, Sir, be tamer;
We cannot help this preſently; but we ſhall know—
I'll recompenſe your care too!

Alph. Know me a pudding!
You juggle, and you fiddle; fart upon you!
I am abus'd!

Maſt. Pray you, Sir——

Enter Welſh madman.

Alph. And I will be abus'd, Sir!
And you ſhall know I am abus'd!

Welſh. Whaw, Mr. Keeper.

Alph. Pox o' thy whaws, and thy whims,
Pox o' thy urſhip!

Welſh. Give me ſome ceeze and onions, give me ſome waſh-brew;
I have —— in my bellies[45]; give me abundance.
Pendragon was a ſhentleman, marg you, Sir;
And the organs at Rixum were made by revelations:
There is a ſpirit blows, and blows the bellows,
And then they ſing!

Alph. What moon-calf's this? what dream?

Maſt. Pray you, Sir, obſerve him;
He is a mountaineer, a man of goatland.

Welſh. I will beat thy face as black as a blue clout;

[45] *I have —— in my bellies.*] We are very ſorry to leave an *hiatus*, but cannot avoid it here.

I will

I will leave no more ſheet in thine eyes——
Maſt. He will not hurt you.
Welſh. Give me a great deal of guns: Thou art the devils,
I know thee by thy tails. Poor Owen's hungry!
I will pig thy bums full of bullets.
Alph. This is the rareſt raſcal!
He ſpeaks as if he had butter-milk in's mouth.
Is this any thing akin to th' Engliſh?
Maſt. The elder brother, Sir.
He run mad becauſe a rat eat up's cheeſe.
Alph. H' had a great deal of reaſon, Sir.
Welſh. Beſar las manos [46], is for an old cod-piece, marg you.
I will borrow thy urſhip's whore to ſeal a letter.
Maſt. Now he grows villainous.
Alph. Methinks he's beſt now.
Maſt. Away with him.
Alph. He ſhall not.
Maſt. Sir, he muſt.
Welſh. I will ſing, and dance, do any thing!
Alph. Wilt thou declaim in Greek?
Maſt. Away with the Fool;
And whip her ſoundly, ſirrah.
Fool. I'll tell no more tales. [*Exit.*
Alph. Or wilt thou fly i' th' air?
Engl. Do; and I'll catch thee,
And, like a wiſp of hay, I'll whirl, and whirl thee,
And puff thee up, and puff thee up!
Schol. I'll ſave thee,
And thou ſhalt fall into the ſea, ſoft, ſoftly.
Welſh. I'll get upon a mountain, and call my countrymen.
Maſt. They all grow wild. Away with him, for Heaven ſake!
Sir, you are much to blame.
Alph. No, no, 'tis brave, Sir!
You've cozen'd me; I'll make you mad.

[46] *Baſilus manus.*] So old books. The Editors of 1750 alter it:

Maſt.

Maſt. In with him,
And lock him faſt.
Alph. I'll ſee him in his lodging. [*Exit.*
Maſt. What means this gentleman?

Enter Juletta.

Jul. He's in; have at him.
Are you the maſter, Sir?
Maſt. What would you with him?
Jul. I have a buſineſs from the duke of Medina:
Is there not an old gentleman come lately in?
Maſt. Yes, and a wild one too; but not a priſoner.
Jul. Did you obſerve him well? 'tis like he may be.
Maſt. I have ſeen younger men of better temper.
Jul. You have hit the cauſe I come for. There's a letter;
Pray you peruſe it well.—I ſhall be with you,
And ſuddenly, I fear not; finely, daintily;
I ſhall ſo feed your fierce vexation,
And raiſe your worſhip's ſtorms; I ſhall ſo niggle you,
And juggle you, and fiddle you, and firk you,
I'll make you curſe the hour you vex'd a woman;
I'll make you ſhake, when our ſex are but founded!
'For the Lord's ſake,' we ſhall have him at: I long to ſee it,
As much as for my wedding-night; I gape after it.
Maſt. This letter ſays, the gentleman is lunatick;
I half ſuſpected it.
Jul. 'Tis very true, Sir;
And ſuch pranks he has play'd!
Maſt. He's ſome great man,
The duke commands me with ſuch care to look to him;
And if he grow too violent to correct him,
To uſe the ſpeedieſt means for his recovery;
And thoſe he muſt find ſharp.
Jul. The better for him.
Maſt. How got you him hither?
Jul. With a train I tole'd him:

He's

He's in love with a boy, there lies his melancholy.

Maſt. Hither he came to ſeek one.

Jul. Yes, I ſent him;
Now had we dealt by force, we'd never brought him.

Maſt. Here was a boy.

Jul. He ſaw him not?

Maſt. He was gone firſt.

Jul. It is the better. Look you to your charge well;
I'll ſee him lodg'd, for ſo the duke commanded me.
He will be very rough.

Maſt. We're us'd to that, Sir;
And we as rough as he, if he give occaſion.

Jul. You will find him gainful [47], but be ſure you curb him.
And get him if you can fairly to his lodging;
I am afraid you will not.

Enter Alphonſo.

Maſt. We muſt ſweat then.

Alph. What doſt thou talk to me of noiſes? I'll have more noiſe,
I'll have all looſe, and all ſhall play their prizes;
Thy maſter has let looſe the boy I look'd for,
Baſely convey'd him hence.

Keep. Will you go out, Sir?

Alph. I will not out, I will have all out with me,
I'll have thy maſter in; he's only mad here!
[*Shake irons.*
And, rogues, I'll have ye all whipt! Heigh, mad boys, mad boys!

Jul. Do you perceive him now?

Maſt. 'Tis too apparent.

Jul. I'm glad ſhe's gone, he raves thus.

Maſt. Do you hear, Sir?
Pray will you make leſs ſtir, and ſee your chamber?
Call in more help, and make the cloſet ready.

Keep. I thought he was mad; I'll have one long laſh at you.

[47] *You will find him* gainful.] *i. e.* Wayward, reſty, *&c. Sympſon.*

Alph.

Alph. My chamber? where? my chamber? why my chamber?
Where's the young boy?
Maſt. Nay, pray you, Sir, be more modeſt,
For your own credit ſake; the people ſee you,
And I would uſe you with the beſt.
Alph. Beſt? hang you!
What, doſt thou think me mad?
Maſt. Pray, and be civil;
Heav'n may deliver you.
Alph. Into a rogue's hands?
Maſt. You do but draw more miſery upon you,
And add to your diſeaſe.
Alph. Get from me!
Maſt. No, Sir,
You muſt not be left ſo; bear yourſelf civilly,
And 'twill be better for you; ſwell not, nor chafe not.
Alph. I am a gentleman, and a neighbour, raſcal.
Maſt. A great deal the more pity; I have heard of you.
Jul. Excellent maſter?
Maſt. The duke is very tender too.
Alph. Am I lunatic? am I run mad?
What doſt thou talk to me of dukes and devils?
Why do the people gape ſo?
Maſt. Do not anger 'em,
But go in quietly, and ſlip in ſoftly,
They will ſo tew you elſe; I am commanded, Sir.
Alph. Why, prithee, why?
Maſt. You're dog-mad, yet perceive it not;
Very far mad, and whips will ſcant recover you.
Alph. Ha! whips?
Maſt. Ay, whips, and ſore whips, an you were a lord, Sir,
If you be ſtubborn here.
Alph. Whips? What am I grown?
Jul. Oh, I could burſt! Hold, hold, hold, hold o' both ends!
How he looks! pray Heav'n he be not mad indeed.

Alph.

Alph. I don't perceive I'm ſo, but if you think it—
Nor I'll be hang'd if't be ſo.
Maſt. Do you ſee this, Sir? [*Irons brought in.*
Down with that devil in ye!
Alph. Indeed I'm angry,
But I'll contain myſelf: Oh, I could burſt now,
And tear myſelf! but theſe rogues will torment me.
Mad in mine old days? make mine own afflictions?
Maſt. What do you mutter, Sir?
Alph. Nothing, Sir, nothing;
I will go in, and quietly, moſt civilly:
And, good Sir, let none of your tormentors come about me;
You have a gentle face, they look like dragons.
Maſt. Be civil and be ſafe. Come, for theſe two days,
You muſt eat nothing neither; 'twill eaſe your fits, Sir.
Alph. 'Twill ſtarve me, Sir; but I muſt bear it joyfully.
I may ſleep?
Maſt. Yes, a little. Go in with theſe men.
Alph. Oh, miſerable me! [*Exit.*
Maſt. I'll follow preſently.
You ſee 'tis done, Sir.
Jul. Ye have done it handſomely,
And I'll inform the duke ſo. Pray you attend him;
Let him want nothing, but his will.
Maſt. He ſhall not;
And if he be rebellious——
Jul. Never ſpare him:
H'has fleſh, and hide enough; he loves a whipping.
Maſt. My ſervice to his Grace! [*Exit.*
Jul. I ſhall commend it.
So, thou art faſt; I muſt go get ſome freſh room
To laugh and caper in: Oh, how it tickles me!
Oh, how it tumbles me with joy! Thy mouth's ſtopt:
Now if I can do my miſtreſs good, I'm fainted. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Seberto and Curio.

Seb. NOW, o' my conſcience, we have loſt him utterly!
He's not gone home; we heard from thence this morning,
And ſince our parting laſt at Roderigo's,
You know what ground we've travell'd.

Curio. He's aſleep ſure;
For if h'had been awake, we ſhould have met with him:
Faith, let's turn back, we've but a fruitleſs journey;
And to hope further of Alinda's recovery,
(For ſure ſhe'll rather periſh than return)
Is but to ſeek a moat i'th' ſun [48].

Seb. We'll on ſure;
Something we'll know, ſome cauſe of all this fooling,
Make ſome diſcovery.

Curio. Which way ſhall we caſt then?
For all the champaign country, and the villages,
And all thoſe ſides——

Seb. We'll croſs theſe woods a while then:
Here, if we fail, we'll gallop to Segovia,
And if we light of no news there, hear nothing,
We'll ev'n turn fairly home, and coaſt the other ſide.

Curio. He may be ſick, or fall'n into ſome danger;
He has no guide, nor no man to attend him.

Seb. He's well enough; he has a travell'd body,
And, tho' he be old, he's tough, and will endure well;
But he's ſo violent to find her out,
That his anger leads him a thouſand wild-gooſe chaſes:
I'll warrant he is well.

Curio. Shall we part company?

Seb. By no means; no; that were a ſullen buſineſs,

[48] *A moth i' th' ſun.*] The variation is Mr. Theobald's.

No pleaſure in our journey. Come, let's croſs here firſt;
And where we find the paths, let them direct us. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Enter Juletta and Alinda.

Jul. Why are you ſtill ſo fearful of me, lady?
So doubtful of my faith and honeſt ſervice?
To hide yourſelf from me, to fly my company?
Am I not yours? all yours? By this light, you ſhake ſtill!
Do you ſuſpect me falſe? did I e'er fail you?
D' you think I am corrupted, baſe, and treacherous?
Lord, how ye look! Is not my life tied to ye?
And all the power I have, to ſerve and honour ye?
Still do you doubt? ſtill am I terrible?
I will not trouble ye: Good Heav'n preſerve ye,
And ſend ye what ye wiſh! I will not ſee ye,
Nor once remember I had ſuch a miſtreſs!
I will not ſpeak of ye, nor name Alinda,
For fear you ſhould ſuſpect I would betray ye:
Goodneſs and peace conduct ye!

Alin. Prithee pardon me!
I know thou'rt truly faithful; and thou'rt welcome,
A welcome partner to my miſeries:
Thou know'ſt I love thee too.

Jul. I've thought ſo, lady.

Alin. Alas, my fears have ſo diſtracted me,
I durſt not truſt myſelf.

Jul. Come, pray ye think better,
And caſt thoſe by; at leaſt conſider, lady,
How to prevent 'em: Pray ye put off this fool's coat;
Tho' it have kept ye ſecret for a ſeaſon,
'Tis known now, and will betray ye. Your arch enemy
Roderigo is abroad; many are looking for ye.

Alin. I know it, and thoſe many I have cozen'd.

Jul. You cannot ſtill thus.

Alin. I've no means to ſhift it.

Jul.

Jul. I have, and ſhift you too. I lay laſt night
At a poor widow's houſe here in the thicket,
Whither I will conduct ye, and new-ſhape ye;
Myſelf too, to attend ye.
Alin. What means haſt thou?
For mine are gone.
Jul. Fear not, enough to ſerve you;
I came not out ſo empty.
Alin. Prithee tell me,
(For thou haſt ſtruck a kind of comfort thro' me)
When ſaw'ſt thou Roderigo?
Jul. Ev'n this morning,
And in theſe woods: Take heed; h' has got a new ſhape.
Alin. The habit of a pilgrim? Yes, I know it,
And I hope ſhall prevent it. Was he alone?
Jul. No, madam; and, which made me wonder mightily,
He was in company with that handſome Pilgrim,
That ſad ſweet man.
Alin. That I forgot to give to?
Jul. The ſame, the very ſame, that you ſo pitied;
A man as fit to ſuit his villainies——
Alin. And did they walk together?
Jul. Wondrous civilly.
Alin. Talk, and diſcourſe?
Jul. I think ſo; for I ſaw 'em
Make many ſtands, and then embrace each other.
Alin. The Pilgrim is betray'd! a Judas dwells with him,
A Sinon, that will ſeem a ſaint to choak him!
Canſt thou but ſhew me this?
Jul. Lord, how ſhe trembles!
Not thus, for all the world; ye are undone then.
But let's retire, and alter, then we'll walk free;
And then I'll ſhew ye any thing.
Alin. Come, good wench,
And ſpeedily, for I have ſtrange faiths working,
As ſtrange fears too; I'll tell thee all my life then.

Jul. Come quick; I will conduct ye, and ſtill ſerve ye:
And do not fear; hang fear, it ſpoils all projects.
This way! I'll be your guide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Governor, Verdugo, and Citizens.

Gov. Uſe all your ſports,
All your ſolemnities; 'tis the king's day tomorrow,
His birth-day, and his marriage; a glad day,
A day we ought to honour, all.

1 *Cit.* We will, Sir,
And make Segovia ring with our rejoicings.

Gov. Be ſumptuous, but not riotous; be bounteous,
But not in drunken bacchanals; free to all ſtrangers,
Eaſy and ſweet in all your entertainments;
For 'tis a royal day, admits no rudeneſs.

2 *Cit.* Your lordſhip will do us the honour to
Be here yourſelf, and grace the day?

Gov. It is
A main part of my ſervice.

3 *Cit.* I hope your honour
Has taken into your conſideration
The miſeries we have ſuffer'd by theſe Outlaws;
The loſſes, hourly fears, the rude abuſes,
Strangers that travel to us are daily loaden with;
Our daughters' and our wives' complaints.

Gov. I'm ſorry for't,
And have commiſſion from the king to eaſe it:
You ſhall not be long vex'd.

1 *Cit.* Had we not walls, Sir,
And thoſe continually mann'd too with our watches,
We ſhould not have a bit of meat to feed us:
And yet they are our friends, and we muſt think ſo,
And entertain 'em ſo ſometimes, and feaſt 'em,
And ſend 'em loaden home too; we are loſt elſe.

2 *Cit.* They'll come to church among us (as we hope, Chriſtians)

When

When all their zeal is but to ſteal the chalices.
At this good time now, if your lordſhip were not here,
To awe their violence with your authority,
They'd play ſuch gambols!
Gov. Are they grown ſo heady?
2 *Cit.* They'd drink up all our wine, piſs out our bonfires,
Then, like the drunken Centaurs, have at the faireſt,
(Nay, have at all; fourſcore and ten's a goddeſs)
Whilſt we, like fools, ſtand ſhaking in our cellars.
Gov. Are they ſo fierce upon ſo little ſufferance?
I'll give 'em ſuch a purge, and ſuddenly——
Verdugo, after this ſolemnity is over,
Call on me for a charge of men, of good men,
(To ſee what houſe theſe knaves keep) of good ſoldiers,
As ſturdy as themſelves; that dare diſpute with 'em,
Dare walk the woods as well as they, as fearleſs,
But with a better faith belabour 'em:
I'll know what claim they have to their poſſeſſion.
'Tis pity of their captain Roderigo,
A well-bred gentlemen, and a good ſoldier,
And one his majeſty has ſome little reaſon
To thank for ſundry ſervices, and fair ones;
That long neglect bred this: I'm ſorry for him.
Verd. The hope of his eſtate keeps back his pardon;
There's divers waſps that buz about that honey-box;
And long to lick themſelves full.
Gov. True, Verdugo;
'Would he had but the patience to diſcern it,
And policy to wipe their lips[49]!
Verd. To fetch him in, Sir,
By violence, he being now no infant,
Will aſk ſome bloody crowns. I know his people
Are of his own choice, men that will not totter

[49] *To* wipe *their lips.*] Mr. Seward propoſes to read, 'to wet *their* 'lips, *i. e.* to gain ſome of them, by letting them taſte ſome of his 'honey.' But ſurely *wet* is a wretched *verb* applied to honey. *Wipe* may mean to *wound, to give them a* WIPE, a familiar expreſſion of offence; which the anſwer implies, by mentioning 'to fetch him in by *violence.*'

Nor blench much at a bullet; I know his order:
And tho' he have no multitude, h' has manhood;
The elder twin to that too, ſtaid experience.
But if he muſt be forc'd, Sir——
Gov. There's no remedy,
Unleſs he come himſelf.
Verd. That will be doubtful.—
Did you ne'er hear yet of the noble Pedro?
Gov. I cannot, by no means; I think he's dead, ſure:
The court bewails much his untimely loſs;
The king himſelf laments him.
Verd. He was ſunk;
And, if he be dead, he died happily:
He buried all he had in the king's ſervice,
And loſt himſelf.
Gov. Well, if he be alive, captain,
(As hope ſtill ſpeaks the beſt) I know the king's mind
So inwardly and full, he will be happy.
Come; to this preparation! when that's done,
The Outlaws' expedition is begun.
Cit. We'll contribute all to that, and help ourſelves too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Roderigo and Pedro.

Rod. How ſweet theſe ſolitary places are!
How wantonly the wind blows thro' the leaves,
And courts and plays with 'em! Will you ſit down and ſleep?
The heat invites you. Hark, how yon purling ſtream
Dances, and murmurs; the birds ſing ſoftly too:
Pray take ſome reſt, Sir.—I would fain wooe his fancy
To a peace; it labours high and haſtily upon him.
Pray you ſit, and I'll ſit by.
Pedro. I cannot ſleep, friend;
I have thoſe watches here admit no ſlumbers.
Saw you none yet?
Rod. No creature.

Pedro.

Pedro. What ſtrange muſick
Was that we heard afar off?
Rod. I can't gueſs:
'Twas loud, and ſhrill; ſometimes it ſhew'd hard by us,
And by and by the ſound fled as the wind does.
Here's no inhabitants.
Pedro. It much delighted me.
Rod. They talk of fairies, and ſuch demi-devils;
This is as fine a place to dance their gambols——
Pedro. Methought I heard a voice. [*Muſick and birds.*
Rod. They can ſing admirably;
They never loſe their maidenheads.—I would fool any way,
To make him merry now.—Methinks[49] yon rocks
Shew like enchanted cells, where they inhabit.
[*Muſick afar off. Pot birds.*
Pedro. 'Tis here again. Hark, gentle Roderigo,
Hark, hark! oh, ſweet, ſweet! how the birds record too!
Mark how it flies now ev'ry way!—Oh, love!
In ſuch a harmony art thou begotten;
In ſuch ſoft air, ſo gentle, lull'd and nouriſh'd.
Oh, my beſt miſtreſs!
Rod. How he weeps! Dear Heav'n,
Give him his heart's content, and me forgive too!
I muſt melt too.
Pedro. The birds ſing louder, ſweeter,
And every note they emulate one another:
Lie ſtill and hear.—Theſe, when they've done their labours,
Enter Alinda and Juletta, like old women.
Their pretty airs, fall to their reſts, enjoy 'em:
Nothing rocks love aſleep, but death.
Rod. Who are theſe?
Pedro. What?
Rod. Thoſe there, thoſe, thoſe things that come upon us,

[49] Yond *rocks* yonder.] This is either a palpable error, or groſs inadvertence. In either caſe, it injures both ſenſe and meaſure; and we have omitted the laſt word, though it ſtands in all the copies.

Thoſe grandam things, thoſe ſtrange antiquities.
Did not I ſay theſe woods begot ſtrange wonders?
Jul. Now you may view 'em.
Alin. Ha!
Jul. The men you long'd for;
Here they are both. Now you may boldly talk with 'em,
And ne'er be gueſs'd at; be not afraid, nor faint not.
They wonder at us; let's maintain that wonder.
Shake not; but what you purpoſe, do diſcretely;
And from your tongue I'll take my part.
Alin. Ha!
Jul. There,
Before you, there. Do not turn coward, miſtreſs?
If you do love, carry your love out handſomely.
Alin. 'Tis he and Roderigo: What a peace
Dwells in their faces! what a friendly calm
Crowns both their ſouls!
Rod. They ſhew as if they were mortal.
They come upon us ſtill.
Pedro. Be not afraid, man;
Let 'em be what they will, they cannot hurt us.
Rod. That thing i' th' button'd cap looks terribly:
She has guns in her eyes; the devil's engineer!
Pedro. Come, ſtand; and let's go meet 'em.
Rod. Go you firſt;
I have leſs faith: When I have ſaid my prayers——
Pedro. There needs no fear.—Hail, reverend dames!
Alin. Good even!
What do ye ſeek?
Pedro. We would ſeek happier fortunes.
Rod. That little devil has main need of a barber!
What a trim beard ſhe has! [*Aſide.*
Alin. Seek 'em, and make 'em!

Lie not ſtill, nor linger here[50];
Here inhabits nought but fear.
Be conſtant, good; in faith be clear;
Fortune will wait ye every where.

[50] *Nor* longer *here.*] The variation propoſed by Sympſon.

Pedro.

Pedro. Whither ſhould we go? for we believe thy reverence,
And next obey.
Alin. Go to Segovia;
And there before the altar pay thy vows,
Thy gifts, and pray'rs; unload thy heavineſs;
Tomorrow ſhed thy tears, and gain thy ſuit:
Such honeſt noble ſhow'rs ne'er wanted fruit.
Jul. Stand you out too! [*To Roderigo.*
Rod. I ſhall be hang'd, or whipp'd now;
Theſe know and theſe have pow'r.
Jul. See how he ſhakes!
A ſecure conſcience never quakes:
Thou haſt been ill, be ſo no more;
A good retreat is a great ſtore.
Thou haſt commanded men of might;
Command thyſelf, and then thou'rt right.
Alin. Command thy will, thy foul deſires;
Put out and quench thy unhallow'd fires;
Command thy mind, and make that pure;
Thou'rt wiſe then, valiant, and ſecure:
A bleſſing then thou mayſt beget.
Jul. A curſe elſe, that ſhall never ſet,
Will light upon thee. Say thy prayers;
Thou haſt as many ſins as hairs.
Thou art a captain, let thy men
Be honeſt, have good thoughts, and then
Thou mayſt command, and lead in chief;
Yet thou art bloody, and a thief.
Rod. What ſhall I do? I do confeſs.
Alin. Retire,
And purge thee perfect in his fire:
His life obſerve; live in his ſchool,
And then thou ſhalt put off the fool.
Jul. Pray at Segovia too, and give
Thy off'rings up; repent, and live! [*Muſick.*
Alin. Away, away! enquire no more:
Do this, ye're rich; elſe, fools, and poor.
What muſick's this? [*Aſide.*

Jul.

Jul. Retire; 'tis ſome neat joy,
In honour of the king's great day. They wonder:
This comes in right to confirm their reverence.
Away, away! let them admire; it makes
For our advantage. How the captain ſhakes!
[*Exeunt.*

Pedro. This was the muſick.

Rod. Yes, yes. How I ſweat!
I was ne'er ſo deſerted! Sure theſe woods are
Only inhabited with rare dreams and wonders.
I would not be a knave again, a villain——
Lord, how I loath it now! for theſe know all, Sir,
And they would find me out.

Pedro. They're excellent women;
Deep in their knowledge, friend.

Rod. I would not be traitor,
And have theſe of my jury—How light I am,
And how my heart laughs now methinks within me!
Now I am catechiz'd, I would ever dwell here,
For here's a kind of court of reformation:
Had I been ſtubborn, friend——

Pedro. They would have found it.

Rod. And then they would have handled me a new way;
The devil's dump had been danc'd then.

Pedro. Let's away,
And do their great commands, and do 'em handſomely,
Contrite, and true; for I believe, Roderigo,
And conſtantly believe, we ſhall be happy.

Rod. So you do well; fall edge or flat o' my ſide,
All I can ſtagger at is the king's anger;
Which, if it come, I am prepar'd to meet it.

Pedro. The king has mercy, friend, as well as juſtice.
And when you fall——

Rod. No more; I hope the faireſt[51]. [*Exeunt.*

[51] *And when you fall: No more.*
Rod. *I hope the faireſt.*] The variation in the text recommended by Sympſon.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Maſter, Seberto, and Curio.

Curio. We've told ye what he is, what time we've ſought him,
His nature, and his name; the ſeeming boy too,
Ye had here, how, and what; by your own relation
All circumſtances we have clear'd; that the duke ſent him
We told ye how impoſſible (he knows him not);
That he is mad himſelf, and therefore fit
To be your priſoner, we dare ſwear againſt it.

Seb. Take heed, Sir; be not madder than you'd make him!
Tho' he be raſh, and ſudden (which is all his wildneſs)
Take heed ye wrong him not: He is a gentleman,
And ſo muſt be reſtor'd and clear'd in all points;
The king ſhall be a judge elſe.

Curio. 'Twas ſome trick
That brought him hither; the boy and letter counterfeit,
Which ſhall appear, if ye dare now detain him.

Maſt. I dare not, Sir, nor will not; I believe ye,
And will reſtore him up: Had I known ſooner
H'had been a neighbour, and the man you ſpeak him,
(Tho', as I live, he carried a wild ſeeming)
My ſervice and myſelf had both attended him.
How I have us'd him, let him ſpeak.

Seb. Let's in, and viſit him;
Then to the holy temple, there pay our duties;
And ſo we'll take our leaves.

Maſt. I'll wait upon ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An altar prepar'd: Solemn muſick.

Enter Governor, Verdugo, Courtiers, Ladies, &c.

Gov. This to devotion ſacred be;
This to the king's proſperity;
This to the queen, and chaſtity. [*Muſick.*

Verd.

Verd. Theſe oblations firſt we bring
To purge ourſelves; theſe to the king;
To love and beauty theſe: Now ſing. [*Muſick.*

Ladies. Holy altar, deign to take
Theſe for ourſelves; for the king's ſake,
And honour's, theſe; theſe ſacred lie
To virtue, love, and modeſty,
Our wiſhes to eternity. [*Muſick.*

Enter Pedro and Roderigo.

Pedro. For ourſelves firſt, thus we bend;
Forgive us, Heav'n, and be our friend!
Rod. And happy fortune to us ſend!
Pedro. To the king, honour, and all joy,
Long, and happy from annoy.
Rod. Proſperous be all his days,
Every new hour a new praiſe!
Pedro. Every minute thus be ſeen,
Both. And thouſand honours crown the queen.
[*Muſick.*

Enter Alphonſo, Curio, and Seberto.

Seb. Come to the altar; let us do our duties.
Alph. I have almoſt forgot a church.
Curio. Kneel reverently.

Alph. For my loſt wits (let me ſee)
Firſt I pray; and ſecondly,
To be at home again, and free;
And if I travel more, hang me!
For the king, and for the queen,
That they may be wiſe, and ſeen
Never in the madman's inn!
For my daughter I would pray;
But ſhe has made a holiday,
And needs not my devotion now:
Let her take her own courſe, Heaven,
Whether it be odd, or even, [*Muſick.*
And if that pleaſe not, take her you!

Seb.

Seb. A ſhort and ſweet meditation[52]! What are theſe here?

Enter Alinda and Juletta, like ſhepherds.

Alin. Hail to this ſacred place!
Jul. They are all here, madam;
No violence dare touch here; be ſecure!
My bilbo-maſter too? How got he looſe again?
How lamentably he looks! he has had diſcipline.
I dare not let him know my pranks.
Seb. 'Tis ſhe ſure.
Curio. 'Tis certainly.
Pedro. Ha! do I dazzle?
Rod. 'Tis the fair Alinda.
Gov. What wonder ſtand theſe ſtrangers in?
Rod. Her woman by her!
The ſame, Sir, as I live.
Alph. I had a daughter
With ſuch a face once, ſuch eyes, and noſe too.
Ha, let me ſee! 'tis wondrous like Alinda.
Their devotion ended, I'll mark 'em, and nearer.
And ſhe had a filly too that waited on her,
Juſt with ſuch a favour: Do they keep goats now?

Alin. Thus we kneel, and thus we pray
A happy honour to this day;
Thus our ſacrifice we bring
Ever happy to the king.
Jul. Theſe of purple, damaſk, green,
Sacred to the virtuous queen,
Here we hang.
Alin. As theſe are now,
Her glories ever ſpring, and ſhew!
Theſe for ourſelves, our hopes, and loves,
Full of pinks, and lady-gloves,
Of heart's-eaſe[53] too, which we would fain,
As we labour for, attain:

[52] *Meditation.*] Pr[illegible]*ation.*
[53] *Heart's-eaſe.*] [illegible] *Sympſon.*

[illegible]ear

Hear me, Heav'n, and as I bend,
Full of hope, ſome comfort ſend!
Jul. Hear her, hear her! if there be
A ſpotleſs ſweetneſs, this is ſhe. [*Muſick.*
Pedro. Now, Roderigo, ſtand.
Rod. He that divides ye
Divides my life too.
Gov. Pedro! noble Pedro!
Do not you know your friend?
Pedro. I know, and honour you.
Gov. Lady, this leave I'll crave, (pray be not angry)
I will not long divide you. How happy, Pedro,
Would all the court be now, might they behold thee,
Might they but ſee you thus, and thus embrace you!
The king will be a joyful man, believe it,
Moſt joyful, Pedro.
Pedro. I'm his humble ſervant.—
Nay, good Sir, ſpeak your will; I ſee you wonder;
One eaſy word from you——
Alph. I dare ſay nothing;
My tongue's a new tongue, Sir, and knows his tether:
Let her do what ſhe pleaſe, I dare do nothing;
I have been damn'd for doing. Will the king know him,
That fellow there? will he reſpect and honour him?
He has been look'd upon, they ſay; will he own him?
Gov. Yes, certainly, and grace him, ever honour him.
Reſtore him every way; h'has much lamented him.
Alph. Is't your will too? This is the laſt time of aſking.
Rod. I'm ſure, none elſe ſhall touch her, none elſe enjoy her,
If this, and this hold.
Alph. You had beſt begin
The game then; I have no title in her;
Pray take her, and diſpatch her, and commend me to her,
And let me get me home, and hope I'm ſober;
Kiſs, kiſs; it muſt be thus. Stand up, Alinda;
I am the more ch[illegible]need of bleſſing.
You had a [illegible]ta,
A pret[illegible]ther

As

As this ſweet lady; we call'd her Nimble-chaps:
I pray is this the party?
Jul. No, indeed, Sir,
She is at home: I am a little foot-boy,
That walk o' nights, and fright old gentlemen;
Make 'em loſe hats and cloaks.
Alph. And horſes too?
Jul. Sometimes I do, Sir; teach 'em the way thro' ditches,
And how to break their worſhips' ſhins and noſes,
Againſt old broken ſtiles and ſtumps.
Alph. A fine art!
I feel it in my bones yet.
Jul. I'm a drum, Sir,
A drum at midnight; ran, tan, tan, tan, tan, Sir!
D' you take me for Juletta? I'm a page, Sir,
That brought a letter from the duke of Medina
To have one ſignior Alphonſo, (juſt ſuch another
As your old worſhip) worm'd for running mad, Sir:
Alas, you are miſtaken.
Alph. Thou'rt the devil,
And ſo th'haſt us'd me.
Jul. I am any thing;
An old woman, that tells fortunes——
Rod. Ha!
Jul. And frights good people,
And ſends them to Segovia for their fortunes;
I am ſtrange airs and excellent ſweet voices;
I'm any thing, to do her good, believe me.
She now recover'd, and her wiſhes crown'd,
I am Juletta again: Pray, Sir, forgive me!
Alph. I dare not
Do otherwiſe, for fear thou ſhouldſt ſtill follow me:
Prithee be forgiven, and I prithee forgive me too.
And if any of you will marry her——
Jul. No, I beſeech you, Sir; my miſtreſs is my huſband;
With her I'll dwell ſtill: And when you play
Any more pranks, you know where to have me.

Pedro.

Pedro. You know him, Sir?
Gov. Know him, and much lament him;
The king's incens'd much, much, Sir, I can aſſure you.
Pedro. Noble Governor——
Gov. But ſince he is your friend, and now appears,
In honour of this day, and love to you, Sir,
I'll try the power I have; to the pinch I'll put it.
Here's my hand, Roderigo, I'll ſet you fair again.
Rod. And here's mine, to be true and full of ſervice.
Gov. Your people too ſhall have their general pardons;
We'll have all peace and love.
Rod. All ſhall pray for you.
Gov. To my houſe now, and ſuit you to your worths;
Off with theſe weeds, and appear glorious:
Then to the prieſt that ſhall attend us here,
And this be ſtil'd Love's new and happy year!
Rod. The king's and queen's; two noble honours meet
To grace this day, two true loves at their feet.
Alph. Well, well, ſince wedding will come after wooing,
Give me ſome roſemary[54], and let's be going. [*Exeunt.*

[54] *Roſemary.*] See note 33 on the Elder Brother.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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